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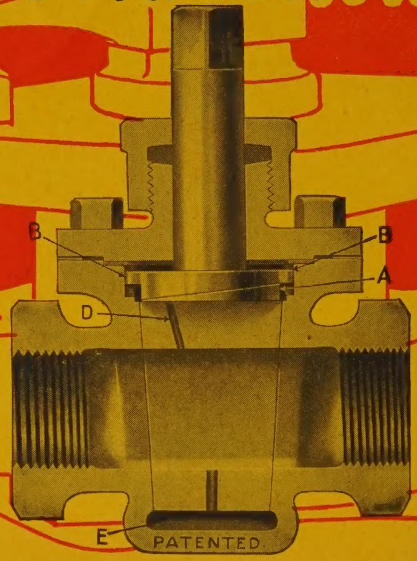

Fig. 1

The Homestead Quarter-Turn Straight-Way Valves illustrated here are made with screwed and with flanged connections in all sizes to and including 6″ and for all pressures up to 5,000 pounds to the square inch.

Homestead Straight-Way Cocks are made of Brass, Semi-Steel, Semi-Steel Body and Brass Plug and of Cast Steel.

A glance at Figure 1 will show you why the Homestead Quarter-Turn Straight-Way Cock has become the standard of efficiency in the leading industrial establishments of the country where they are used for all classes of severe service on air, water, steam, gas, hydraulic pressures, acid lines, blow-off lines, etc.

Note that it is sealed at the top and at the bottom, limited to a quarter-turn in operation, is seatless while the pressure is passing through—Note that it gives a straight, clear and full opening through the valve. Observe especially how easily it is operated, due to its having the small patented balancing ports. Note also how simply and how durably it is constructed.

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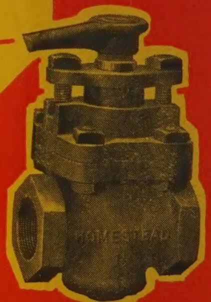

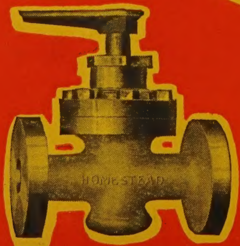

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Size of Orifice		FORTY POUNDS PRESSURE				EIGHTY POUNDS PRESSURE				ONE HUNDRED POUNDS PRESSURE			
		No. of Gal. of Water Wasted Per Month	Cost of Coal Per Month	Cost of Waste Water at $ .10 per 1000 Gal.	Total Cost Per Month	No. of Gal. of Water Wasted Per Month	Cost of Coal Per Month	Cost of Waste Water at $ .10 per 1000 Gal.	Total Cost Per Month	No. of Gal. of Water Wasted Per Month	Cost of Coal Per Month	Cost of Waste Water at $ .10 per 1000 Gal.	Total Cost Per Month
○	½″	1,206,000	$90.45	$120.60	**$211.05**	1,703,000	$176.85	$170.30	**$347.15**	1,905,120	$228.92	$190.51	**$419.43**
○	⅜″	702,000	52.65	70.20	**122.85**	996,000	103.50	99.60	**203.10**	1,094,400	121.41	109.44	**230.85**
○	¼″	301,500	22.61	30.15	**52.76**	425,750	44.21	42.57	**86.78**	475,280	57.23	47.62	**104.85**
○	⅛″	75,375	5.65	7.54	**13.19**	106,437	11.05	10.64	**21.69**	119,070	14.31	11.90	**26.21**
○	1/16″	18,844	1.41	1.88	**3.29**	24,109	2.76	2.41	**5.17**	29,762	3.60	2.98	**6.58**
○	1/32″	4,711	.35	.47	**.82**	6,027	.70	.60	**1.30**	7,440	.90	.74	**1.64**

Size of Orifice		ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY POUNDS PRESSURE				ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY POUNDS PRESSURE				TWO HUNDRED POUNDS PRESSURE			
○	½″	2,160,000	$268.61	$216.00	**$484.61**	2,304,000	$307.20	$230.40	**$537.60**	2,696,416	$399.28	$269.64	**$668.92**
○	⅜″	1,254,240	155.93	125.42	**281.35**	1,342,800	179.04	134.28	**313.32**	1,575,975	268.13	157.59	**425.72**
○	¼″	540,000	67.15	54.00	**121.15**	576,000	76.80	57.60	**134.40**	674,104	99.82	67.41	**167.23**
○	⅛″	135,000	16.40	13.50	**29.90**	144,000	19.20	14.40	**33.60**	168,526	24.95	16.85	**41.80**
○	1/16″	33,750	4.10	3.37	**7.47**	36,000	4.80	3.60	**8.40**	42,131	**6.24**	4.21	**10.45**
○	1/32″	8,437	1.03	.84	**1.87**	9,000	1.25	.90	**2.15**	10,533	1.56	1.05	**2.61**

This Table compiled by our Engineering Department, based upon pre-war prices of coal, etc.
Initial Temperature of water taken—150° F.
Coal at $2.00 a short ton, delivered to furnace. 1 lb. coal=13,000 B. T. U'S.
Cost of Water arrived at from the report of several large Cities as well as from Private Plants.

The figures given above are based on the best practice, a low price of fuel, etc.; in many plants the actual loss will run much more on a leak of like size. Waste supposed to go on continuously.

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HOMESTEAD, PA.

THE CENTURY
FOR 1918

A Pledge of Quality
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353 Fourth Avenue New York City

GIVE YOUR MIND THE BRO

Eric Fisher Wood, youngest Major in the United States Army, author of "The Note-Book of An Attaché," "The Note-Book of an Intelligence Officer," etc. One of the most clear-sighted and vigorous of American writers on the war.

Harry A. Franck, now a lieutenant in the U. S. Army, author of "A Vagabond Journey Around the World," "Vagabonding Down the Andes," etc. His account of a country and its people is always unique; he is now in France.

FOR many years it has been the custom of THE CENTURY to offer a detailed prospectus for the coming year. That was a workable plan in times other than these. We cannot do it this year. The war, affecting the entire world, has dominating influence over even a magazine prospectus—if the magazine is alive, if it is an interpreter of the day in its articles, fiction and art.

This is not to say that THE CENTURY has no plans; it has more magnificent plans than has been its good fortune to have in a number of years.

We believe—to paraphrase George Washington—that in times of war we should prepare for peace; that a magazine should be forward-looking. That is why Edward Alsworth Ross, the well-known sociologist and magazine writer, author of "The Old World in the New" and other books, is in Russia, via Siberia, for THE CENTURY to-day.

THAT is why Herbert Adams Gibbons, the best known of modern historians, is covering Western Europe for us, seeking out below-the-surface material which America should have. That is why Albert Jay Nock has just been all through the West to visualize the future through the eyes of that section, for it is more than likely that the West will dictate our political future; and in the three words, Land, Liberty and Labor, lie the vexed problems growing out of this war. That is why we shall presently offer some rather startling papers on the question of the negro.

The actors in the present world-drama are the best writers about it, and THE CENTURY is rather proud of the fact that so many of its best contributors are now in the service of Uncle Sam.

D KNOWLEDGE OF CENTURY

HARRY A. FRANCK, now a lieutenant of cavalry somewhere in France, has never failed to keep a diary and, please Providence, it will not be many months before he will be free to give us a characteristic chronicle of his always unusual experiences.

Two of our contributors are in the camouflage section. Another is captain of engineers. Another is a cadet officer on a merchant ship. All of which promises that we shall devote generous space to the human side of the war.

We announce a new serial of ultra-modern life by Alice Duer Miller entitled, "The Happiest Time of Their Lives." It began in the November number.

Some of the fiction writers who will contribute to THE CENTURY during 1918 are Phyllis Bottome, Anne Douglas Sedgwick, Hetty Hemenway, Frederick Stuart Greene, Fortier Jones, Willa Sibert Cather, Harvey J. O'Higgins, William Caine, Ruth Comfort Mitchell, Stacy Aumonier, and many others well known to our readers during the past year.

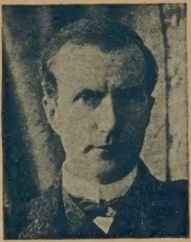
THE CENTURY will maintain its high standard of modern illustration, not along hackneyed lines but presenting new men in novel techniques. Reproductions of masterpieces and important modern work in full color or by means of the woodblock or other processes will continue to be a feature. Articles on art and artists richly illustrated will appear from time to time.

But again: this is not a prospectus, it is not an itemized statement of just the stories, articles, and pictures coming; it is a guarantee of the quality and timeliness of the things that are sure to be in THE CENTURY in 1918.

Alice Duer Miller, author of "Come Out of the Kitchen!", "Ladies Must Live," etc. Her newest serial, "The Happiest Times of Their Lives," began in the November number of THE CENTURY.

Anne Douglas Sedgwick, author of "Tante," "The Encounter," etc. She is one of the most finished of literary artists and one of the most sympathetic of humanists.

Are You Keeping Pace with the Rapid March of History?



Harvey O'Higgins, author of "Silent Sam," "Don-A-Dreams," etc. He is also a dramatist with several successful plays to his credit; and an author who takes pride in his craft, and works accordingly.

Herbert Adams Gibbons, author of "The New Map of Europe," "The Reconstruction of Poland and the Near East," etc. He has been studying Europe and getting it on paper for a number of years.

DO you know what is really happening in the vortex of international affairs? Is your perspective as clear as in normal times? Do you know the real meaning of movements and events of which you may read brief and disconnected dispatches in the daily newspapers?

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THE CENTURION

FEBRUARY, 1916

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(Continued on inside of back cover)

THE
CENTURION

FEBRUARY, 1916

AMERICA'S HEEL OF ACHILLES

Of unusual significance among books on American preparedness is Eric Fisher Wood's "The Writing on the Wall," just published by The Century Co. ($1.00 net), because it is virtually an expression of the American army and navy themselves. Mr. Wood's phenomenally successful "Note-Book of an Attaché" displayed so remarkable a grasp of military questions that certain of our leading army and navy men took the author into their confidence and have made him their unofficial spokesman. "The Writing on the Wall" presents at once an analysis of our defenseless condition, a constructive programme for military reform, and an exhortation to Americans to stand in defense of their ideals. The following passage will perhaps prove an uncomfortable surprise even to students of the map:

Let us meet the anti-preparationists upon their own ground. They point with pride to the immensity of the United States and remark cheerfully that mere size would prevent its subjection. I used to argue in that way myself until February, 1915. Then while in Berlin I tried it in discussion with a staff officer of the German army. After a moment's hesitation, he said in his slow, accented English:

"It is true that your country is very large; but its heart is very small and very vulnerable, and you must remember, my friend, that in nations, as in individuals, the body falls if the heart is struck. Let us get a map; I will show you."

An atlas was brought, and he pointed out to me the vulnerable breast of my country. He, a foreigner, who had never seen America, instructed me in the political geography of my own native land. He drew a line from the north of Chesapeake Bay up the Potomac to its upper reaches and from there along the foot

ERIC FISHER WOOD

Whose new book on Preparedness
"The Writing on the Wall"
is a semi-official expression of the army and navy.

of the Alleghanies, through Gettysburg, to Harrisburg, on the Susquehanna, and along that river to a point near Scranton. From there he skirted the foot of the Catskills through Sullivan County to Kingston, and thence passed rapidly along that river and Lake George and Lake Champlain to Canada.

This marks out the first great continuous natural line of defense which exists in the eastern part of the United States. It is six hundred miles in length, being about as long as the battle-line now drawn across France from the North Sea to the Alps. But the present battle-front in western Europe lies entirely across featureless country except for the short stretch along the "river" Aisne, a stream which any self-respecting American farmer would call a "crick." It has therefore been necessary to construct trenches that amount to almost siege fortifications along every foot of its length.

By contrast the dead-line across the Northeastern States comprises only two hundred and fifteen miles of land, while the remaining three hundred and eighty-five miles follow such effective natural barriers as the Potomac, Susquehanna and Hudson Rivers, and Lake George and Lake Champlain, none of which can well be classified as creeks. Such a line, once occupied, could easily be held by 400,000 German, British, or French troops against any army in the world. If an enemy landed at various points along the coast, he could defeat the feeble forces which America could immediately oppose to him, and, having defeated them, immediately advance to this dead-line. There once established, can it be doubted that he could hold it against that mythical one million men who Mr. Bryan declares would spring to arms between sunrise and sunset? The best result that unprepared America could hope to achieve would be a guerrilla warfare in the fastnesses of the Alleghanies, the Catskills, and the Adirondacks, which might bring disaster to the enemy's daring cavalry raids against Buffalo, Pittsburgh, and intermediate points.

A Second Belgium

The territory of the United States lying to the east of this dead-line is about one-half of the area which Germany now holds in Russia. It comprises only about 100,000 square miles, or less than half the total area of France. With the enemy holding this dead-line, the country east of it would become a second Belgium, wherein the slightest resistance or insubordination on the part of individual men would result in the visitation of dire reprisals upon entire communities.

Although this eastern region is in area only three per cent. of the United States, it is verily the heart of our country, for it contains nearly all the factories which might be converted into munition producers, the principal navy-yards, and the war colleges; the headquarters of our general staffs; the capitals of the States of Maine, Vermont, Connecticut, Rhode Island, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, New York, New Jersey, Maryland, Delaware, and Pennsylvania; the executive centers of all our great industries; New York, the richest city in the world; Washington, the capital of our country, containing all the machinery of national government; half the wealth of the country; and twenty-five million people.

If this heart of America should be seized by an invader, the plight of the nation as a whole would be desperate.

A PREMATURE SUBMARINE

Submarines have played so fateful a part in the present war that it behooves everyone to know something about them. Timely, therefore, is "The Story of the Submarine," by Farnham Bishop, author of "Panama, Past and Present," announced for publication on February 18th (The Century Co., $1.25 net.) In this work Mr. Bishop recounts the evolution of the submarine and its record in the war; and there are also chapters on mines and torpedoes and a description of an under-sea voyage. The following passage tells the story of a historic early submarine:

The one real submarine possessed by the Confederacy was not a *David,* though she is usually so called. This was the C.S.S. *Hundley,* a hand-power "diving-boat" not unlike Fulton's *Nautilus,* but very much clumsier and harder to manage. She had ballast tanks and a pair of diving-planes for steering her up and down, and she was designed to attack an enemy's ship by swimming under it, towing a torpedo that would explode on striking her opponent's keel.

FARNHAM BISHOP
Author of "The Story of the Submarine"

The *Hundley* was built at Mobile, Alabama, by the firm of Hundley and McKlintock, named for the senior partner, and brought to Charleston on a flatcar. There she was manned by a crew of nine volunteers, eight of whom sat in a row and turned the cranks on the propeller-shaft, while the ninth man steered. There was no conning-tower and the forward hatchway had to be left open for the helmsman to look out of while running on the surface. On the *Hundley's* first practice cruise, the wash from the paddle-wheels of a passing steamer poured suddenly down the open hatchway. Only the steersman and commanding officer, Lieutenant Payne, had time to save himself before the submarine sank, drowning the rest of her crew.

The boat was raised and Payne took her out with a new crew. This time a sudden squall sank her before they could close the hatches, and Payne escaped, with two of his men. He tried a third time, only to be capsized off Fort Sumter, with the loss of four of his crew. On the fourth trip, the hatches were closed, the tanks filled, and an attempt was made to navigate beneath the surface. But the *Hundley* dived too suddenly, stuck her nose deep into the muddy bottom, and stayed there till her entire crew were suffocated. On the fifth trial she became entangled in the cable of an anchored vessel, with the same result.

By this time the submarine's victims numbered thirty-five, and the Confederates had nicknamed her the "Peripatetic Coffin." But at the sixth call for volunteers, they still came forward. It was decided to risk no more lives on practice trips, but to attack at once. In spite of the protests of Mr. Hundley, the designer of the craft, her latest and last commander, Lieutenant Dixon of the Twenty-first South Carolina Infantry, was ordered by General Beauregard to use the vessel as a surface torpedo-boat, submerged to the hatch-coaming and with the hatches open. A spar-torpedo, to be exploded by pulling a trigger with a light line running back into the boat, was mounted on the bow. Thus armed, and manned by Lieutenant Dixon, Captain Carlson, and five enlisted men of their regiment, the little *Hundley* put out over Charleston bar on the night of February 17, 1864, to attack some vessel of the blockading fleet. This proved to be the U.S.S. *Housatonic,* a fine new thirteen-gun corvette of 1264 tons. What followed is best described by Admiral David Porter in his "Naval History of the Civil War":

THE "ROTTERDAM BOAT", 1652
("The Story of the Submarine")

"At about 8.45 P. M., the officer of the deck on board the unfortunate vessel discovered something about 100 yards away, moving along the water. It came directly towards the ship, and within two minutes of the time it was first sighted was alongside. The cable was slipped, the engines backed, and all hands called to quarters. But it was too late—the torpedo struck the *Housatonic* just forward of the mainmast, on the starboard side, on a line with the magazine. The man who steered her (the *Hundley*) knew where the vital spots of the steamer were and he did his work well. When the explosion took place the ship trembled all over as if by the shock of an earthquake, and seemed to be lifted out of the water, and then sank stern foremost, heeling to port as she went down."

The "Hundley's" Fate

The *Hundley* was not seen after the explosion, and it was supposed that she had backed away and escaped. But when peace came, and Charleston Harbor was being cleared of the wrecks with which war had clogged it, the divers sent down to inspect the *Housatonic* found the *Hundley* lying beside her. Sucked in by the rush of the water through the hole her torpedo had made, she had been caught and dragged down by her own victim. All the *Hundley's* crew were found dead within her. So perished the first and last submarine to sink a hostile warship, before the outbreak of the present war.

Eric Fisher Wood's "The Note-Book of an Attaché" has called for a new printing every month since its original publication in June, 1915. Eight printings of this phenomenally successful war-book have now come from the press.

A NOTE ON AMERICAN LITERATURE

How generally is it known that President Wilson, whose record as a man of letters is a notable one, is the editor of the "Century Classics" edition of Franklin's "Autobiography" (The Century Co., $1.00 net)? His long and interesting introduction deals mainly, of course, with Franklin himself, but there is a passage in which he glances out from his main theme over the general field of American letters. A part of this passage follows:

American letters have so far lacked the full-throated power and the amplitude of tone which have made the literatures of many other countries rich and various and full of the qualities that move and refresh. The writings of Franklin do not, indeed, stand for all. There have been men amongst us who greatly excelled him in the range and efficacy of their power in letters. We have had among our writers men of unmistakable charm, men of power fit for the handling of great themes, men of vision, men who had caught not a little of the music of our mother-tongue. But in candid moods we are fain to admit that there has been, on the whole, a certain tameness in our better authors, something less than an easy mastery of theme and manner, a certain thinness where we could have wished for richness and depth of tone.

The Genius of America

If we desired an explanation, we might turn to Franklin for it. Our genius has been of the practical type demanded of us by our tasks. We have had to subdue a virgin continent from sea to sea, construct institutions suitable for life upon it, whether as wilderness or settled country-side, get sustenance from its soil, and the resources of our wealth from its forests and mines and quarries. The task has not dulled our wits; it has quickened them, rather; but it has not been a business to stir our imaginations deeply. It has made us thoughtful of means, ingenious, inventive, men to look before and after and make good every stroke of constructive work; but we have accomplished the thing we set ourselves to do, not in armies under command, under no master's eye, with no breath of large plans, consciously thought out and perfected, in our nostrils, but singly, rather, each man for himself, hand and thought close to the immediate task,—by an instinct and mastery which operated from day to day, upon one thing at a time, no one keeping the whole pattern of the complex business in his eye the while, or directing with authority how it should be completed and brought to perfection.

"Letters in Business Garb"

And our writing has matched our life and circumstances. Franklin's writing stands typical and significant of our whole intellectual history as a nation. It is letters in business garb, literature with its apron on, addressing itself to the task, which in this country is every man's, of setting free the processes of growth, giving them facility and speed and efficacy. It speaks in phrases of exposition and counsel, of debate, analysis, discussion. It looks upon the world as a laboratory and upon thought and the expression of it as a scientific, not a creative, process.

GLIMPSES OF THE FLAME

Readers of "Through Stained Glass" and "Home" will be interested to hear that George Agnew Chamberlain has written another novel, "John Bogardus," announced for publication by The Century Co. on February 18th, ($1.35 net.) It deals with the amatory and philosophical adventures of a young man of unusual heredity and powers of experience. The following passage occurs toward the end of the book, where John at length has begun to find himself:

At last he had finished reading. He got up, ate his dinner long since gone cold, and went out on the sands. It was a clear, star-spangled night. The first chill of autumn was in the air and a vast stillness. Not a cloud broke the deep bowl of heaven. But standing there hatless beneath the cold, clear stars, John felt himself under a shadow. A cloud hung heavy over his beloved Europe. It darkened the faces of countries he had loved and beneath its creeping shadow still darker blots were spreading in vast bloodstains on the face of the once peaceful earth.

A mocking voice spoke to his memory. "Humanism, a life force and an atmosphere, the only atmosphere which you and I can breathe with any comfort to the soul. . . . The age when we are trying to look at God through man as opposed to the epoch when we looked at man through a far-away God."

John's lips twitched and then straightened to a thought broader than any mockery. The thought was not immediately clear in his mind. It gleamed afar, he saw it as through a mist. It was at once a guide and a goal. Was this war a mocking eclipse or was it a revelation?

During the two days that followed he lived in a sort of animal suspension. He almost forgot to eat, to dress, to sleep; his body seemed to lose memory of every-day needs and left his mind untrammeled, free to rise and soar on a plane that concentrated below him not only all that he himself had been, felt, or seen but also those worlds of thought, conquered by others, that form the great subconscious growth of each newest generation. . . . .

GEORGE AGNEW CHAMBERLAIN
Whose new novel, "John Bogardus", appears in February.

All his desultory reading of modern philosophies suddenly crystalized into a chain of gleaming stones, each distinct, easily compassed. He held them in his hand as though they were a breviary.

Here was Hegel, binding himself in a cocoon of the triadic law and absolute idealism, bloodless as is anything ultimate, confessing at the last that his religion had but one defect, that it was made for a single man and that man himself. And here, Spencer, glimpsing day for a moment and groping forever after through innumerable and interminable speculations.

Lights in the Fog

Marx took his turn in the glistening breviary, denying finality as though enlightened by a single divine spark and plunging on thenceforth to a monster contradiction. Last of all came Comte on whose eyes had broken the clearest vision only to be dimmed by the blurred medium through which it passed and besmirched for all time by the dogmatic puerilities of his waking moments. To all of these men had come a glimpse of the warm flame of truth, yet the world had seen each in turn pass, bearing a dead torch. Their level tide of cold reasoning shone here and there with high lights, illumined as through a fog by the simple light of a towering Christ.

"Not a finality," said John to himself, "but at least an enduring goal."

He sought the secret of that continuing light and found it. None of the men he had passed in review had bled. With his mind abnormally quickened to the visualization of the dripping agony of the Europe he had known and loved, so long, so well, he saw Christ and the Redemption itself as a nightly illumination, a symbol of this day when ten million common men, blind or conscious, wore a crown of swords and died that men might see. He sat down and as though in a trance wrote the first of his essays on The New Crucifixion.

THE ASSASSINATION OF LINCOLN

The recent publication of the official life of John Hay has considerably stimulated the sale of Hay's greatest work, the monumental "Abraham Lincoln: a History," (The Century Co., 10 vols., morocco, $40 net; cloth $20 net), written in collaboration with John G. Nicolay, the two having been jointly private secretaries to the War President. By common consent this is one of the works of permanent significance in the fields of history and biography. We are reprinting here the classic description of Lincoln's death:

The murderer seemed to himself to be taking part in a play. Partisan hate and the fumes of brandy had for weeks kept his brain in a morbid state. He felt as if he were playing Brutus off the boards; he posed, expecting applause. Holding a pistol in one hand and a knife in the other, he opened the box door, put the pistol to the President's head, and fired; dropping the weapon, he took the knife in his right hand, and when Major Rathbone sprang to seize him he struck savagely at him. Major Rathbone received the blow on his left arm, suffering a wide and deep wound. Booth, rushing forward, then placed his left hand on the railing of the box and vaulted lightly over to the stage. It was a high leap, but nothing to such a trained athlete. He was in the habit of introducing what actors call sensational leaps in his plays. In "Macbeth," where he met the weird sisters, he leaped from a rock twelve feet high. He would have got safely away but for his spur catching in the folds of the Union flag with which the front of the box was draped. He fell on the stage, the torn flag trailing on his spur, but instantly rose as if he had received no hurt, though in fact the fall had broken his leg; he turned to the audience, brandishing his dripping knife, and shouting the State motto of Virginia, "Sic Semper Tyrannis," and fled rapidly across the stage and out of sight. Major Rathbone had shouted, "Stop him!" The cry went out, "He has shot the President." From the audience, at first stupid with surprise, and afterwards wild with excitement and horror, two or three men jumped upon the stage in pursuit of the flying assassin; but he ran through the familiar passages, leaped upon his horse, which was in waiting in the alley behind, rewarded with a kick and a curse the call-boy who had held him, and rode rapidly away in the light of the just risen moon.

The President scarcely moved; his head drooped forward slightly, his eyes closed. Colonel Rathbone, at first not regarding his own grievous hurt, rushed to the door of the box to summon aid. He found it barred, and on the outside some one was beating and clamoring for entrance. He opened the door; a young officer named Crawford entered; one or two army surgeons soon followed, who hastily examined the wound. It was at once seen to be mortal. It was afterwards ascertained that a large derringer bullet had entered the back of the head on the left side, and, passing through the brain, had lodged just behind the left eye. By direction of Rathbone and Crawford, the President was carried to a house across the street and laid upon a bed in a small room at the rear of the hall, on the ground floor. . . . .

Lincoln's Death

The President had been shot a few minutes past ten. The wound would have brought instant death to most men, but his vital tenacity was extraordinary. He was, of course, unconscious from the first moment; but he breathed with slow and regular respiration throughout the night. As the dawn came, and the lamplight grew pale in the fresher beams, his pulse began to fail; but his face even then was scarcely more haggard than those of the sorrowing group of statesmen and generals around him. His automatic moaning, which had continued through the night, ceased; a look of unspeakable peace came upon his worn features. At twenty-two minutes after seven he died. Stanton broke the silence by saying, "Now he belongs to the ages." Dr. Gurley kneeled by the bedside and prayed fervently. The widow came in from the adjoining room supported by her son and cast herself with loud outcry on the dead body.

In his book of European impressions, "A Traveler at Forty," Theodore Dreiser comments on the contrast between London's East End and New York's East Side. The London slum streets he found almost empty. "The low doors and areaways oozed occasional figures who were either thin, or shabby, or dirty, or sickly, but a crowd was not visible anywhere." He contrasts this with the hopeful confusion and boisterous vitality of American slums, concluding that "life, in its farthest reaches, sinks to a sad ugly mess and stays there."

YELLOWSTONE PARK—GOD'S OLD CURIOSITY SHOP

A second season is coming around when traveling Americans, unable to cross the Atlantic, will turn their eyes westward, eastward, northward, or southward, as the case may be, across our own continent. This means that a considerable number of them, those who know the importance of a little preliminary reading, will want Robert Haven Schauffler's delightful "Romantic America" (The Century Co., $5.00 net), with its Maxfield Parrish, Joseph Pennell, and Winslow Homer illustrations. Here is the way Mr. Schauffler describes, for example, the Yellowstone Park:

This shop would not be the truly western thing that it is if it were not the "greatest on earth." It boasts more than three thousand square miles of floor space on the top story of the continent, at the corner where Wyoming, Montana, and Idaho meet. The concern does not confine itself to curios, but deals in staples as well, and in a rather large way. It keeps in a special show-case the loftiest of our large lakes. It distills, puts up, and promptly delivers both to the Atlantic and the Pacific coasts the greatest American rivers. It does an extensive landscape gardening business in glacier and beaver meadows, sweeping forests, delectable valleys, streams alive with trout and aroar with rapids—always throwing in at the psychological moment some stupendous waterfall or Rocky Mountain to clinch the bargain.

But the shop's most striking feature is its line of curios. Though you have to pay in advance, everything is absurdly reasonable. At the price of a little time, strength, enthusiasm, and labored breathing on Uncle Sam's Congress-neglected roads, you may ramble over the premises, selecting whatever you like from an almost limitless stock.

Perhaps you may fancy a large bowl of rainbow-colored travertine, brimmed with bubbling water of a dozen heavenly hues, and fringed below with spindles set in the shape of an hourglass,—spindles that look like icicles but contain steam instead of sand. This you may acquire on the terms above mentioned and carry away tucked conveniently under your hat.

ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER
Author of "Romantic America"

Or you may, when next you turn your face towards work, take along in the same botherless manner, and plant in front of your tall office building, a wild fountain of boiling glory, which is not so wild, however, but that it will look in hourly at you through the upper windows, scouring the panes to crystal, and, as if to say:

Oh, work's not all
That to a man doth fall—

shake out again before your eyes its throbbing banners of iris-bordered snow.

If your taste run to even more practical things you might care to acquire a paint-mixer that never ceases mixing warm colors for the Futurist painters and their "brushes of comet's hair,"—a machine, indeed, that was already at work with the same German conscientiousness several æons before the first pre-Adamite Futurist thought to sketch the primal fish-story upon the walls of his cave. Perhaps you are a politician and would prefer an automatic mud-slinger that has been in regular use since long before the first presidential campaign, is of a thousand steam-roller power, and is manipulated by Old Nick himself.

Or if your interests are scientific you might choose a serial forest in stone, published like a chocolate cake with lava icing between the successive chapters, or layers, of quartz, jasper and amethyst trees,—trees that have suffered an earth-change into semiopal and flint, banded agate and carnelian, prase and chrysoprase.

In God's old curiosity shop there are drinking fountains of Apollinaris in several of the aisles, for your use and that of your fellow customers, the friendly bear, buffalo, deer, elk, antelope, eagle and pelican. And nobody has to purchase checks at the desk. Then there is the unique hill department. No house ever before carried such a comprehensive line. They range all the way from fourteen thousand foot peaks, through scrapped volcanoes, glass cliffs, sulphur mountains, mountains stewed and baked and fricasseed, parboiled and soft-boiled, down through steaming, smoking geyser cones, to modest mounds of strenuous water wherein you can unlawfully cook your new-caught trout without troubling to move from your tracks,—that is, if the soldiers are not lurking near.

AMERICAN LANDSCAPE PAINTING

The aim of "The Study of Modern Painting," by Margaret Steele Anderson, is to place before the layman the various currents and movements of recent and contemporary art, as illustrated in each case by its main exponents. As one critic expresses it, Miss Anderson's book is "so clear in its message and interpretation, so charming in its form and expression as to create nothing but delight." The following paragraphs partially explain the eminence of Americans in the art of landscape:

The American's fondness for landscape is due in some measure, doubtless, to the fact that he is oftener of the country than of the city. It is true that the argument implied here is an argument which does not invariably hold good. Corot, Daubigny, Rousseau, Millet were all men of the city and came from close houses and little shops; but there is something to be said for an early and long intercourse with nature,—and our American painters, up to the past few years, have come chiefly from the rural districts, from the countryside, from the small, half rustic town or village. They know well, therefore, the country sights and ways. The approach of morning and evening across the hill-tops, the lights on the moving river, the colors of spring and autumn on the trees, the serenity of the meadow-land, the dear and homely aspect of the barn, the sheep-cote, the mill,—these are all well-known sights, and sights that are no less dear because they are so familiar. They are painted, we may guess, partly from an inborn affection, the affection of the son for the dearly-loved face of his mother. It is only of later years that America has had her great cities; our painters, we say again, have come to the world either from the countryside or from those small towns and villages which so closely border upon it. All reasons apart, however, we have the gift of landscape-painting and have it in a very large measure.

Five Great Artists

The first great group of Americans is a group of five men only, yet the work of the five is monumental. It is composed of George Inness, Alexander Wyant, Dwight Tryon, Winslow Homer, and Homer Martin. These men are the pillars of American landscape-painting. They are monumental landscapists—so broad, so concerned with the essentials of Nature, so bent upon the great type, and so unmindful of all that is little and personal! Moreover, they are distinctly of America, and this does not lessen their value. The Barbizon men were of France, and, in fact, of the country around Paris; the big, old Italians used their own Italian landscapes; the Germans paint us Germany, and the Dutchmen their own flat meadows on the sea. . . . .

In these five men is summed up a great order of American landscape—an order which may be characterized as neither old nor new but as occupying a place between the two orders. It is the work of men who are not appealing merely to the eye, not searching exclusively for harmonies. Their art has been called "intellectual,"—a very elastic term, but one which means here that it has another element besides that of mere beauty of transcription. To such an accusation we offer no denial. This element, in very truth, is characteristic of the work of these men, and is a part of their charm and of their address to the spirit.

MARGARET STEELE ANDERSON
Author of "The Story of Modern Painting"

"Barnabetta," Helen R. Martin's amusing novel of life among the Pennsylvania Dutch, has been dramatized for Mrs. Fiske under the name "Erstwhile Susan." "A true American folk-play at last," says the New York *Tribune*.

LIMA, "CITY OF KINGS"

"A book which for scholarly study and literary charm has had no rival for a long time except James Bryce's excellent work." In this way "The New York Times" refers to "South of Panama" (The Century Co., $2.40 net), Professor Edward Alsworth Ross's picturesque and thoughtful record of travel and observation throughout South America. The following paragraphs, dealing with the capital of Peru, illustrate the author's unusual faculty for combining description and reflection:

In Lima, indeed, is many a touch of the Oriental,—the latticed balconies projecting from the upper story of the old colonial houses, the tiled patios, reminding one of Tunis, and the frontless shops closed at night by a series of folding-doors.

With its 140,000 inhabitants, Lima is easily the first city in Peru, but its present is outshone by the faded glories of its past. Its noble cathedral, the finest religious edifice in the Western Hemisphere, together with its one hundred and twenty-six churches and twelve convents, recall the time when Lima was the capital of the larger part of Spanish South America and the most churchly city in the world.

A Splendid Past

The fearful devastation committed by the Chileans in the War of the Pacific, 1879-84, not only upon Lima, but upon much of the country from which the wealthy families of Lima drew their incomes, impoverished the city, and there is now little to remind one of the magnificent days when, on occasion, the pavement of the Street of the Merchants was covered with bar silver, and ten million dollars was spent in celebrating the canonization of Rosa of Lima, the only American woman saint in the calendar. Nevertheless, the country is going ahead a little, and on this capital, the show-place and pleasure-resort of Peru, considerable money, both public and private, is being spent, always with the best of taste.

Lima's Death-Rate

In social conditions Lima is of the Orient. A study made not long ago for the University of San Marcos showed that Lima, thanks to the Indians, who breed two and one-half times as rapidly as the whites, has a birth-rate from twenty per cent. to thirty per cent. higher than the leading cities of the world, but that its people die about twice as fast as other urban people; that a quarter of the deaths are due to tuberculosis, which is from two to five times as deadly here as in other cities; that the loss of infant life is twice what it is in Liverpool, Hamburg, or New York, and thrice what it is in Scandinavian cities. Nearly half of the hospital patients are victims of malaria, and the number of malaria-sufferers in and about Lima is reckoned at eight thousand or ten thousand a year. Much of the waste of life here traces to the wretched housing and fatal overcrowding of the masses. Many of the unsanitary tenements are owned and let by the Sociedad de Beneficienca, Lima's great benevolent organization. There is irony in the fact that it supports its hospital care for the poor by renting what a plain-speaking report to the Government calls "a chance to contract disease."

THE PAN-AMERICAN WILL-O'-THE-WISP

The recent Pan-American congress has not only led to vital developments in the relations between the North and South American republics, but has brought up once more the ever-interesting question of Pan-American unity. The most important recent book on this subject in general is Professor Roland G. Usher's "Pan-Americanism" (The Century Co., $2.00 net). One of Professor Usher's conclusions is that Pan-Americanism has no future, as he explains in the following passage:

ROLAND G. USHER
Author of "Pan-Americanism"

It is difficult for an impartial student, who studies honestly the facts of the situation without purposes of his own to subserve, to see that Pan-Americanism has a future. Beyond all question it has had no past existence and is not a present reality. If we now conclude that it has no future, we must declare it is a dream or a nightmare, a vision of peaceful associations or of crude barbarian conquest according as our fundamental premises direct. . . . .

Pan-Americanism assumes at least the geographical proximity of the two American continents and their apparent isolation from Europe, with mutual interests between them and a divergence of interests with Europe. Only from such broad geographic and economic features can a closer bond of any sort derive strength. For America thus to declare and insist upon its independence from Europe predicates as well the self-sufficiency of the Western Hemisphere and its political and economic independence of Europe. It does not necessarily connote absolute isolation or the refusal to trade with Europe, but an ability to dispense with the European connection should it become advisable or expedient in time of war. Not less important would be mutual trust and confidence between the various American states, with its roots deep in mutual intercourse and association. The purpose of a closer union would be the need for mutual aid and protection against Europe (for against Europe Pan-Americanism is directed), and the probability that the American states would be able to furnish each other from their own resources the military or naval strength to make good their independence of Europe, should it be questioned in arms.

Pan-American Fallacies

Unless we are grievously misled by

Latin-Americans themselves, as well as by foreign observers, none of these prerequisites exist, and without them he will be indeed a bold man who will suppose that any sort of a connection worthy of the name can be established. The weakest conceivable relation—a defensive military and naval understanding between the sovereign republics as sovereign states without administrative relations of any sort—predicates mutual confidence and a mutual need for protection. Neither exists. The weakest economic and financial bond,—a customs or fiscal union of some sort providing for freedom of trade and a uniformity of currency, weights, and measures,—would rest upon the belief that the commercial relations between the American states were more important to them than their relations with Europe. The contrary seems to be the truth. A Pan-American Court for business disputes, requiring a compromise between the legal precepts of the southern continent and those of the United States, would be a possibility, but could hardly be efficient, strong, or popular without a greater degree of mutual understanding and acquaintanceship than seems to exist. A Pan-American confederation and administrative bond between sovereign states, with something approaching a federal executive and possibly a legislature, can be real, only as the expression in institutional life of a mutuality of economic interests and an identity of political ideas, of a mutual confidence and an identity of policy. None of these exist. In short, not one of these conceptions from the slightest to the more elaborate seems based upon realities. On the contrary, Pan-Americanism is likely to impress an impartial mind as an absolutely artificial and sentimental concept, diametrically opposed to the racial, economic, political, legal, and social interests of the American republics.

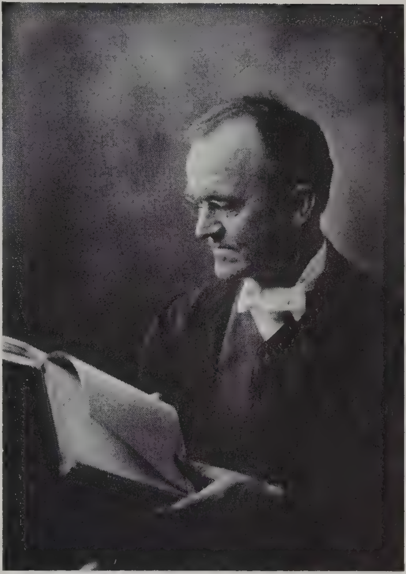
THE TIMOTHY COLE ORIGINALS

Librarians, museum-directors, and lovers of art in general will be interested to hear that the original wood-blocks of Timothy Cole, the great engraver, are now on sale and can be obtained separately at a very low price from The Century Co. There are nearly two hundred of these blocks, including virtually the whole of the famous series of Italian, Dutch and Flemish, English, and Spanish masters. Cut in boxwood, burnished with pumice-stone until they shine like silver, these originals, suitably framed and hung in such a way as to catch the light, are themselves exquisite pictures besides being souvenirs of an altogether unique interest. For Cole is the greatest master of one of the most honorable of the minor arts,—an art now in decay,—and it was over these very blocks themselves that his hand and brain labored during the thirty most productive years of his life.

The world over the supremacy of Cole's work is recognized. By his achievements and reputation, as well as by his life and character, he is himself an "old master" after the fashion of the masters whose work has been so marvelously interpreted by his graver. The quaintest, simplest, most original of men, he has always lived the life of a recluse, known only to his intimate friends and pupils, and many are the anecdotes told about his whimsical ways and lovable personality. The classic breadth and dignity of his work, says the critic of the New York *Sun,* "recalls the men of the past who spent their lives over their blocks or plates and did not count a day well spent without its production of beautiful lines."

The Artist's Career

Though born in London (1852), Timothy Cole was brought to America at the age of five and reckons himself an American artist. He was first apprenticed to his trade in Chicago, in 1868, but returned to New York after the great fire of 1871. Here he found work with *Hearth and House,* to which Edward Eggleston was contributing his "Hoosier Schoolmaster." Frank R. Stockton was engaged in this office and King, the engraver, worked at the same bench. Then Mr. Cole went to the *Christian Weekly,* of which Lyman Abbott was editor, and later to the *Aldine Press,* an ambitious publication which attracted many wood-engravers. It failed in 1875, and at that time Cole formed his memorable connection with The Century Co. Mr. Drake, of THE CENTURY (then Scribner's), commissioned him in 1883 to go abroad and engrave the Italian masters. This took upwards of ten years, and then followed four years on the Dutch and Flemish masters, four years on the English, and equal periods on the Spanish and French. In 1910 he began his series of Masterpieces in American Galleries. It goes without saying that Cole has won all the honors and taken all the gold medals everywhere and that he is a member of all the academies.



TIMOTHY COLE, as he appears to-day

Many lovers of art will probably want to take advantage of this opportunity to possess one or more of this great craftsman's original blocks. They are particularly appropriate for libraries, and no American museum ought to be without several. Besides these, The Century Co. still has for sale a number of signed proofs of the Timothy Cole pictures.

On February 18th The Century Co. will publish "The Harim and the Purdah," by Elizabeth Cooper, who, as the wife of Clayton Sedgwick Cooper, spent many years in China, Japan, India, and Egypt, during which she came into the closest contact with Eastern women of every race, class, and type. The book pictures Oriental womanhood at the moment of change, the old still everywhere visible, the new swiftly sweeping in.

"MASTER SKYLARK" AS A PLAY

On this three-hundredth anniversary of Shakspere's death, when clubs, high schools, colleges, communities, and cities everywhere,—even in Germany, no doubt,—are searching for dramatic material to use in connection with the world-wide Shakspere tercentenary celebration, there are many who will be delighted to know that "Master Skylark," John Bennett's famous story of Shakspere's England, has been made into a play. "Master Skylark," the book, first published nearly twenty years ago, has gone into so many editions as to have become almost a classic, and so wonderfully accurate is its reproduction of the Shakesperian atmosphere that in Germany, along with the regular translation, an edition has been published with notes and glossary for use in German schools.

EDGAR WHITE BURRILL
Author of the play "Master Skylark"

The play has been written by Edgar White Burrill, the well-known extension lecturer, and its aim, following closely the aim and method of the original story, has been to set before the eye the fabric of Elizabethan England as a whole. Nick Attwood, who has the title-role,—to review the story in a few words,—is a young cousin of Shakspere's in Stratford, and he is kidnapped by a company of strolling players on account of his beautiful voice and carried off to London. There is a boy-and-girl love-affair between Nick and Cecily Carew, daughter of the master-player who had kidnapped him, and at length Nick finds his cousin Will and is reconciled with his Stratford relatives.

The Setting of the Play

This shining thread of story is hung with all manner of literary and historical trappings. Queen Elizabeth, Ben Jonson, Thomas Heywood, and many other figures of the Golden Age appear, along with Shakspere himself,—and as to the figure of Shakspere, many critics have felt that in "Master Skylark" the poet *as a man* has for the first time in literature been adequately presented. Newgate Prison is pictured in the play, and so is the inn-yard performance of a typical players' company.

These are some of the points that Mr. Clayton Hamilton, the well-known dramatic critic, probably had in mind when he wrote that Mr. Burrill had charmingly recaptured the spirit and the atmosphere of Shakspere's England, adding: "I have read many plays in manuscript which have been designed as contributions to the forthcoming celebration; but 'Master Skylark' is the only one that has appeared to me worthy of the great occasion."

WINDSOR CHAIRS

One of the most valuable features of Walter A. Dyer's new book, "Early American Craftsmen" (The Century Co., $2.40 net), is the specific information it contains as to the collecting of Americana—values, prices, etc. In the fields of old American furniture, china, pottery, pewter, glassware, wood-carving, and the like it is an invaluable guide to the beginner, while for the hobby of the more advanced collector it provides an unexpectedly rich human background. The following passage is typical of Mr. Dyer's method:

The history of the rocking-chair is yet to be written. According to some writers, rockers began to appear in this country before 1750, and Windsor rockers soon after the Revolution. Others assert that Windsor rocking-chairs were not made until about 1810 and that most of the so-called Windsor rocking-chairs are simply old armchairs cut down and fitted with rockers. Certainly none of the early advertisements or inventories included any mention of rocking-chairs.

Early Rocking-Chairs

The first rockers were merely short boards cut straight across the top and rounded on the bottom. Then the top side was shaped, and later the rocker was fashioned much as that of to-day, except that it extended only four or five inches back of the rear legs. It was not until 1820 or so that the discovery was made that rockers lengthened behind increased the safety and comfort of the chair. During the decade following that astonishing discovery the popularity of the rocking-chair spread rapidly. Windsor rockers were made which soon developed into a variety of special rocking-chair forms, including the famous Boston rocker.

The styles of the middle period of Windsor chair-making extended well into the nineteenth century, and with so little change that it is not often possible to judge of the exact age of a chair by its style. The cruder workmanship of a rural chairmaker often lends a false suggestion of a greater age. But a study of the styles is interesting for its own sake, and there are fascinating by-paths of research open to the investigator that I have not even touched upon, such as the various patterns in turning, the grooves at the back of the seats, etc., all of them indications of individuality and offering possible clues to the identity of the makers. . . . .

The English chairs include the prototypes of our loop-back side-chairs, hoop-back armchairs, and low-back Windsors, with and without the fan-back extension. The American makers developed more variations than did the English, and, in the main, improved upon their designs.

Prices and Values

These English Windsors can be picked up in Great Britain at £1 to £5 each, sometimes in sets of six or more; in this country they are worth $25 to $50 apiece. Not long ago a New York dealer asked $100 for an English Windsor with the three royal plumes in the splat, and got his price. . . . .

The low-backed Windsors have been bringing higher prices than they deserve. At a recent sale at the American Art Association galleries, New York, $57.50 was paid for a low-back, while a neighbor of mine picked up almost the duplicate of it on Long Island for $1.50.

TOLSTOY'S PROOF-CORRECTING

Most intimate and circumstantial of all the books about the greatest of the Russians is the "Reminiscences of Tolstoy" (The Century Co., $2.50 net) by his son, Count Ilya Tolstoy, which includes the whole scene and all of the principal persons in the drama of the great novelist's life. The following passage throws light on the famous definition of genius as the taking of infinite pains and at the same time exhibits the devotion of Tolstoy's wife:

My mother's work seemed much harder than my father's, because we actually saw her at it, and she worked much longer hours than he did. She used to sit in the small drawing-room off the *zala,* at her little writing-table, and spend all her free time writing. Leaning over the manuscript and trying to decipher my father's scrawl with her short-sighted eyes, she used to spend whole evenings at work, and often sat up late at night after everybody else had gone to bed. . . My father . . had a very bad handwriting and a terrible habit of inserting whole sentences between the lines, or in the corners of the page, or sometimes right across it. My mother often discovered gross grammatical errors, and pointed them out to my father and corrected them.

Worse and Worse

When "Anna Karénina" began to come out in the *Russki Vyéstnik,* long galley-proofs were posted to my father, and he looked them through and corrected them. At first, the margins would be marked with the ordinary typographical signs, letters omitted, marks of punctuation, and so on; then individual words would be changed, and then whole sentences; erasures and additions began; till, in the end, the proof-sheet was reduced to a mass of patches, perfectly black in places, and it was quite impossible to send it back as it stood, because no one but my mother could make head or tail of the tangle of conventional signs, transpositions, and erasures.

My mother would sit up all night copying the whole thing out afresh.

"Just One Last Look"

In the morning there lay the pages on her table, neatly piled together, covered all over with her fine clear handwriting, and everything was ready so that when "Lyovótchka" came down he could send the proof-sheets off by post.

My father would carry them off to his study to have "just one last look," and by the evening it was just as bad again; the whole thing had been rewritten and messed up once more.

"Sonya, my dear, I am very sorry, but I 've spoilt all your work again; I promise I won't do it any more," he would say, showing her the passages he had inked over with a guilty air. "We'll send them off to-morrow without fail." But this to-morrow was often put off day by day for weeks or months together.

"There's just one bit I want to look through again," my father would say, but he would get carried away and rewrite the whole thing afresh. There were even occasions when, after posting the proofs, my father remembered some particular words next day and corrected them by telegraph.

Several times, in consequence of these rewritings, the printing of the novel in the *Russki Vyéstnik* was interrupted, and sometimes it did not come out for months together.

CENTURY MAGAZINE NOTES

"The humane administration of penal institutions, with emphasis placed upon reformation and reclamation rather than upon punishment and retribution, is the dictate of common sense as well as of decency. Any system that sends hate-filled, despairing men back into the world is a crime against the taxpayer and a menace to the society that it is presumed to protect." These are the opening words of an article on "Our Prison Problem," by Charles S. Whitman, Governor of New York, to appear in the March CENTURY. Prison reform has been lately a subject of general and somewhat excited discussion, and Governor Whitman's article will clear the air. The Governor is a friend of reform, and certainly few know more about it than he. His article will explain just what it is driving toward and driving away from.

In Phyllis Bottome's story, "Mlle. L' Anglaise," to appear in the March CENTURY, two cleverly drawn individuals epitomize two great peoples and the transforming effect the war has had upon their relations. It is the tale of a young English woman artist who has gone to study in Paris, and a young French artist of the other sex whose "ways" are impossible,—and how the war makes it right between them.

"The Japanese Menace"

Baron Shibusawa's article on "Japan and America" in the February CENTURY presented the more reassuring aspects of the relations between ourselves and the empire over the Pacific. The other side of the question will be discussed under the title, "The Japanese Menace," by Thomas F. Millard, Editor of "The China Press," in the March number. Mr. Millard believes that Japan is making deliberate preparations in anticipation of a collision with the United States, that Japanese public opinion is already bitterly hostile to us, and that a Japanese propaganda in America has lulled us into a false security. His conclusion is that as America's Perry Expedition ended the isolation of Japan, so Japan may give the shock which will forever end the international isolation of America.

An OLIVER HERFORD Drawing
To appear in the March CENTURY

In the children's garden in Paris now the ships of the *grand bassin* are no long yachts that sail for a prize, but men-of-war in search of the enemy. The children themselves have organized into armies. A veteran of 1870 traces the battle-field with his cane in the sand. Dolls are wounded and doll-carriages ambulances. Black is the prevalent color of mothers' dresses. . . . . So the grown-ups sit and the children play, and the war goes on. Herbert Adams Gibbons, author of "Paris Reborn" and "The New Map of Europe," will contribute this charming paper on "The Little Children of the Luxembourg" to the March CENTURY.

"The Working-Man in War-Time"

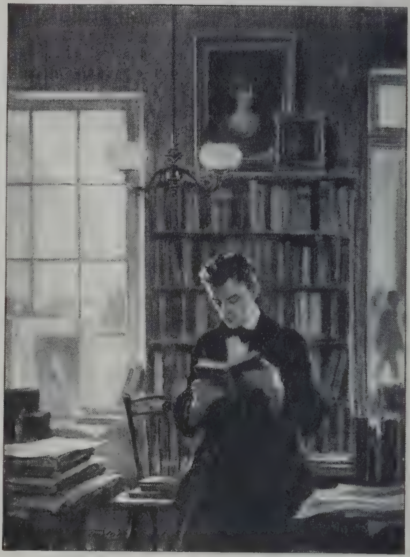
Another war feature, of a quite different sort, will be "The Working-Man in War-Time," in which Harrison Smith will describe a mid-war trip to England in the steerage and an independent "hike" to survey labor conditions in Wales and in Britain generally.

No one writes more quaintly and glowingly of Mexico than Maria Cristina Mena. She weaves charming comedy and wistful tragedy around the lives of its people. In the March CENTURY she will present a diverting story of two sisters, "Marriage by Miracle." Cristina could not marry until Ernestina—the unattractive—was betrothed: such was their proud mother's decree. But Cristina was a resourceful young woman. The plan she arranged was most original.

J. Nilsen Laurvik, Commissioner of Fine Arts for Norway at the Panama-Pacific Exposition will discuss "Hungarian and Norwegian Art" as exemplified at the San Francisco exhibition last season.

"Ladies"

Inez Haynes Gillmore's story "Ladies" will give a new definition to an overworked word. A crowd of chorus girls are motoring and the machine breaks down. They decide to call up their old pal, Julia, who has married money and moved into circles of "real class." They are entertained by Julia's blue-blooded Wrighterson connections; and the story becomes a clever study of the difference between true "ladies" and false, as it is revealed under these unusual circumstances.



"THE LITTLE BOOK-SHOP"
With a poem by Charles Hanson Towne,
in the March CENTURY

Among other features the March CENTURY will contain: "The Gipsies of the Balkans," a delightful sketch in which Demetra Vaka, author of "Haremlik," will describe gipsy life, and particularly two gipsy characters, in Eastern Europe, as she and her husband saw it; "The Mute Stradivarius," a story by Theodore Corrie; "Puppet Plays for Children," by Inis Weed; "Preparedness," by Harold Kellock; "The Island and the Continent at War," a study by J. Russell Smith; "Playing the Game," a story by Ethel M. Kelley; "Children of Hope," continuing Stephen Whitman's romantic serial; poems by Oliver Herford, Charles Hanson Towne, William Rose Benét; and "Black Jitney," a comic short story by Lawton Mackall.

THE MARCH ST. NICHOLAS

The March number of ST. NICHOLAS will contain an important article of great interest to boys, and to parents and teachers as well, for it will set forth and advocate a new system of exercise and athletic training, which has already won a place for itself in several of the leading American schools and has received warm commendation from numerous head-masters and from experts in athletics. The originator of the movement is Mr. Ernest Balch, well and widely known as a director of athletics for boys of the high school age.

In this ST. NICHOLAS article Mr. Balch will explain in detail, for the first time, and with numerous striking and unusual illustrations, his ingenious scheme for the new form of exercise.

Mark Twain as a Soldier

With each instalment of Albert Bigelow Paine's "Boys' Life of Mark Twain," the interest of his narrative increases, and though the progress of the serial has now reached the point where "Sam" Clemens has left his boyhood behind, yet the readers of the magazine are even more delighted by the amusing and varied incidents of his young manhood, which his biographer describes with so much skill. It may not be generally known that Mark Twain was, for a few months, a soldier, and the chapter devoted to this phase of his life is among the most amusing of the series. Mr. Paine describes the company as "just another Tom Sawyer band, which met in a secret place above Bear Creek Hill, and planned how they would sell their lives on the field of glory, just as, years before, various raids had been arranged on peach orchards and melon patches." He tells, also, "how the army had its hair cut," and again, how "on a black, drenching night, word came that the enemy, commanded by a certain Colonel Ulysses S. Grant, was in the neighborhood, whereupon the Hannibal division went hastily, slopping through mud and brush, in the other direction."

Another chapter of the March instalment will deal with "the pioneer" and describe the overland journey of the Clemens boys from Missouri to Nevada, and their trials and adventures as eager gold-seekers.

The young readers of this serial will, in short, obtain a very vivid and complete record of the life of America's great humorist; and it is a story which grown-up readers also ought not to miss.

Incidentally, the number will contain an interesting brief account of "How a Boy Secured a Unique Mark Twain Autograph," written by the Hon. Victor Rosewater, who was the "boy" of the story, and at that time a page in the United States Senate at Washington.

An Aerial Cable Railway

The articles bearing the general title, "On the Battle-front of Engineering," by A. Russell Bond, Managing Editor of "The Scientific American," begun in the January ST. NICHOLAS, have already elicited the hearty interest of a wide circle of readers. Not only do they describe authoritatively, and in an up-to-date style, many of the greatest achievements of American engineers, but they include also the trials and dangers which many of these workers have to risk, and the novel expedients by which they are overcome.

The March number will describe such an incident, based upon an actual experience of an engineering party which was at work upon an aerial cable railway. And no adventure story could hold for the reader more thrill and suspense than this record from real life.

"A New Statue of Jeanne d'Arc"

ST. NICHOLAS has already told the story of Jeanne d'Arc, but in justice to its girl readers it is only fair that the magazine should picture the beautiful equestrian statue of the world-famous heroine, recently unveiled on Riverside Drive, New York. This statue is of exceptional interest, not only for its artistic merits, but because it is the work of an American woman sculptor, Miss Anna Vaughn Hyatt, and also because it is claimed that here, "for the first time in all her years of sculptured life, Jeanne d'Arc is given armor not only artistic, but historically correct." The full story of this latest of New York's art treasures, illustrated with several beautiful photographs, will be told in the March ST. NICHOLAS by Miss Grace Humphrey.

"A NEW STATUE OF JEANNE d'ARC"
In the March St. Nicholas

There will be, also, a timely story of a girl's bravery in a northwestern blizzard, under the title "Through the Storm," with very spirited pictures by Norman P. Rockwell.

"The Wonder-Child of Warsaw"

Another welcome feature of the March issue will be an article by Katherine D. Cather, on "The Wonder-Child of Warsaw," in which this talented and graceful writer will pay tribute to the boyhood of Chopin in the same charming style which has already delighted ST. NICHOLAS readers with accounts of "The Boy of Cadore" (Titian), "Jacopo, the Little Dyer" (Tintoretto), "The Shepherd Lad of Tuscany" (Giotto), and "When Mozart Raced with Marie Antoinette." Seldom has biography been so admirably written for young folk as in this series.

But the magazine is not content merely to increase the knowledge of its young readers, nor to entertain them with adventure stories. It feels especially bound to cultivate and develop their imagination; and for this purpose nothing could be better than the series of delightful, fanciful stories by Will Bradley, which are being published in the current volume. Each of these is complete in itself, and each is enriched by Mr. Bradley's own incomparable drawings—illustrations which every ST. NICHOLAS boy and girl will be sure to cherish, and can never forget.

BOOKS AND THEIR MAKERS

James Whitcomb Riley is not the only living man of letters to become, so to speak, a national hero in his own state. Kentucky has established the custom of celebrating annually the birthday of James Lane Allen, author of "The Sword of Youth" and so many other stories of the Blue Grass country. In connection with the novelist's sixty-seventh birthday on December 21st, the people of Lexington united in commemorating "James Lane Allen Day," exercises consisting of songs, talks about the author, and readings from his work being held in all the schools. Touched by the enthusiasm of the school-children, Mr. Allen, who makes his home in New York, wrote in reply a very graceful letter, sending eight duplicate copies on parchment and in his own handwriting, one copy to be framed and hung in each of the schools. A part of Mr. Allen's letter, addressed to the children of Kentucky, is as follows: "May there originate with you some movement, or at least may there prevail among you the desire, to make the literature of Kentucky more and more, if possible, the first wealth of the commonwealth, the crowning, the imperishable glory of the state, some of you nobly helping to create it and all of you nobly eager to honor and to guard."

In "The Most Interesting American," recently published by The Century Co., Julian Street, to illustrate Mr. Roosevelt's versatility, says that he contains within himself qualities and attainments which actually are not combined in the entire population of any city in the United States. A city which would have in the sum of all its people a Roosevelt, says Mr. Street, must possess, among its inhabitants, the following: A physical culture expert, a historian, a biographer, an essayist, a natural scientist, an explorer and discoverer, a critic, a former cowboy, a big-game hunter, ten or a dozen LL.D.'s, an editor, a former member of the State Legislature, a practical reformer, a veteran colonel of cavalry, a former Assistant Secretary of the Navy, a former Governor, a Nobel Peace Prize Winner, a former Vice-President, and a former President.

Since the war began the submarine, measured by its power over human life, has taken precedence over all other inventions. So swift has been its development that the first instance of a submarine sinking a hostile craft without being sunk itself only occurred in 1914. But like many other inventions only recently perfected, the submarine's history goes back many generations, as far back as the reign of James I, when one Cornelius Van Drebel, a Dutch scientist in England, devised what Ben Jonson referred to in one of his plays as an "invisible eel" to "murder the flat bottoms" of hostile ships. But it was a Yankee, David Bushnell, who developed the submarine from a useless plaything into a potentially formidable weapon, and American achievements in this field occupy the major portion of a work entitled "The Story of the Submarine," by Farnham Bishop, author of "Panama, Past and Present," announced for publication within the next few weeks by The Century Co. Mr. Bishop's work will describe Robert Fulton's vain efforts to interest the governments of his time in the new idea, the serious and partially successful attempts made by both sides during the Civil War to perfect the device, the various French, English, Spanish, and Russian experiments in submarine designing, and the struggles and eventual triumph of the two American engineers, John P. Holland and Simon Lake.

That Kipling's greatest work is to be found in the "Jungle Books" is the opinion of John Palmer, in his recent study of the English author. Mr. Palmer believes that Kipling's short stories of Indian life, the "Plain Tales" and others, show simply the "efficient literary workman," while the Kipling of the "Jungle Books" is an inspired author. This appears also to be the opinion of the public. Kipling's continued popularity has often been commented upon. How great it is may be gathered from the announcement of The Century Co. that in the month of December just past, of the two "Jungle Books" and "Captains Courageous" it sold over three thousand copies. How many books can equal that record for a single month twenty years or so after publication?

The Hungarians are the only people in the present conflict who, in the heat and excitement of war, have on all occasions behaved like good sportsmen, according to Eric Fisher Wood, in his "Note-Book of an Attaché." "When trains of Russian prisoners arrive at Hungarian stations," says Mr. Wood, "the people manifest no hostility, but greet them with kindness and sympathy and offer them food and flowers. The populace has not molested alien enemies, and their government has not indulged in wholesale internments of enemies' subjects. In Hungary I found British horse trainers, English tutors, and French governesses going tranquilly about their peaceful occupations. English tailors advertised their business in the Hungarian newspapers, and their clients went to them as readily as they would have gone in peace time. French chefs and servants were, as a matter of course, retained in the employ of noble families, and were treated with unvarying consideration and sympathy by their Hungarian fellow-servants. This attitude has been steadfastly maintained in spite of the wholesale imprisonment by the Allies of such Hungarian subjects as were left within their territory at the opening of hostilities. Of the nations which I have studied Hungary is the only one involved in the present conflict which has not stooped to reprisal and retaliation."

"Paris Reborn," the new work of Herbert Adams Gibbons, has received a somewhat unusual tribute from Henry van Dyke, American minister to the Netherlands. "It gives a vivid picture of Paris under a new light," says Dr. van Dyke; "one might almost call it a twilight, let us say a morning twilight—full of unfamiliar shadows and strange nuances of color, but still full of wondrous beauty—one of those luminous twilights that belong to the North." Mr. Gibbons, the author, is at present in the Balkans making a study of the Salonica situation at first hand. He has arranged to visit Egypt within the next few weeks.

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(*See inside of front cover*)

By the Author of "The Note-Book of an Attaché"

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By Eric Fisher Wood

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>
> **"No sacrifices made after the hour has struck will avail to save us.**
>
> **"It is not upon the battle-fields of that war that our national existence is to be saved, but in the next presidential campaign.**
>
> *"Aux armes, citoyens! Formez vos bataillons!"*

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(Continued on inside of back cover)

THE CENTURION

MAY, 1916

PENSION SCHWANDORF

A novel of very unusual charm and distinction is "Children of Hope," by Stephen Whitman, which is just out (The Century Co., $1.40 net). It is made up of the European experiences and adventures of three beautiful American girls and their quaintest of fathers, who have set out from Zenasville, Ohio, on the wings of a $100,000 legacy, to fulfil their artistic ambitions in the old world. After tasting Paris and Switzerland they settle in Florence, at the Pension Schwandorf, which Mr. Whitman describes in this way:

In a clean, wide street, with two rows of trees extending its full length, the cab stopped before a corner house, beside which a garden was confined by a tall iron fence. From the vestibule there ran out to them an agile, smiling little man in the gray mohair livery of a door-porter. And they read on a brass plate fastened to the wall, "Pension Schwandorf."

A wide hall, dim and cool, running back to a dining-room with crimson walls, was lined with book-cases and divans. On all sides appeared a dim confusion of ornaments: framed water-colors of gondolas and ruined towers, plaques of china and brass, strange weapons in papier-mâché, tufts of pampas-grass, faded photographs, and seashore souvenirs. Through a door to the left showed the outline of a pianoforte covered with Venetian brocade. To the right, behind glass portals, a large round table was littered with periodicals. The perfume of roses, diffused from bouquets placed here and there in vases, mingled with the familiar odor of old fabrics. The three Graces remembered Zenasville.

STEPHEN WHITMAN
Author of the new novel "Children of Hope"

In the silence one heard, far off, the

clatter of a bell, a faint cry of *"Arrivi!"* and presently foot-falls that echoed across long reaches of invisible bare floors. But suddenly, from a door in the wall, Mme. von Schwandorf entered.

Well past sixty, but with pale-yellow frizzes encircling her brow, she showed a keen, kindly face in which remained a hint of Scandinavian, rather than Teutonic, beauty. From her salient nose, her still delicate mouth, her twinkling, faded eyes, one might have read the history of a crowded life, beginning in fervent enthusiasm, now drawing toward its close in resignation. Her loose gown, decked with many dangling points of lace, exhaled a strong scent of bergamot. . . .

Mermaids, Griffins, and Harpies

The two rear bedchambers faced the garden; the front room overlooked both garden and street. The high ceilings were painted with mermaids, griffins, and harpies, in the style of the Renaissance. The walls showed flowered paper of the gayest hues and most bewildering designs. The floors, of broad red tiles, were bare. In each apartment stood a stove of green-and-yellow glazed tiles. And the chintz covers of the chairs and sofas were grotesquely printed all over with camels, poppies, monkeys, pomegranates, butterflies.

But instantly the Goodchild family found themselves at home. These eccentric decorations were not able to dispel their feeling that they had reached at last a long-sought spot, where many influences, still unknown, were predestined to expand their souls.

When they had thrown their hats upon the iron beds, they went out to the balcony of the front room. Already the broad, clean street, with its double row of trees, had a more friendly look. A breeze rustled the leaves; a few shutters swung ajar. A velvet-eyed lad lounged by, singing to himself a plaintive, wavering song. As his voice died away, a sweet, half melancholy peace enveloped them.

So Florence began to weave its spell.

The Garden

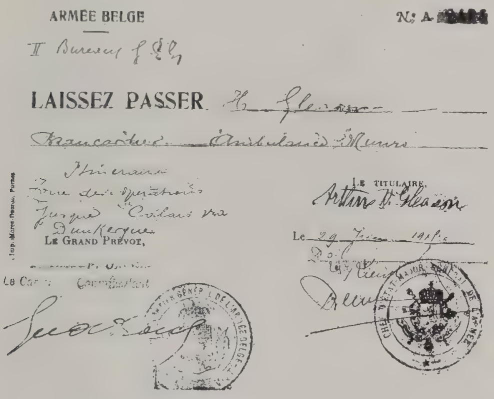
Every morning one was awakened by the wailing cries of vegetable-hucksters. The girls, leaning across the window-sill in their kimonos, gazed down at the garden crossed by the corridor of glass. On either side, gravel paths encircled the grass-plats, from which rose palmettos and clusters of bamboo. To the right, against the street, the tall iron fence supported, all its length, a mass of pink and yellow roses, which finally reached out to festoon the concrete gateposts, crowned with two crumbling urns. An arbor near by was surrounded by a hedge of brilliant peonies, and under the sisters' windows a border of lilies disappeared beneath an orange-tree which spread its golden fruit just out of reach. But one tendril of a rambler rose had climbed the housewall clear to their shutter-lock; and in the most audacious blossom a white snail, diaphanous in the hot rays, lay glistening like a tiny pool of dew.

Herbert Adams Gibbons, author of "Paris Reborn" and "The Foundation of the Ottoman Empire," returned to France in March from an extended trip in Egypt and Sudan. He is spending the spring with his family near Cannes.

COL. ROOSEVELT WRITES A PREFACE

Theodore Roosevelt has written the preface to "Golden Lads" (The Century Co., $1.30 net), Arthur Gleason's new book about Belgium, the heroism of the Belgian soldiers, and the atrocities inflicted on the Belgian people by the German military machine. Mr. Gleason witnessed some of these atrocities himself and his signed testimony appears in the Bryce Report. Here is what Col. Roosevelt has to say about him and his book:

"On August 4, 1914, the issue of this war for the conscience of the world was Belgium. Now, in the spring of 1916, the issue remains Belgium. For eighteen months our people were bidden by their representative at Washington to feel no resentment against a hideous wrong. They were taught to tame their human feelings by polished phrases of neutrality. Because they lacked the proper outlet of expression, they grew indifferent to a supreme injustice. They temporarily lost the capacity to react powerfully against wrong-doing.



ARMÉE BELGE N° A [redacted]

II Bureau

LAISSEZ PASSER H. Gleason

Brancardier Ambulance Munro

Itinéraire
Zone des opérations
Jusque Calais via
Dunkerque

LE GRAND PRÉVOT,

Le Capitaine Commandant

LE TITULAIRE,
Arthur H. Gleason

Le 29 Juin 1915

ARTHUR GLEASON'S "GREEN PASS"

(Mr. Gleason, author of "Golden Lads", is the only American to whom has been granted the Green Pass of the Belgian Army, admitting him freely to the trenches.)

"The Literary Bureau at Washington"

"But to-day they are at last becoming alive to the iniquity of the crushing of Belgium. Belgium is the battle-ground of the war on the western front. *But Belgium is also the battle-ground of the struggle in our country between the forces of good and of evil.* In the ranks of evil are ranged all the pacifist sentimentalists, the cowards who possess the gift of clothing their cowardice in soothing and attractive words, the materialists whose souls have been rotted by exclusive devotion to the things of the body, and sincere persons who are cursed with a deficient sense of reality, and all who lack foresight or who are uninformed. Against them stand the great mass of loyal Americans, who when they see the right, and receive moral leadership, show that they have in their souls as much of the valor of righteousness as the men of 1860 and 1776. *The literary bureau at Washington has acted as a soporific on the mind and conscience of the American people.* Fine words, designed to work confusion between right and wrong, have put them to sleep. *But they now stir in their sleep.*

"The proceeds from the sale of this book are to be used for a charity in which every intelligent American feels a personal interest. The training of maimed soldiers in suitable trades is making possible the reconstruction of an entire nation. . . .

The Book's Importance

"The testimony of the book is the first-hand witness of an American citizen who was present when the army of invasion blotted out a little nation. This is an eye-witness report on the disputed points of this war. The author saw the wrongs perpetrated on helpless noncombatants by direct military orders. He shows that the frightfulness practised on peasant women and children was the carrying out of a Government policy, planned in advance, ordered from above. It was not the product of irresponsible individual drunken soldiers. His testimony is clear on this point. He goes still further, and shows that individual soldiers resented their orders, and most unwillingly carried through the cruelty that was forced on them from Berlin. In his testimony he is kinder to the German race, to the hosts of peasants, clerks and simple soldiers, than the defenders of Belgium's obliteration have been. They seek to excuse acts of infamy. But the author shows that the average German is sorry for those acts.

"It is fair to remember in reading Mr. Gleason's testimony covering the deeds of the German army that he has never received a dollar of money for anything he has spoken or written on the subject. He gave, without payment, articles on the Spy, the Atrocity, and the Steam Roller to 'The New York Tribune.' The profit from the lectures he has delivered on the same subject has been used for well-known public charities. The book itself is a gift to a war fund.

"Of Mr. Gleason's testimony on atrocities I have already written:

"'Remember there is not the slightest room for honest question either as to the dreadful, the unspeakably hideous, outrages committed on the Belgians, or as to the fact that these outrages were methodically committed by the express command of the German Government in order to terrorize both the Belgians and among neutrals those men who are as cold and timid and selfish as our governmental leaders have shown themselves to be. Let any man who doubts read the statement of an American eye-witness of these fearful atrocities, Mr. Arthur H. Gleason.'

The Value of His Testimony

"What Mr. Gleason saw was reported to the Bryce Committee by the young British subject who accompanied him, and these atrocities, which he witnessed, appear in the Bryce Report under the heading of Alost. It is of value to know that an American witnessed atrocities appearing in the Bryce Report, as it disposes of the German rejoinders that the Report is ex-parte and of second-hand rumor.

"His chapter on the spy system answers the charge that it was Belgium who violated her own neutrality, and forced an unwilling Germany, threatened by a ring of foes, to defend herself.

"The chapter on the Steam Roller shows that the same policy of injustice that was responsible for the original atrocities is to-day operating to flatten out what is left of a free nation.

"The entire book is a protest against the craven attitude of our government."

WOMAN'S EMERGENCE IN CHINA

Gardner L. Harding, whose "Present-Day China" will be published on May 19th by The Century Co. ($1.00 net), is a friend of Young China and the revolutionists. He was on the closest terms with the celebrated Sun Yat Sen, and it was the social regeneration of the Chinese people that most engaged his attention and study during his stay in the East. His little book contains a good many surprises for those who imagine that the Chinese Republic has been a flash in the pan. In the following paragraphs Mr. Harding describes the awakening of women in China:

Behind these women, the leaders, the pioneers, you can conceive of countless others, dreaming, understanding, and achieving a new set of experiences for the Chinese race. A Chinese girl can now become a teacher or a nurse, even a doctor, a civil servant, or a student of the law, almost without restriction. The invasion of social life in general, the increasing number of women's papers, not all of which have been snuffed out in the reaction, the vast increase of girl students, and the profoundly changing relation of women to the home, are all deeply significant.

One should never lose sight, however, of the characteristic Chinese strain which makes this movement like nothing else in the world.

In Contrast to Japan

The invasion in social life most noticeable in Japan, for instance, is the flood of girls who in recent years have entered the world of business. In China this phenomenon is completely absent, and shows no signs of developing for years to come. Miss C. R. Soong, Dr. Sun's charming secretary, claimed to be the only woman in China who worked in a man's office, and unless other cases of purely "patriotic" employment furnish like exceptions, her claim was literally true. There are no Chinese typists, no Chinese shopgirls, no Chinese ticket takers, not any women at all, except Eurasian and foreign girls, in the endless business employments that they occupy in the Western and the Japanese worlds. . . .

GARDNER L. HARDING

Whose "Present-Day China," just announced, sums up the achievements of the Chinese Republic

A more material revolution, however, has introduced Chinese women of the lowest classes to factory labor. The cotton mills of Shanghai alone employ

25,000 women and young girls twelve hours day and night, with a sixteen-hour day on Saturdays, for wages that average twelve to fifteen cents a day. The middle classes can enforce their boycott on the business world; but modern industry is catching the women of the poor in the gigantic net of economic evolution. Factories run by woman and child labor pay 57 per cent. annual profit in Shanghai, and by that door Western industrialism is entering more rapidly every year into the lives of the women of China. As yet there are no laws, either against the foreigner, who is mainly responsible for these things, or for the Chinese, who are so far merely their minor competitors. There are no laws, no statistics, and hardly any general knowledge or consideration.

Now in this stratum of the national life, now in that, the pervasive hand of evolution ceaselessly continues in its enduring work of alteration in the status of women. This revolution has been no mere ephemeral effervescence of the coast cities; it has penetrated to the ultimate hearthstone of the people on whom all Chinese civilization rests—the countless millions of the peasantry. It has reached them because it possesses the only quality in the world that could reach them: it is above all a moral revolution. Consider the three great reforms in Chinese home life that have accompanied it—the crusades against the opium traffic, against foot binding, and against child slavery; one charter of freedom each for the man, the woman, and the child, but all three supremely the concern of women as keepers and conservers of the home.

ALICE DUER MILLER

ENTER JANE-ELLEN

The mystery of Alice Duer Miller's new romance "Come Out of the Kitchen!" (The Century Co., $1.25 net) turns upon the identity of the "servants" included in the fine old Virginia manor-house when the young Northerner, Burton Crane, rents it for the hunting season. Perhaps you will be able to solve the problem of the cook, for example, who in the following passage makes her first entrance in the story:

She might have stepped from a Mid-Victorian Keepsake, or Book of Beauty. She should have worn eternally a crinoline and a wreath of flowers; her soft gray-blue eyes, her little bowed mouth, her slim throat, should have been the subject of a perpetual steel engraving. She was small, and light of bone, and her hands, crossed upon her check apron (for she was in her working dress), were so little and soft that they seemed hardly capable of lifting a pot or kettle.

Mrs. Falkener expressed the general sentiment exactly when she gasped:

"And you are the cook?"

The cook, whose eyes had been decorously fixed upon the floor, now raised them, and sweeping one rapid glance across both her employer and the speaker, whispered discreetly:

"Yes, ma'am."

"What is your name?"

And at this question a curious thing happened. The butler and Reed answered simultaneously. Only, the butler said "Jane," and Reed, with equal conviction, said "Ellen."

Ignoring this seeming contradiction, the cook fixed her dove-like glance on Mrs. Falkener and answered:

"My name is Jane-Ellen, ma'am."

It was impossible for even as conscientious a housekeeper as Mrs. Falkener to be really severe with so gentle a creature, but she contrived to say, with a certain sternness:

"I should like to see your references, Jane-Ellen."

"Oh, I'm sure that will be all right, Mrs. Falkener," said Crane hastily. He had never removed his eyes from the face of his future cook.

But Jane-Ellen, with soft gestures of those ridiculous hands, was already unfolding a paper, and now handed it to Mrs. Falkener.

That lady took it and held it off at arm's length while she read it.

"And who," she asked, turning to Reed, "is this Claudia Revelly? Mrs. Revelly, I suppose?"

"Why, no," answered Reed. "No, as I told you, Mrs. Revelly is in Madeira with her husband. This is one of the Miss Revellys."

"Humph," replied Mrs. Falkener. "It is a flattering reference, but in my time the word 'recommend' was spelled with only one 'c.' "

The cook colored slightly and flashed a glance that might have been interpreted as reproachful at Reed, who said hastily:

"Ah, yes, quite so. You know—the fact is—our Southern aristocracy—the Revellys are among our very— However, there can be no question whatever about Jane-Ellen's ability. You will, I can assure you from personal experience, be satisfied with her cooking. Mrs. Crosslett-Billington—"

"Humph!" said Mrs. Falkener again, as one who does not mean to commit herself. "We shall see. Let the housemaid come a little forward."

THE REAL PHILIPPINE QUESTION

"The Case for the Filipinos," by Maximo M. Kalaw, to be issued on May 5th by The Century Co. ($1.50 net), is a history of American sovereignty in the Philippines from the native point of view and a very able plea for the independence of the Islands. The author, a brilliant young Filipino scholar, is at present the secretary of the Hon. Manuel L. Quezon, Resident Commissioner of the Philippines at Washington. In the following passage he draws attention to the main issue of the Philippine Question, as the Filipinos themselves see it:

There is a far greater anomaly in the Philippines issue than has yet been noted—one that demands the most earnest consideration from those who are interested in the real progress of the Filipinos.

The trouble with many who have studied the Philippine question is that they lose perspective. Instead of examining the question from the broad standpoint of the relations that should exist between the Americans and the Filipinos, they look upon it as merely involving the success or failure of the American government established in the Islands. One widely-known lecturer who has traveled over America lecturing on the Philippines has even asserted that inasmuch as the American government has proved to be efficient and, in its way, successful in the Islands, the Philippine problem has ceased to be a problem. People who have gone to the Philippines and with microscopic minuteness have examined the Philippine situation, compare conditions of fifteen years ago to conditions of the present, and then, finding the balance in favor of American rule, they at once conclude that the American rule should continue in the Islands indefinitely. They fail to see that, in spite of all the improvements in conditions brought about by the American government, the relation between the Filipino people and the American people still continues to be based on force and not upon the sanction or even acquiescence of the Filipino people. The Filipinos are still being ruled by virtue of the treaty of Paris which was made in utter disregard of their interests and against their earnest protest. That treaty still stands to them in lieu of Magna Charta, the only source of their Bill of Rights and their Constitution. They have never since, of

MAXIMO M. KALAW
Author of "The Case for the Filipinos"

their own free will, recognized or acquiesced in American sovereignty; they still consider themselves unjustly deprived of their right to manage their own affairs and to lead an independent existence. The present Organic Act of the Philippines was passed unasked for by the Filipinos. They have not for a moment renounced their idea of national independence, and when the first Philippine Assembly met, it made the solemn declaration that American rule in the Philippines remained unsanctioned by the people whose greatest desire, then as ever, was their complete political emancipation. Political parties in the Philippines are founded primarily on programs for national independence. No group of Filipinos ever expressed their assent to, or sanction of, American sovereignty.

What Their "Ingratitude" Means

Many Americans are prone to accuse the Filipinos of ingratitude. They look for more appreciation on the part of the native inhabitants for the work of the American government in education, sanitation, road building, and the like. If there be one unanswerable proof of the existence of a united Filipino people, it is this supposed ingratitude; because, in spite of all the boasted blessings of their rulers they have not forgotten the one incontrovertible fact—that the government they have is a government by force, unsanctioned by their conscience. If they were a mere conglomeration of savage tribes devoid of any national consciousness, how easily they could have accepted American rule, forgotten their forcible subjugation, and borne in mind only the improvements of material condition brought about under American domination! For the very reason that they are a people jealous of their national honor and rights, they fail to be satisfied with the benevolent enterprises of the American government; they see behind all exterior manifestations the baffling of their national aspiration, the usurpation of their right to an independent existence.

Arthur Gleason, whose new book of war impressions, "Golden Lads," has just been published by The Century Co., is the only American whose signed testimony as an eye witness of German atrocities in Belgium was incorporated in the Bryce report. As a stretcher-bearer working with the first line of the Belgian army, he was twice taken prisoner by the Germans, and it was while thus behind the lines of the Germans that at Melle he saw them burn twenty-six peasants' houses with peasants in them, and later talked with eleven civilians, men, women and a child, who had been used as a cover by German troops and bayoneted in the process. One was a woman of about eighty. The child, a girl of twelve, died from the bayonet wounds in her back. Aside from "Golden Lads" and the author's previous book "Young Hilda at the Wars," three other books have dealt with the doings of the little Hector Munro Ambulance Corps of a dozen persons, two of whom were Mr. Gleason and his wife: May Sinclair's "Journal of Impressions in Belgium," Philip Gibbs's "Soul of the War," and Dr. Souttar's "Log of a Surgeon."

LOCAL MINDS

Do you like familiar essays? Richard Burton, Professor of English Literature in the University of Minnesota and head of the Drama League of America, in his "Little Essays in Literature and Life" (The Century Co., $1.50 net) achieves what he himself calls the ambition of the familiar essayist—"to speak wisdom albeit debonairly, to be thought-provoking without heaviness, and helpful without didacticism." Here is a specimen of Dr. Burton's essay style:

Does any one of your friends write a letter quite so charming in a chatty, informal way as he—it is more likely to be a she—who has a local mind? I mean the mind keenly interested in local happenings, on the *qui vive* for neighborhood gossip and quick to gather the very latest news. How good it is, when away on your vacation, to receive a missive from this kind of correspondent, who is left in town,—it gives you such a feeling of superiority when you are able to be away yourself—from whom you learn just what you want to know: who is married or engaged to be, the strange mishap of Mr. Blank and the startling good fortune of Mrs. Blandish, —all the social chitchat that is so small yet bulks so big within the little confines of your particular experience.

In a Confidential Tone

It is all conveyed with a light touch and in a confidential tone, so that the talk on paper trips along as easily as if it were by word of mouth. As a rule, you will not find this pattern of person overly interested in large general affairs, unless such are by chance related to the local; but for the latter he has an absolute genius.

Naturally, the degeneration of this excellent faculty gives us the quidnunc, the town nuisance, the vicious gadder-about. But in its place and in its purity, it is as refreshing as a northwest wind on a mid-August day: refreshingly human, heart-warming and homely in the way it gets into your liking, it and the individual who possesses it. . . .

The Near and the Known

There is something sound and sweet in this tying up to the local, this firm basing of the feet upon the near and the known. A White of Selborne or a Thoreau at Walden makes the whole world cognizant of an obscure spot on the face of the earth; not so much because of its intrinsic merit as for the reason that the naturalist himself found there what, being what he was, he would have found anywhere: to-wit, a revelation of the wonders of Nature, her wondrous manifestations and her no less wondrous laws. Emerson, lofty idealist as he was, with his head so often in the clouds or above them, nevertheless knew and loved the earth and his work, as a result of this trait, has a delightful earthy smack, a plain, vernacular reality.

Hence there is no contradiction, necessarily, between the mind with a local tinge and bias and the world-view of the philosopher, poet, or historian. Rostand in a lovely line tells us we can see a star in a dewdrop; so may we see all human nature crystallized in the homeliest, most rustic specimen of the race, and range all history at a village town-meeting,—if but the eye that looks on be discerning.

A CENSUS-TAKER AT PANAMA

Probably the most vivid picture of life in the Panama Canal Zone is to be found in "Zone Policeman 88" (The Century Co., $2.00 net) by Harry A. Franck, the adventurous young American whose "Vagabond Journey Around the World" is also so well known. Wishing to get an inside view of Zone conditions, Mr. Franck got himself appointed a plain-clothes policeman. For some time he served as a census enumerator, which enabled him, as the following passage shows, to observe the ways of the Canal people quite from the inside:

Absurd rumors had begun early to circulate among the darker brethren. In all negrodom the conviction became general that this individual detailed catechising and house-branding was really a government scheme to get lists of persons due for deportation either for lack of work as the canal neared completion or for looseness of marital relations. Hardly a tenement did I enter but laughing voices bandied back and forth and there echoed and re-echoed through the building such remarks as:

"Well, dey gon' sen' us home, Penelope," or "Yo an' Percival better hurry up an' git married, Ambrosia."

Several dusky females regularly ran away whenever I approached; one at least I came a-seeking in vain nine times, and found her the tenth behind a garbage barrel. Many fancied the secret marks on the "enumerated" tag—date, and initials of the enumerator—were intimately concerned with their fate. So strong is the fear of the law imbued by the Zone Police that they dared not tear down the dreaded placard, but would sometimes sit staring at it for hours striving to penetrate its se-

HARRY A. FRANCK, author of "Zone Policeman 88"

(Mr. Franck has just returned from a four years' tramp in South America, his account of which is soon to appear serially in the CENTURY MAGAZINE. He is photographed here looking down over Montevideo, Uruguay) cret or exorcise away its power of evil, and now and then some bolder spirit ventured out—at midnight—with a pencil and put tails and extra flourishes on the penciled letters in the hope of disguising them against the fatal day.

Except for the chaos of nationalities and types on the Zone, enumerating would have become more than monotonous. But the enumerated took care to break the monotony. There was the wealth of nomenclature for instance. What more striking than a shining-black waiter strutting proudly about under the name of Levi McCarthy? There was no necessity of asking Beresford Plantaganet if he were a British subject. Naturally the mother of Hazarmaneth Cumberbath Smith, baptized that very week, had to claw out the family Bible from among the bed-clothes and look up the name on the fly-leaf.

The Mysterious Spaniard

It was during my Empire enumerating that I was startled one morning to burst suddenly from the tawdry, junk-jumbled rooms of negroes into a bare-floored, freshly scrubbed room containing some very clean cots, a small table and a hammock, and a general air of frankness and simplicity, with no attempt to disguise the commonplace. At the table sat a Spaniard in worn but newly washed working-clothes, book in hand. I sat down and, falling unconsciously into the "th" pronunciation of the Castilian, began blithely to reel off the questions that had grown so automatic.

"Name?" — ; — "Frederico Malero." "Check Number?"—"Can you read?" "A little." The barest suggestion of amusement in his voice caused me to look up quickly. "My library," he said, with the ghost of a weird smile, nodding his head slightly toward an unpainted shelf made of pieces of dynamite boxes, "Mine and my roommate's." The shelf was filled with four-*real* Barcelona paper editions of Hegel, Fichte, Spencer, Huxley, and a half-dozen others accustomed to sit in the same company, all dog-eared with much reading.

"Some ambitious foreman," I mused, and went on with my queries:

"Occupation?"

"Pico y pala," he answered.

"Pick and shovel!" I exclaimed—"and read those."

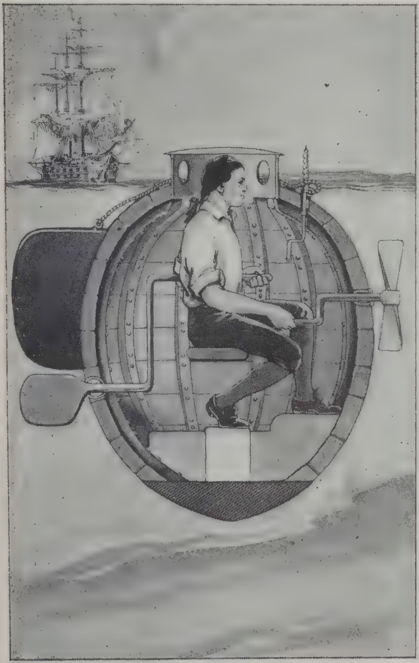
"No importa," he answered, again with that elusive shadow of a smile. "It doesn't matter," and as I rose to leave, "Buenos dias, señor," and he turned again to his reading.

I plunged into the jumble of negroes next door putting my questions and setting down the answers without even hearing them, my thoughts still back in the clean, bare room behind, wondering whether I should not have been wiser after all to have ignored the sharp-drawn lines and the prejudices of my fellow-countrymen and joined the pick and shovel Zone world. There might have been pay dirt there. A few months before, I remembered, a Spanish laborer killed in a dynamite explosion in the "cut" had turned out to be one of Spain's most celebrated lawyers.

At the request of numerous Japanese officials, a Japanese translation has been made of Abraham Flexner's "Prostitution in Europe," published by The Century Co. under the auspices of the Bureau of Social Hygiene.

THE STORY OF THE SUBMARINE

The submarine has a far longer history than most people suppose. It was about the time the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock that the learned Doctor Cornelius Van Drebel, lodged in England as a guest of King James, worked out the first under-sea craft and gave it successful trials in the River Thames. Van Drebel made three submarines, in fact, large wooden rowboats, decked over and made water-tight by a thick covering of greased leather, and the King himself, according to a chronicler of the period, took a trip in one of them, the vessel being kept for several hours submerged at a depth of twelve to fifteen feet below the surface of the water.



DAVID BUSHNELL'S "TURTLE", 1776
["The Story of the Submarine"]

That was nearly three hundred years ago: yet it was not until the opening of the present war that the submarine had developed sufficiently to carry out the purpose that submarines exist for. The first under-sea destroyer to sink a hostile warship without also sinking herself was the E-9 of the British navy, which in September, 1914, blew up the German cruiser *Hela* in Heligoland Bight.

Three Centuries of Effort

What became of the submarine idea during all those three hundred years? Was it forgotten, did it fail to interest men of sufficient genius to develop it? By no means, according to Farnham Bishop, who has made a special study of the subject. Many famous men worked at the submarine and many were the strange devices and inventions that marked its gradual evolution, as you will see if you read "The Story of the Submarine" (*The Century Co., $1.00 net*), which Mr. Bishop has just written and published.

It is a really romantic story and one in which we Americans play perhaps the leading part. It was a Connecticut Yankee named David Bushnell who, during our Revolution, really started the submarine on its long development into a formidable military weapon. Of course Bushnell did not get very far, as you may see from the picture of his "Turtle"; but for all that the "Turtle" was the forerunner of the under-sea destroyer of to-day, and Washington called it "an effort of genius."

Fulton's "Nautilus"

After Bushnell, Robert Fulton took up the submarine. He built the "Nautilus" on a commission from Napoleon. But Napoleon, in spite of its successful trials, lost interest in it, and as our own government was indifferent, Fulton turned his attention altogether to the steamboat, which later won him fame. But the submarine, having once come to the front as a possible engine of war, became gradually a subject of general study. English, French, Spanish, and Russian engineers wrestled with the problems of submarine designing, which in the end were solved mainly by two Americans, John P. Holland and Simon Lake. It is an interesting fact that the motive that actuated Holland, an Irishman by birth, was the hope of inventing something that would destroy the British navy and in this way liberate his native country.

Of course there are many other things in Mr. Bishop's book, a chapter on "Mines," for instance, and another on "Freaks and Failures," describing some of the odd, impractical schemes that marked the development of the submarine, more than one of them involving many years of futile labor following a false clue. There is also a very graphic account of "A Trip in a Modern Submarine," and another of the part played by submarines in the present war. But it is the long tale of effort and thought, disaster and triumph, which lies behind the submarine of to-day that appeals to one most. We hear so much about submarines and their inhumanity; it is interesting to see how much that is human has gone to the making of them.

CONCERNING WALLS

In the spring almost every one's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of housebuilding. Many people follow the impulse and really begin to plan and build. Before doing so they ought to read "The Honest House" by Ruby Ross Goodnow and Rayne Adams (The Century Co., $3.00 net). It is a complete summing-up of the newer and better tendencies in American architecture, an inexhaustible mine of suggestions, excellently illustrated with photographs and diagrams. It will tell you just the kind of house you yourself want and how to get it. The following passage is characteristic of the book's method:

RUBY ROSS GOODNOW, Author of "The Honest House"

In America a small house is usually set far back from the public road, and the space between the road and the house is given over to a lawn or garden open to the passer-by. On a larger lot the house will be set half way with the same open lawn in front and a vegetable garden in the rear.

Surely we are all agreed that the charm of home life lies in its privacy. No one wants strangers looking into his house. Why should he deliberately bare his gardens, his lawns, to the public gaze? It is not a snobbish selfishness, this enclosing one's own. It is rather the common-sense practice of people who live simple, sane lives. We have too long lived in a careless neighborliness that passed for democracy. We have sacrificed our possible gardens, throwing them all together into an unbroken greensward, "for the benefit of the town." This is very commendable in a closely settled suburban town, but even then there is a possibility of developing the side and back yards into an enclosed garden. Hedges and lattices can be used with discretion. The humblest house, with a little careful planting, will take on dignity and charm.

In European towns it is common practice to plan the house so that it turns its back on the street and faces its own gardens. This arrangement gives all the advantages that any entourage can offer—privacy, and repose, and an attractive garden space.

If your plot of land is very small and you wish your main rooms to face the street, you can arrange to have adequate planting between street and house, and in this way screen the family rooms. Rooms so placed will receive the maximum of noise and dust, however. Of course if your interest is such that you have to have a constant view of the happenings on the street, you are not interested in this argument for quiet and privacy.

A wall is the finest thing a man can bring to his entourage. It should be of the same material as the house—stone, or stucco, or brick—or, if the house is of wood, it may be of cobbles, or it may be a graceful lattice with a hedge planted against it. In old European gardens the wall is never forgotten. It is a part of the general plan, often continuing the very house walls, always giving picturesqueness and privacy. Against it grape vines and small fruits are trained. It forms a shelter and a protection, it makes a home a man's own, and it is a convincing argument that it is built for permanency. It is looked upon as a heritage.

The Cost of a Wall

In building a wall, the question of expense must be considered. Many of us would prefer a high stone wall covered with a thick growth of green and blossom to a house, but we *have* to have the house, and we usually give up the wall. The hard working people who built miles and miles of stone walls all over the old farms of the colonies built with their hands, and our hands are too untrained, too occupied with other things. But cement—that magic means of accomplishing a desired effect at small cost—has made walls possible for many of us.

Walls with green things growing over them and slender gardens of old fashioned flowers creeping along them are much more interesting than fine gardens spread open, public park fashion. Who doesn't thrill at the occasional patch of color seen through a thick hedge, at the adventurous roses that clamber over a high stone wall? There is always an element of mystery, of remoteness, hanging about a wall of any sort.

REACTIONARY AMERICA

"There is a certain unforeseen timeliness in the title of Arthur Christopher Benson's 'Escape and other Essays,'" (The Century Co., $1.50 net) says "The Living Age," "because it offers the reader an escape from discussion of war and diplomacy and the horrors that flame out from newspaper headlines, into the familiar bypaths of sentiment, reminiscence, and reflection, along which Mr. Benson is one of the most delightful guides and companions." That Mr. Benson can also turn a paradox and make it convincing appears from the following passages:

It seems to me—I may well be wrong—that in matters of culture, the American is far more seriously bent on knowing what has been done in the past even than the Englishman. The Englishman takes the past for granted; he is probably more deeply and instinctively penetrated with its traditions than he knows; but ever since the Romantic movement began in England, about a century ago, the general tendency is anarchical and anticlassical. Writers like Wordsworth, Browning, Carlyle, Ruskin, had very little deference about them. They did not even trouble to assert their independence; they said what they thought, and as they thought it.

Our Undemocratic Literature

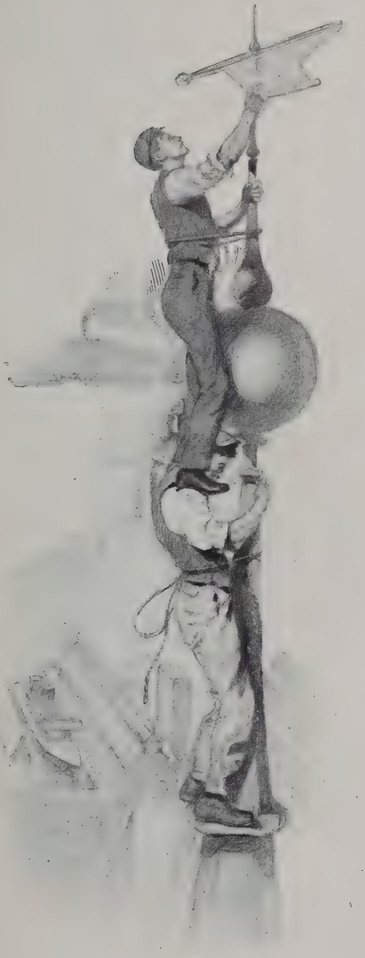
But the spirit of American literature does not on the whole appear to me to be a democratic spirit. It has not, except in the case of Walt Whitman himself, shown any strong tendency to invent new forms or to ventilate new ideas. It has not broken out into crude, fresh, immature experiments. It has rather worked as the Romans did, who anxiously adopted and imitated Greek models, admiring the form but not comprehending the spirit. A revolt in literary art, such as the Romantic movement in England, has no time to concern itself with the old forms and traditions. Writers like Wordsworth, Keats, Shelley, Byron, Walter Scott, had far too much to say for themselves to care how the old classical schools had worked. They used the past as a quarry, not as a model. But the famous American writers have not originated new forms, or invented a different use of language; they have widened and freshened traditions, they have not thrown them overboard.

Neither, if I interpret facts rightly, have the Americans developed a new kind of aristocracy. . . . England suspects, perhaps erroneously, that America has founded an aristocracy of wealth and influence and physical prowess, rather than an aristocracy of simplicity and fearlessness. One believes that the competitive, the prize-winning spirit, is even more dominant in America than in England.

No one doubts the fierce energy and the aplomb of America; but can it be said that *ideas,* the existence of which is the ultimate test of national vigor, are really more prevalent in America than in England? It all depends, of course, upon whether one values the Greek or the Roman ideal more highly, the interest, that is, of life, or the desire to rule and prosper. If the aim of civilization is orderliness, then the Roman aim is the better; but if the aim is spiritual animation, then the Greeks are the winners. Yet in the last century, England has been more fruitful in ideas than America, although America is incomparably more interested in education than England is.

AT THE STEEPLE-TOP

A unique book of true adventure is Cleveland Moffett's "Careers of Danger and Daring" (The Century Co., $1.50), made up of real incidents in the lives of steeple-climbers, bridge-builders, deep-sea divers, firemen, animal trainers, dynamite workers, etc. No wonder a new edition of the book is demanded every year. Here is an incident that was told to Mr. Moffett by Merrill, the famous steeplejack, to whom it occurred:



An illustration from "Careers of Danger and Daring"

"Did you ever have an impulse to jump off a steeple?" I questioned, recalling the sensations of many people in looking down even from a housetop.

"I've kept pretty free from that," said he; "but there's no doubt climbing steeples does tell on a man's nerves. Now, there was Dan O'Brien; he had an impulse to jump off a steeple one day, and a strong impulse, too. He went mad on one of the tallest spires in Cincinnati; right at the top of it."

"Went mad?"

"Yes, sir, raving mad, and I was by him when it happened. I forget whether the church was Baptist or Presbyterian, but I know it stood on Sixth Street, near Vine, and there was a big hand on top of the steeple, with the forefinger pointing to heaven.

"We were putting fresh gilding on this hand. I was working on the thumb side and O'Brien on the little-finger side, both of us standing on tiny stagings about the size of a chair-seat, and both of us made fast to the steeple by life-lines under our arms. That's an absolute rule in climbing steeples—never to do the smallest thing unless you're secured by a life-line.

"It was coming on dark, and I was hurrying to get the gold leaf on, because we'd given the hand a fresh coat of sizing that would be dry before morning. We hadn't spoken for some time, when suddenly I heard a laugh from O'Brien's side that sent a shiver down my spine. Did you ever hear a crazy man laugh? Well, if ever you do, you'll remember it. I looked at him and saw by his face that something was wrong.

"'What are you doing?' said I.

"He answered very polite and steady like, but his tone was queer. 'I'm trying to figure out how long it would take a man to get down if he went the fastest way.'

"I thought I had better keep him in a good humor, so I said: 'I'll tell you what, Dan, you brace up and get this gold on, and then we'll race to the ground in our saddles.'

"'That's a fair idea,' said he in a shrill voice, 'but I've got a better one. We'll race down without any saddles; yes, sir, without any lines, without a blamed thing.'

"'Don't be a fool, Dan. What you want to do is to get that gold on—quick.' I tried to speak sharp.

"'No, sir; I'm going to jump, and so are you.'

The Struggle at the Steeple-Top

"I caught his eye just then and saw it was n't any time to bother about gold leaf. I reached up and eased the hitch of my line around the hand so I could swing toward him. I knew if I once got my grip on him he would n't make any more trouble. But I'd never had a crazy man to deal with, and I did n't realize how tricky and quick they are. While I was working around to his side and thinking he did n't notice it, he was laying for me out of the corner of his eye, and the first thing I knew he had me by the throat and everything was turning black. I let go of the line and dropped back on my saddle-board helpless, and if it had n't been for blind luck I guess the people down below would have got their money's worth in about a minute. But my hand struck on the tool-box as he pressed me back, and I had just strength enough left to shut my fingers on the first tool I touched and strike at him with it. The tool happened to be a monkey-wrench, and when a man gets a clip on the head with a thing like that he's pretty apt to keep still for a while. And that's what O'Brien did. He keeled over and lay there, and I did, too, until my head got steady. Even then I guess we'd both have fallen if it had n't been for the life-lines.

"The rest was simple enough after I got my senses back. Dan was unconscious, and all I had to do was fasten a rope to him and lower away. They took care of him down below until the ambulance came, and he spent that night in a hospital. And he's spent most of his years since then in an asylum, his mind all gone except for short periods, when he comes to himself again, and then he always starts out to put an end to me. That last impulse to destroy me has never left him."

Another children's classic appears to be Mrs. C. V. Jamison's "Lady Jane" which, with its Reginald Birch illustrations, has just reached its twenty-third edition. This tale of a rarely beautiful child, tragically bereft and lost among strangers in quaint New Orleans, was first published in 1890.

CENTURY MAGAZINE NOTES

Who is going to win the presidential election next November? That is the most important question in people's minds this year and THE CENTURY is going to offer its readers in June an interesting pair of articles, each by a well-known publicist and each representing the view of one of the two chief opposing parties. The Republican view will appear in "Our Next President" by Col. Robert R. McCormick, associate publisher of "The Chicago Tribune," who was one of the leaders of the great revolt of June, 1912, against Republican steam-roller methods. Col. McCormick's article is a merciless one and it will hurt the feelings of a good many people of both parties. But one of its virtues is that it turns the spotlight on a part of the political scene which the bosses are trying to keep in shadow. The Democratic case will be presented in "Can Wilson Win?" by George Creel. Whatever one may think of the President's policies, one must admit that he has been mischievously misrepresented by the press and misunderstood by a large body of the public. In this uncompromising article, Mr. Creel comes vigorously to Mr. Wilson's defense.

Short Stories

The June number will be especially rich in short stories. Now that the golf season is once more upon us and the song of the lawn-mower is heard on the green, the demand for enlivening yarns of the links reaches its maximum. "The Luck of the Devil," by Holworthy Hall, is accurate enough in its golfing details to satisfy the most meticulous veteran of the game. But if you prefer *only* plain, unvarnished realism in a golfing story, don't think of putting the June CENTURY in your suit-case for the week-end; it will only keep you awake and laughing when you might be enjoying a comfortable nap. Another feat of ingenuity by Max Beerbohm, who contributes "Enoch Soames" to the May CENTURY, will appear in June under the title "A. V. Laider." It is a story built about the obvious fact —which, somehow, nobody has ever used in fiction before—that if there were truth in palmistry we should be able to foretell fatal shipwrecks and trainwrecks by an examination of the palms of those on board. The story proceeds to its surprising end with the

To illustrate Max Beerbohm's "A. V. Laider" in the June CENTURY usual Beerbohm drollery. "An Emissary of Satan," by E. R. Lipsett, is a picturesque story of the New York Ghetto and of the friendship between a Jew of the strict, old-fashioned type and a little boy, a child of Christians. Rugged to the point of roughness in style the story's outstanding quality is its truth to human nature. William Caine contributes in "Pepe" a charmingly human sketch of a pathetic urchin in a Spanish town. "The Arabian Days of Jimmy Jennette," by Ethel Watts Mumford, is an attractive story of a little boy whose father is general manager of "The World's Greatest Spectacular Playground" and lets him have the run of the circus tent. It is a story of a child's adventure in a child's fairyland, a genial piece of warm-weather entertainment.

An Essay by Ernest Poole

Ernest Poole in "My Street" does in miniature for one tiny part of the greatest American city what his widely-read novel "The Harbor" did for the whole. Quietly, yet with the vigor of style that carried his novel to popularity, Mr. Poole describes the street where he lives and works and tells of the drama of life that unfolds itself under his window. Boardman Robinson illustrates this paper.

The June number will contain several other important articles. Vida D. Scudder's "Academic Freedom" is a declaration of intellectual faith by a writer well worth hearing. It is a study of an ever-recurring educational problem that does justice to both parties in the dispute and comes to a reasonable conclusion. "The Trail of the Dullard," by H. Addington Bruce, is a companion-piece to the same author's article on child psychology in the May number. A paper for parents and teachers, it tells of what is being done in our schools for the "retarded" scholar, the child who through some mental defect fails to make proper progress. In "A Commercial Sea-King," Albert Hickman, author of "Canadian Nights," tells in an unforgetable way the real story of an extraordinary life.

"Social Reform in China"

Gardner L. Harding's "Social Reform in China" will open the eyes both of social workers in this country and of all who are interested in the Far East. It is not easy to believe that the Peking Prison is already all that Sing Sing and other American prisons ought to be and are going to be some day; yet that is what Mr. Harding shows in his readable account of a visit to this and other institutions—industrial home, poorhouse, "Gate of Hope," etc.—which the new China has built for the improvement of social conditions among the people.

Among other features of the June number will be: the fourth installment of Helen Nicolay's "Our Nation in the Building," dealing with Daniel Boone and the pioneers and throwing amusing sidelights on the inflated self-esteem of the Americans of those days; the third installment of "The Leatherwood God," the delightful novel of old Ohio life by William Dean Howells; a Timothy Cole frontispiece; poems by Ruth Comfort Mitchell and Helen V. Tooker; "Every-Day Profanity" by Burges Johnson; "Miss Hyatt's Statue of Joan of Arc," with critical comment by Charles H. Caffin; and a burlesque by Stephen Leacock in the manner of many of his uproarious "Nonsense Novels" and "Literary Lapses."

ST. NICHOLAS FOR JUNE

All the readers of St. Nicholas—but girls especially, of course—will be delighted to hear that the June number is to contain an article, "Tennis for Girls," by Miss Molla Bjurstedt, the famous Norwegian player, the only woman who has ever held all of the singles championships in the United States at one time.

MISS MOLLA BJURSTEDT
Who contributes "Tennis for Girls" to the June St. Nicholas

Miss Bjurstedt thinks that tennis is the perfect game for girls—little girls, big girls, girls of every size and age; for it can be played just as hard or just as easily as one likes and there is no way in which the weakest girl can injure herself.

But boys and grown-ups too will find Miss Bjurstedt's article seriously worth reading. It is as good as a whole course of instruction in the mysteries of the game. What kind of racquet to buy and how to hold it, how to learn the various drives and the two kinds of service, how to hit the ball, what is meant by style, and why the only real game is a sporting game; these are some of the questions answered by one of the most famous players in the world.

The boy-readers of the magazine will be deeply interested in "A Strange Refuge," by the well-known author, Paul Leland Haworth, which recounts a thrilling true story told by a half-breed Indian guide, in explanation of his statement that he "would never kill a beaver." The narrative itself deals with a remarkable experience in the Canadian wilds when a beaver-lodge provided a means of escape from a terrible forest-fire. It will be illustrated by two vivid, full-page drawings by Paul Bransom.

"Radka's Commencement"

June is commencement month in schools and colleges, and as a timely feature the magazine will present the story of "Radka's Commencement," by Mabel L. Robinson, who spent two years in a girls' college in Constantinople. It tells of a Bulgarian girl who is suddenly called home on account of the war just as the school-term is closing, and of the delightful and altogether unexpected way in which she receives her diploma. Incidentally, it reveals the fact that the Balkan maidens are not different from those of other lands in loyalty to their friends or in the devotion and self-sacrifice which they are ever ready to offer at the call of duty.

In "The Fish that Took the Medal," William Hervey Woods, the Baltimore poet, tells a capital little story of how a girl wins a school-medal from her friendly boy-rival, Tom Headley, and how Tom, an enthusiastic fisherman, accidentally drops it into the water where it is swallowed by a big, black bass. The subsequent incidents and the recovery of the medal complete a story that will appeal strongly to both boys and girls, and to every lover of sportsmanship, young or old.

Cooking in Camp

"How to Cook in Camp" will be another of the practical articles on Camping and Outdoor Life which just now are proving so popular a feature in St. Nicholas, and are educating thousands of young folk to make the most of days or weeks in the open, during the coming summer. And by way of a humorous appendix to this article there will be an illustration showing at a glance "how *not* to cook in camp."

"The Border Wonderful" is the title of another of the charming series of short, biographical sketches of famous painters and musicians by Katharine D. Cather, which have been so warmly welcomed, such as "The Boy of Cadore" (Titian), "The Wonder Child of Warsaw" (Chopin), "The Tom-boy of Bordeaux" (Rosa Bonheur), etc. This latest article deals with incidents in the boy-life of Andrea del Sarto. Like the others it is to be beautifully illustrated by Maurice L. Bower.

Mr. Will Bradley's contribution to the June number will be the sixth story of his unique and delightful series of fanciful tales, each complete in one number. It is entitled "The Five Golden Candlesticks."

A Gasolene Elephant

"On the Battle-front of Engineering" will describe, in June, a "Gasolene Elephant"—in the form of a remarkable contraption, a curious "walking house" that moves along "more like a hop-toad than anything else" at the rate of about thirty feet a minute. Young readers of a mechanical turn of mind will recognize it as an excavator, of great usefulness in the engineering world. But to others, it is a novel and sufficiently startling example of the latest triumphs of Yankee inventiveness. A second chapter of this installment will tell about "Boring a Tunnel with a Giant Auger."

American public opinion with regard to the belligerent nations has changed in certain essential respects since the Franco-Prussian war, according to Dr. Willis Fletcher Johnson's new work, "America's Foreign Relations." In 1870, of course, there were many Americans whose sympathy with France was as strong as it is to-day. But there were many also who condemned the Second Empire and its war-provoking conduct, and oddly enough it was the superb efficiency of the German army, which people find so sinister to-day, that especially commanded American admiration. The most notable change, however, is that on the part of the Irish element of our population which, in 1870, whatever it may be to-day, was unanimously anti-German. Dr. Johnson testifies to the fact that in those days the genius and the great designs of Bismarck appealed strongly to the imagination of the American people.

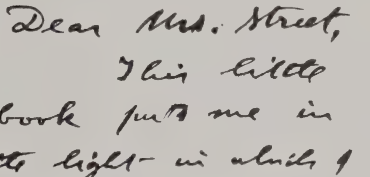
BOOKS AND THEIR MAKERS

"Master Skylark," Edgar White Burrill's dramatization of John Bennett's novel of the same name, reproducing Shakespeare's birthplace and the scenes of his achievements in London, and introducing him as a character, has been adopted by Wellesley College as the Commencement Play for this year.

News has come from Moscow that Maxim Gorky, the famous novelist, is dangerously ill with pneumonia in a hospital there. Whether or not it is the result of his activities in connection with war work is not stated, though it is known that the ex-revolutionist has been a devoted patriot during the last eighteen months. In any case Gorky has been sufficiently victimized by the war. First his son was wounded and now a literary complication has arisen in connection with one of his books which, if not a serious misfortune, at least illustrates the difficulty of being an author in time of war. The second volume of his autobiography, which was to have appeared in English this autumn, a year after "My Childhood," is held up indefinitely because the translation, made for an English publisher, is locked up in Berlin, there to remain while the war lasts. The entire English edition of printed sheets is interned with it.

In what light does a father wish his children to see him? As he is, as he is n't, as he would like to be, as he ought to be, or as he would like to be thought? This question is raised by Col. Roosevelt's statement in the letter reproduced on this page that the little character-study of him by Julian Street, entitled "The Most Interesting American," meets with his approval in just this particular.

Maximo M. Kalaw, author of "The Case for the Filipinos," announced for publication on May 5th by The Century Co., is distinctly a product of the American system of education established in the Islands, having graduated from the University at Manila before coming to this country, where he took his degree in law at the Georgetown University Law School.



Dear Mrs. Street,
This little
book puts me in
the light in which I
wish my children
to see me; and I
am very glad it
should be written
by the very man
who has written it.

Faithfully yours
Theodore Roosevelt

Jan 7th 1916

Inscription by Mr. Roosevelt in Mrs. Julian Street's copy of "The Most Interesting American."

1914. It was the ability with which he managed his college literary magazine at Manila that led to his being called to this country as assistant to the Commissioner. Mr. Kalaw is a firm believer in the ability of the Filipinos to govern themselves, and the facts presented in his book regarding the unity of the Filipino peoples and the wide diffusion of education among them will surprise many people who have hitherto accepted unquestioningly the statements of some of our officials.

Dr. Willis Fletcher Johnson, author of the new Century publication "America's Foreign Relations," who for more than thirty years has been the diplomatic editorial writer of "The New York Tribune," was led to undertake this *magnum opus* many years ago, being constantly hindered in his own studies by the fact that there was in existence no simple, coherent, and complete history of the foreign relations of the United States. During these years of preparation and accumulation of material he received much practical assistance from John Hay, Whitelaw Reid, Frederick W. Seward, and other eminent diplomats and scholars. Dr. Johnson holds the position of Honorary Professor of the History of American Foreign Relations at New York University. It is interesting to note that he is directly descended from a cousin of Samuel Johnson, the great lexicographer.

Although the French dressmaker is a regular institution in Cairo, the modern Egyptian woman still looks best in her native costume, according to Elizabeth Cooper, in "The Harim and the Purdah." The native costume disguises the over-abundant flesh with which the sweets and the sedentary life of the harim endow its inmates. But this is not the sorrow to her that it would be to her Western sister, Mrs. Cooper says, since the ideal of beauty in Egypt is to be as wide as one is long. In fact, women who at thirty do not consider themselves sufficiently large in girth send to the chemist for a mixture that will have the desired effect.

Walter Hale, whose new book, "By Motor to the Firing Line," was recently published by The Century Co., was the first American illustrator to go through the battle-front of the Western Area in Northern France. Mr. Hale spent most of his time in the war region with Arnold Bennett and Owen Johnson, having been commissioned by the CENTURY MAGAZINE to make a special record of the devastation of historic monuments, churches, and cathedrals. He made his interior sketches of Rheims Cathedral while the building was actually under fire, and it is with Rheims, Soissons, and Arras during and after their bombardment that his drawings especially deal. Messrs. Hale, Bennett, and Johnson are still the only civilians who have had access to the exposed trenches captured from the Germans on the Notre Dame de Lorette hillside, the scene of some of the bitterest fighting in the whole long line of desolation from the Channel to the Vosges. Mr. Hale is a veteran motorist who has long known and frequently sketched the towns, villages, and monuments that figure in his book, and this assisted him greatly in selecting the most significant subjects for his pencil.

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(See inside of front cover)

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(Continued on inside of back cover)

THE CENTURION

JUNE, 1916

MR. KALAW'S "CASE FOR THE FILIPINOS"*

By Patrick Gallagher

Former Editor of "The Philippines Free Press"

We have given the Filipinos everything but the one thing they have sought at our hands. And that *one thing* which we have denied them is the thing above all others deemed precious by Americans. It is the *one thing* which the Filipinos had good reason to expect would be cheerfully conceded by the heirs of the men who created the American commonwealth and of those who saved the commonwealth.

"This nation," said Lincoln, "cannot exist half slave and half free."

The Civil War was waged and won to abolish the crime of retail traffic in human flesh and blood. The Filipinos who are waging their peaceful political fight for independence are fighting the battle of the American people. The principle for which they contend is *our* principle; their victory will be, in a much larger sense, *our* victory. If they win they will have vanquished for us the attempt of a narrow-minded, sordid minority of Americans to prostitute the strength of the commonwealth and to nullify those pledges and principles to which we consecrated ourselves in the pride of our youth.

In Manila, thirteen years ago, I told one of my Filipino friends: "Don't expend your efforts in agitation here. It will do no good. Agitate in America—legislate in the Philippines to the limit of the powers conferred upon you; but agitate, agitate in America! You have only to be heard to be understood and the most generous nation in the whole history of mankind will not deny you a hearing. Your case will be won as soon as it is presented *because it is America's case* and Americans will be quick to appreciate and to concede the justice of your cause."

Mr. Kalaw and His Book

"The Case for the Filipinos" is the title of a book written by a gifted young Filipino, Mr. Maximo M. Kalaw. No American who has not lived long in the Philippines and followed personally the progress of the Filipino movement for independence is competent to discuss the Philippine question without reading carefully the pages of this book. No American, however well posted on the details of the issues involved, if he has lived in the islands and really desires to see justice done, will fail to purchase a copy and read it through with interest and profit. It is the work of one who has grown up to active manhood while we have had this problem on our hands.

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*The Case for the Filipinos. By Maximo M. Kalaw. The Century Co. $1.50 net.

Mr. Kalaw was born just seven years before his native town of Lipa, Batangas, came under the American flag. He was taught by an American in one of the public schools which we have established in the Philippines. From this Batangas school he passed to the University of the Philippines, where he became editor-in-chief of the university magazine, *The College Folio.* Two years ago, he graduated in law at Georgetown University. He is now private secretary of Hon. Manuel L. Quezon, delegate in Congress for the Filipino people; he is also manager of the one Filipino publication in the United States, *The Filipino People.* Like his chief, Mr. Quezon, Mr. Kalaw knows how to talk—he electrified a Lake Mohonk audience, some time ago; his book proves that he knows how to write. It will prove many other things to the American reader.

The Filipinos Fully Appreciate Us

It testifies, first of all, to the Filipinos' keen appreciation of true American worth. There is not a carping phrase in the volume. Even when dealing with the acts of men who have been avowed enemies of his people, Mr. Kalaw writes rather in sorrow than in anger. It is a record of *facts* which he gives us—those facts which are either slurred over, distorted, or ignored in most so-called standard works upon the Philippines. And the facts speak for his compatriots as no mere deductions could.

"I never took them seriously," Admiral Dewey told the Senate, referring to Aguinaldo and his associates of 1898. *There* lies the explanation of our follies in the Philippines—our failure to take these people seriously. How serious to us all is this responsibility of the Philippines Mr. Kalaw shows us, with the gentle generosity of his race.

Think what you will about Filipino independence, this book will grip you and win you over, *even against your will.* It is the voice of the New Philippines which we have created crying out to us not to make a mockery of our own national youth, which we all regard with pride, but to sanctify it anew by simply living up to our own ideals.

The author is a living proof that we have, indeed, set up a new Light in Asia. He is the representative of other Filipino young men to the number of more than a million who have come to manhood within the past eighteen years and who are destined to seal with ultimate success the work which we have begun—if we do not chill their ardor and estrange their friendship by saying to the Filipinos at the most critical turn in our relations with the Philippines that what they fancied was a light from Liberty's lamp was only a Will-o'-the-Wisp—that, defying Lincoln and the other men who have made America what it is to-day, we are going to tempt Providence in the rash experiment of a democracy "half slave and half free." That this is not an extreme statement will be obvious to all unbiased readers of "The Case for the Filipinos."

Luther Burbank seems to have met with almost as much success as a theorist in education as in plant culture. "The Training of the Human Plant," his discussion of children, their rights, their needs, and the potentialities of their development, in which Mr. Burbank adapts horticultural experience to human conditions, has just gone into its ninth edition.

ENGLAND, IMPERIAL OPPORTUNIST

By Samuel P. Orth

"The Imperial Impulse" (The Century Co., $1.20 net), by Samuel P. Orth, Professor of Political Science at Cornell, is a collection of five essays each of which sums up the "national culture" of one of the countries at war. "What it assumes," says "The Nation", in a long and enthusiastic review, "is the difficult task of giving to the reader background, atmosphere, comprehension of character, clearer understanding of motive and design." Here is a characteristic piece from the chapter on England:

This independent, individualistic little island accumulated an empire. How? The empire has "gotten on," like London. You ride on a bus from Hampstead to the Strand, and you pass at least four High Streets, each once the main thoroughfare of a former village. London is only a fortuitous collection of villages. It was never planned, it could not be planned. It has no community of interest save trade. It was never governed as a municipality. For years each parish had its own government; to-day it is governed by a county council. It is an amorphous aggregation of hovels, shops, and palaces, with no limits or plan to its spreading. Like a terrible Brobdingnagian amoeba, it pushes its tentacles hither and thither, prompted only by the instinct for food.

The Haphazard of Empire

And this has been the haphazard of empire. When a new spirit of adventure came over the world four hundred years ago, Portugal attained southern Asia and portions of the African continent; Spain explored the Americas; France followed in the wake of Spain, and Holland in the path of Portugal, and after two hundred years of moving about over the vast new lands, Britain had only a strip of North American coast, which she shared with Dutch and Swedish settlers, and which was encircled by Spanish and French forts. To-day the Union Jack floats over an area as large as Africa and a population as great as Europe.

SAMUEL P. ORTH
Whose new book, "The Imperial Impulse", sums up the various "national cultures" now in conflict

But we must not forget that the empire is the product of commercial and political conditions that have now passed away. No modern power could duplicate this achievement under modern conditions. When the age of trade-adventures followed in the wake of the age of "voyage and discovery," Spain had already begun her rapid decline, and France was distressed by Continental entanglements. Indeed, until Sedan, the European nations were too distraught to pay ample attention to the new worlds. After Holland had been ruthlessly outstripped, England was free to push her hardy sailors into every harbor. Asia, Africa, the Americas were virgin territory for her traders and settlers, and British opportunism flourished.

Soon her notable army of inventors wrought the industrial revolution, capitalism was born, and in every new field British capital immediately found investment.

Prepared for Opportunity

In a very real sense the British had no competition until their world empire was well established. The new-world opportunity found Great Britain wholly prepared. She was ready with ships, with capital, and, what is far more important, with colonists. There was no planning this. The only records we have of an imperial ambition is the empire itself. Neither Parliament nor crown nor even trader designed the empire; but no opportunity to add to it has ever been allowed to slip by.

One might say India is the keystone to this colonial world. Searching for a new route to the Indes, America was found in the way; to protect the Cape of Good Hope route to India, South Africa was fortified; to safeguard the Mediterranean route, Gibraltar was taken; and to shorten this route, the Suez was cut: to guard every possible waterway to that ancient and populous realm of wealth, coaling stations and forts dot all the seas. A war with France—partially over colonial trade—was a war for India, and casually brought Canada into the realm; and the whole Australian Archipelago, lying in the paths of the Eastern trader, was acquired by the English.

Just as, on the coronation of the King, all eyes were turned upon the Indian potentates and their glittering retinue, who garnished the festal parade, so the eyes of Britain for three hundred years were on India. It was not until 1872 that the Queen of Britain became the Empress of the domain of the Great Jehan, and King George has now returned the capital to ancient Delhi.

So Britain has gathered her empire: a tessellated collection of gaikwars, khedives, princes, naked chieftains, elder brothers, governors, captains, councils, free presidents,—whatever best suits local conditions and works well; whether republic, federation, principality, protectorate, sphere of influence, whatever meets the need of the hour and the satisfaction of the trader.

Yet there is an undeniable majesty about this workaday empire, which has no imperial policy and the political center of which is a rather shabby room in Downing Street.

A number of reviewers of the new war novel, "Where the Path Breaks," the author of which writes under the pen-name of "Captain Charles de Créspigny," argue from internal evidence that far from being a soldier the author is not a man at all, but a woman, and not just any woman, but Florence Barclay, who wrote "The Rosary." It has not been learned whether or not the author himself (or herself) has been convinced by these arguments.

THE LONELY HOUSE

By George Agnew Chamberlain

The following is taken from "John Bogardus" (The Century Co., $1.35 net), the new novel by the author of "Through Stained Glass" and "Home." "John Bogardus," according to one reviewer, "is a new and entirely original 'vagabond' story"; another calls it "a book for mature readers, readers who can discriminate and value a strong grasp upon realities"; while the Pittsburgh "Sun" says epigrammatically: "In 'John Bogardus' the lover finds romance, the psychologist inspiration, and the idler amusement."

Gradually a sense of freedom came back to him, a freedom that was sweet even though the chains that had bound him had been of flowers heavy only in perfume. He reveled in his pipe, in lonely, tobacco-laden musings, in ragged clothes, early hours, and all those things upon which the constant presence of Dora, passionately demanding and demanded, had put a tacit ban, and he looked forward to quiet hours of work.

But freedom too can pall when once the heart has known servitude, and days came, nights came, when John and the memory of Dora walked hand in hand on the sands, sat upon the couch locked in each other's arms, pressed lips to lips and breast to breast; nights when echoes of laughter and a fragrance of womankind that would not die haunted the lonely house.

The Deserted Room

Was marriage, after all, merely a habit, a habit of the heart? He picked up a small lamp, took the key, and went for the first time to the room that had been Dora's. He set down the lamp and looked about him.

On the dresser were wilted roses in a dried up vase. A discarded pair of slippers, only half worn out, one tumbled on its side, lay on the floor. On a chair hung a black hair-ribbon, broad and smooth in places, tightly wrinkled in spots. Would Dora, his child-Dora, ever again wear her hair down her back? For whom? His teeth ground together on that torturing thought. Pain settled in his eyes. They passed on and paused at the washstand where two cakes of soap lay in the dish in strange misalliance.

He had learned that, too—that a woman must have common washing soap for her hair. He picked up the vulgar cake and stared at it vaguely. How common it was but what memories it evoked of Dora's glorious hair all fluffy and soft and fragrant! How he had loved her hair on those days when she had said with all the women in the world, "I 've just washed it and I simply can't do anything with it!"

He went out to the living-room with a smile on his lips and a dull ache in his heart, picked out all the little things that spoke too loudly of Dora, gathered them together, and carried them into her room. He stood as one dazed, held in the clutch of memory. Just so had his heart ached on a blue day of long ago, the day of farewell to Janice. A lump rose in his throat. Had he blundered on that far-away day? Had he killed the thing he loved best?

For answer Dora's face as she leaned from the train pressed to his eyes. The gravity, sweetness, and love that he had seen hovering in her gaze enveloped him like a mantle, blinded his eyes as with a vision. He saw her lips move. He heard her voice. "Suffer. Pay. You and I—You and I—"

NOTRE DAME DE BRÉBIÈRES, ALBERT
One of Walter Hale's drawings in "By Motor to the Firing Line"

IN A BOMBARDED CATHEDRAL

By Walter Hale

Walter Hale's "By Motor to the Firing Line" (The Century Co., $1.50 net), is the record in words and pictures of an artist's observations at the front and in the western war zone. It was Mr. Hale's special mission to picture the devastation wrought among the churches and other historic monuments of Northern France. The following passage tells how he made his interior sketches of Rheims Cathedral during the bombardment of the city:

Our staff captain waked me at dawn. Through a crisp, dewy morning we drove back over the same road to Rheims. There was some doubt about our being allowed to pass into the town. The French had captured some trenches in the Argonne and the Germans had retaliated by a Sunday-morning bombardment of the cathedral—the shelling had commenced at daybreak. After a little discussion our Indian fighter of the day before relented and we motored on through streets profoundly silent. The afternoon before we had driven directly up to the open place in front of the cathedral. This time we left the cars in a side street near at hand behind the shelter of protecting walls.

Borne down on the wind, which had changed to the northwest, was the crackle of artillery fire and the noise of explosive shells from the Plateau and the Valley. We walked about the cathedral. A six-inch shell had dropped in the little sheltered spot in the rear and torn a hole in the ground—except for this the salvo was without result. Sainsalieu, the architect, and the others did not remove their hats. I wondered why. It was because the sanctuary had been violated and the sacrament removed; the great cathedral was no longer a house of God. It was Sunday morning, but there were no services, no priests intoning the mass, no heavy roll of the organ—only the echo of our muffled voices in the vaulted spaces above.

I Take the Key

Sainsalieu, who has been working steadily inside the building on his plans for its restoration through so many weeks of bombardment that the whistle of shells means nothing to him, gave me his chair and table to aid me in my drawing. Then he gave me a key. The cathedral is carefully locked up at all times. There is a gate in the fence beyond the sand bags that protect the sculpture at the base of the building and a small wooden door in place of the heavy one in the right portal. The same key opens both, and also another little door on the right as you enter. This little inside door is as tempting as the one that led to Bluebeard's closet for his headless wives. I was asked to give my word of honor that I would not open it, for it leads to the stairway that climbs up through the southwest tower to the roof. No one is allowed on the roof, so careful are the French authorities that the Germans shall not be given the slightest excuse for bombarding the building under the pretext that it is being used for observation purposes.

Sainsalieu made me promise not to give the key to any one, but to keep it until I met him at déjeuner at a certain hotel. Then he went with the others to Béthany and I locked myself in. It was awesomely quiet within the great building as I went on with my work. The desultory fire of the guns to the north was muffled. It was apparently no more threatening than the cooing of the pigeons in the vast dome overhead. There was a flutter of wings when a shell exploded in the direction of the Place Royale, and I started when a shower of glass, loosened from its setting by the wind, crashed down on the flagstones of the nave.

"Master Skylark," Edgar White Burrill's dramatization of John Bennett's novel of Stratford and Shakespeare, had its official première at Boston on the evening of April 29th, as the central feature of the great Tercentenary Celebration at the Boston Arena, the huge building, with its 5,000 seats filled, being transformed into an enormous Elizabethan stage. The Queen's court was held on a raised platform at the end of the hall, and here was enacted the final scene of the play, with Edward Vroom impersonating Shakespeare and Miss Margaret Kaye the part of the boy Nick. Other cities are to produce the play, or have already done so, to the number of a score or more; but perhaps the most notable of those that are immediately forthcoming will be the Commencement productions at Wellesley and Smith Colleges in June.

THE MONKEY AND THE CROCODILE

(From "Jataka Tales")

A fascinating book for children, from four years old and up, is Ellen C. Babbitt's "Jataka Tales" (The Century Co., $1.00 net), re-told from the Buddhist "Book of Birth Stories," recounting the various animal incarnations of the Buddha. Ellsworth Young has illustrated the stories delightfully in silhouette.

A Monkey lived in a great tree on a river bank.

In the river there were many Crocodiles. A Crocodile watched the Monkeys for a long time, and one day she said to her son: "My son, get one of those Monkeys for me. I want the heart of a Monkey to eat."

"How am I to catch a Monkey?" asked the little Crocodile. "I do not travel on land, and the Monkey does not go into the water."

"Put your wits to work, and you'll find a way," said the mother.

And the little Crocodile thought and thought.

At last he said to himself:"I know what I'll do. I'll get the Monkey that lives in a big tree on the river bank. He wishes to go across the river to the island where the fruit is so ripe."

So the Crocodile swam to the tree where the Monkey lived. But he was a stupid Crocodile.

"Oh, Monkey," he called, "come with me over to the island where the fruit is so ripe."

"How can I go with you?" asked the Monkey. "I do not swim."

"No—but I do. I will take you over on my back," said the Crocodile.

The Monkey was greedy, and he wanted the ripe fruit, so he jumped down on the Crocodile's back.

"Off we go!" said the Crocodile.

"This is a fine ride you are giving me!" said the Monkey.

"Do you think so? Well, how do you like this?" asked the Crocodile, diving.

"Oh, don't!" cried the Monkey, as he went under the water. He was afraid to let go, and he did not know what to do under the water.

When the Crocodile came up, the Monkey sputtered and choked. "Why did you take me under water, Crocodile?" he asked.

"I am going to kill you by keeping you under water," answered the Crocodile. "My mother wants Monkey-heart to eat, and I'm going to take yours to her."

"I wish you had told me you wanted my heart," said the Monkey, "then I might have brought it with me."

"How queer!" said the stupid Crocodile. "Do you mean to say that you left your heart back there in the tree?"

"That is what I mean," said the Monkey. "If you want my heart, we must go back to the tree and get it. But we are so near the island where the ripe fruit is, please take me there first."

"No, Monkey," said the Crocodile. "I'll take you straight back to your tree.

Never mind the ripe fruit. Get your heart and bring it to me at once. Then we'll see about going to the island."

"Very well," said the Monkey.

But no sooner had he jumped onto the bank of the river than—whisk! up he ran into the tree.

From the topmost branches he called down to the Crocodile in the water below:

"My heart is way up here! If you want it, come for it, come for it!"

THE STORY OF A GREAT MAGAZINE

Hundreds of magazines are being published in America to-day, but of these how many can be said to have a history? Very few, certainly, and still fewer are those that deserve the name of national institutions. Among these latter THE CENTURY has long held an honorable position and its story is at certain points almost identical with the story of American culture itself.

THE CENTURY began as the joint enterprise of Roswell Smith and Josiah Gilbert Holland. Dr. Holland, author of "Timothy Titcomb's Letters" and the popular long poems, "Katrina" and "Bitter-Sweet," lived in Springfield, Mass., where he was associated with Samuel Bowles on the Springfield "Republican." Roswell Smith, a man of New England birth and bringing up, had been a lawyer in Lafayette, Indiana, and had resolved to come to New York and buy or found a newspaper. They and their families were traveling together in Europe in 1869. One moonlight night, on a Geneva bridge, Dr. Holland outlined to Roswell Smith his idea of a new American magazine, one which should take a foremost place in art and literature, and to which he, Dr. Holland, should contribute the lay sermons which he could preach so well, messages of "uplift" to American men and women. This was the beginning of *Scribner's Monthly,* later THE CENTURY. Mr. Charles Scribner, founder of the Scribner house, took an interest in the new venture, with Roswell Smith and Dr. Holland, and the joint-stock company of "Scribner & Co." was formed, and the magazine named in honor of Mr. Scribner, who did not live to see its great success. Roswell Smith became the business head of the new project, a position which he occupied until his death in 1893.

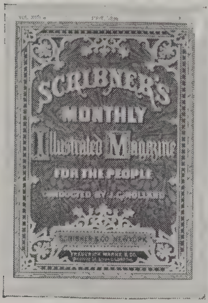
From the first it was the belief of the

conductors of THE CENTURY that a periodical to be really great should not only cultivate American literature in fiction and in poetry, but should treat freely all questions in a non-partizan spirit. The nation was then only just recovering from the Civil War. One of the first enterprises undertaken by the magazine was to send a writer, with an artist, through the Southern States to prepare a series of articles entitled "The Great South," and Mr. Edward King, a young Northern journalist, and the artist J. Wells Champney were selected for this important service.

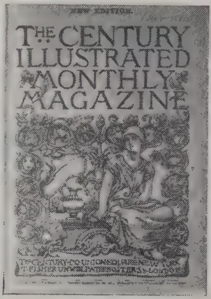
The Civil War Series

It has always been the policy of the magazine to give a generous welcome to writers representing widely different sentiments. In an early number, for instance, we find articles on John Brown by a Virginian and by Frank B. Sanborn of Massachusetts. But the most conspicuous example of its attitude was presented by the War Series, which was begun in 1884, and continued for two years, in which were presented articles on the great battles and campaigns of the Civil War, contributed by leaders on both sides, a most important service to the nation, and one which would have been impossible of accomplishment if it had been delayed. This was unquestionably the most valuable and successful series ever undertaken by a magazine. It was followed by the authorized "Life of Lincoln," written by Mr. Lincoln's private secretaries, Messrs. Nicolay and Hay. And at a later day, when the Spanish War occurred, the leaders contributed their narratives to THE CENTURY, the remarkable "Story of the Captains" being one of the great magazine hits of the time.

We have grown so accustomed to magazines as they are to-day that it is hard to realize that THE CENTURY was the pioneer in printing the name of the writer of a story or an article with the contribution. In periodicals the names of the authors were given only in the table of contents before THE CENTURY began this innovation,—and oftener names were not published at all. THE CENTURY was also the pioneer in the field of magazine advertising. The idea that business men would advertise between the covers of a literary magazine was pooh-poohed by the older publishers; but a brief experience very soon proved the falsity of their theories, and to-day



1870



1883

1904

1916

magazine advertising is a great business in itself and has made possible many of the cheaper magazines, which could not have existed without this advertising.

A New Era in Illustrating

Wood-engraving, except as exemplified in the work of Timothy Cole and a few other masters of the burin, has become a thing of the past, but through its improvements in the field of wood-engraving, THE CENTURY brought about a new era in illustrating. In 1870 "engravings" always meant engravings on steel. Those on wood were contemptuously called "cuts," and were conventional to the last degree. The method in vogue was for a middleman to transfer the work of the artist to the smooth side of a wood block, which was then cut by the engraver. But no middleman could reproduce the individuality of the artist who drew the picture. THE CENTURY was the first to *photograph* the original drawing on the wood, and the engraver did his work with the complete original drawing constantly before him. Conventional lines for water and foliage had to be abandoned, and the technic of the artist, his very tricks of painting, began to appear on the printed page. Thus was born the American School of Engraving, and for years it led the world. The London *Saturday Review* said of it: "The impartial critic who is asked where the best woodcuts are produced has, we fear, but one answer possible—neither in England, Germany nor France, but in America."

The efforts of THE CENTURY in the cause of art were not confined to improvements in wood-engraving. It devoted a large part of its space—and in those days art had hardly entered into American life—to papers upon art topics, such as Clarence Cook's on Leonardo da Vinci, James Jackson Jarves's on American Museums of Art, Mr. Scudder's on William Blake, Painter and Poet. The name of Jean François Millet is a household word to-day, but THE CENTURY printed the first article that had ever appeared in an American magazine on the great French peasant-painter.

THE CENTURY has led in music, just as it has in art. Its series of articles by great musicians on other great musicians includes contributions by Gounod, Grieg, Mascagni, Leoncavallo, and Saint-Saëns. It first recognized the greatness of Paderewski, and introduced him to America in an article which appeared before his arrival in this country.

No magazine has treated the stage so fully; besides William Winter's recently printed reminiscences, THE CENTURY has given place to the autobiography of Joseph Jefferson, to Salvini's recollections, Edwin Booth's letters, and articles by Modjeska, Stoddard, Forbes-Robertson, and many other leaders of the stage.

Wallace Gillpatrick, author of "The Man Who Likes Mexico," recently told a remarkable story of his landlady in Mexico City. This landlady, it appears, made it a rule to lower the rate of board for those who stayed a long time at her house, as a sort of reward of merit. At the same time she gradually promoted her boarders as to excellence of room, so that as the board decreased the room improved. Mr. Gillpatrick says he could tell a hundred such tales of Mexican generosity and good-heartedness.

COLONEL ROOSEVELT AT HOME

By Julian Street

"This little book puts me in the light in which I wish my children to see me," wrote Colonel Roosevelt lately of Julian Street's compact character study of the ex-President, "The Most Interesting American" (The Century Co., 50 cents net). It is not only an excellent summing-up of the President's character and point of view, of his political beliefs and qualifications, but a pleasant, picturesque glimpse of the citizen as well, as the following passage shows:

My interview with Colonel Roosevelt and my observation of him covered several days in both New York and Oyster Bay. At Sagamore Hill he is not so much the Dutch banker as the American gentleman in his country home. The place is three miles from the station, upon a height reached by a long, winding drive leading from the highroad. The house, which has lawn and trees about it, and has a view over Long Island Sound, is a very American-looking structure of red brick and gray painted wood. It is not at all an "imposing" residence, although that other word, "rambling," which is so much used in describing houses, may with justice be applied to it. It is a house which, from the outside, does not look nearly so spacious as it actually is.

Through the center of it runs a wide, dark hall, to the right of which, near the front door, is the library, or rather the room which Colonel Roosevelt uses as an office, for it is improper to refer to any especial room at Sagamore Hill as a library, since all are filled with books. This room is a small museum. There are animal skins upon the floor and mounted heads of animals upon the walls. Among the pictures on the walls are a portrait of Mrs. Roosevelt, one of Colonel Roosevelt's father, and others of Lincoln, Washington, and Daniel Boone. Also there is a bronze cougar, by Alexander Proctor, which was presented to the Colonel by his famous "Tennis Cabinet," and a bronze cowboy, by Frederic Remington.

Even more like a museum than the library is the great living room which has been added, of late years, at the end of the hall. It is a very large room two stories high, with a trilateral ceiling and wainscoting of wood in a pleasing shade of light brown, oiled but not polished. Large as this room is, and rich as it is in trophies and souvenirs of all sorts, its finest quality is its freedom from imposingness. It is not in any way magnificent or austere, yet it is a very handsome, dignified room, with the kind of handsomeness which does not smite the eye nor overpower the senses, but which, upon the other hand, makes the stranger feel welcome and at ease, and tells him that he is in the home of a prosperous but simple and cultivated American family. What I am really trying to say is that the Roosevelts live comfortably, but without "side." They do not keep a butler or a footman; their chauffeur is a negro.

Into this setting the Colonel fits felicitously. At Oyster Bay he usually wears an olive-drab suit with knickerbockers, and golf stockings, and though he is a most hospitable and tactful host, one feels that when the guests have gone he will welcome the opportunity to go tramping off through the woods with Mrs. Roosevelt or to take her rowing in the skiff.

TRAVELING SALESMEN

By John Kendrick Bangs

"From Pillar to Post" (The Century Co., $1.60 net) rehearses the humors, agreeable and vexatious, of a lecturer's lot as recalled by John Kendrick Bangs after a ten years' acquaintance with its pleasures and its pains. Mr. Bangs has encountered many cheerful people and diverting adventures on the road, but one of the chief charms of his book is the spirit of sunny good-heartedness that shines from every page. "The book," says the Philadelphia "Telegraph," "is an admirable appreciation of the American public, East, West, North, and South, as seen through the sympathetic eyes of a genial humorist." Here is what Mr. Bangs has to say about certain of his companions by the way:

I have met men on the road who were as eloquent on the subject of men's underwear as I should like to be on the necessity of a cheerier spirit in meeting the trials of life, and one effervescent soul on a Pacific Coast trip once held me and mine spellbound by his remarkable disquisition on the spiritual influence of comfortable shoes, talking for a longer time than I have ever yet listened willingly to a sermon on some seemingly less homely topic. And as authorities on the state of the nation, political, commercial, and spiritual—well, any kind of administration, Republican, Democratic, Progressive, would not do badly were it to summon a congress of these individuals to meet annually at Washington, to confer with it, to inform it, and to lay before it anything having directly or remotely to do with "things as is."

Students of Human Nature

They are by nature diplomats, by instinct orators, and of necessity they are profound students of human nature. They have to be adaptable to circumstance, ready of resource, and full of tolerance. I take off my hat to them, and heartily congratulate the business interests of the United States to-day upon the high character and quality of manhood of this splendid army in the field of commerce.

One of these good fellows several years ago enlivened me for many weary hours on a tedious journey from Kansas City to Minneapolis. The journey was full of annoying mishaps, thanks to a habit some of our Southern and Western railway people have, lacking roses and other fresh flowers, of strewing freight wrecks in my path. It is an expensive tribute; but I would willingly go without it.

On this occasion my friend and I dined together, breakfasted together, characterized our luck in a beautiful commingling of strong language together, and together we watched the painfully slow operations of the train wreckers removing that tributary debris from the tracks. He was buoyant and undismayed by trial, and for hours he orated eloquently upon his subject, which happened to be straw hats. When he got through, had I taken notes, I could have qualified for a University degree upon that subject if I had sought an S. T. D. (Doctor of Straw Tiling).

Mysteries of the Hat

The vast gulf that separates the near-Panama from the real thing became perfectly clear to me then, if it never had been so before, and I knew how it had come about that a New Yorker could buy a Panama hat for two dollars and fifty cents on Eighth Avenue which on Fifth Avenue would cost him ten dollars; and why a three-dollar Leghorn purchased in Chicago was inferior to a ninety-five dollar Leghorn manufactured in Newark, New Jersey, was made so obvious that I have worn neither since. His discourse was lucid, picturesque, convincing, and so completely comprehensive that women's hats became no more of a mystery to me than are those which our truck horses wear in mid-summer with their ears sticking up through holes in the crown. As we drew near our destination I observed a smile breaking out on his lips, and a decided twinkle in his eye.

"Good Lord!" said he. "I 've only just realized that I 've been talking you deaf, dumb, and blind for nearly twenty-four straight hours, without giving you a chance to slide in a word edgewise. I hope I haven't made you think life's nothing but a hat to me?"

"On the contrary," said I, "I 've learned a lot. You 've made life worth living."

"I get so infernally interested in my business," said he apologetically, "that sometimes I don't realize that maybe the other fellow has something to say too. I meant to have asked you this morning, but I forgot. What's your line?"

I was seized with a jocular impulse, and I answered instantly "natural gas."

He looked at me with a puzzled expression. "Natural gas?" he repeated. "That 's a queer business. How do you make deliveries?"

"Come around to the lecture hall with me to-night and I 'll show you," said I.

William W. Ellsworth, who recently resigned the presidency of The Century Co., after thirty-seven years of service with this publishing house, has accepted an invitation from the J. B. Pond Lyceum Bureau to deliver, under its management, in different parts of the country, a lecture entitled "Publishing and Literature." Mr. Ellsworth, beginning his engagement next autumn, will make his lecture a kind of personally conducted tour through distinctive American literature as it has been made, with sidelights on the arresting personalities who have made it, and on the complicated publishing machinery by which the creations of the author are carried from him to the reader.

DRINK AND A THOUSAND WORDS

By Jack London

"John Barleycorn" (The Century Co., $1.30 net) is, to sum it up in a phrase, Jack London's alcoholic autobiography; and it is in a measure to the world of strong drink what De Quincey's Opium Confessions are to the world of drugs. It is exceedingly frank, and it combines most of the qualities of good fiction with all the virtues of a temperance tract. Here is a characteristic passage:

The more I drank, the more I was compelled to drink in order to get an effect. The time came when cocktails were inadequate. I had neither the time in which to drink them nor the space to accommodate them. Whisky had a more powerful jolt. It gave quicker action with less quantity. Bourbon or rye, or cunningly aged blends, constituted the pre-midday drinking. In the late afternoon it was Scotch and soda.

My sleep, always excellent, now became not quite so excellent. I had been accustomed to read myself back to sleep when I chanced to awake. But now this began to fail me. When I had read two or three of the small hours away and was as wide awake as ever, I found that a drink furnished the soporific effect. Sometimes two or three drinks were required.

So short a period of sleep then intervened before early morning rising, that my system did not have time to work off the alcohol. As a result I awoke with mouth parched and dry, with a slight heaviness of head, and with a mild nervous palpitation in the stomach. In fact I did not feel good. I was suffering from the morning sickness of the steady, heavy drinker. What I needed was a pick-me-up, a bracer. Trust John Bar-

JACK LONDON
On his 1500-acre ranch at Glen Ellen, California

leycorn, once he has broken down a man's defenses! So it was a drink before breakfast to put me right for breakfast—the old poison of the snake that has bitten one! Another custom, begun at this time, was that of the pitcher of water by the bedside to furnish relief to my scorched and sizzling membranes.

Never Free From Alcohol

I achieved a condition in which my body was never free from alcohol. Nor did I permit myself to be away from alcohol. If I traveled to out-of-the-way places, I declined to run the risk of finding them dry. I took a quart, or several quarts, along in my grip. In the past I had been amazed by other men guilty of this practice. Now I did it myself unblushingly. And when I got out with the fellows, I cast all rules by the board. I drank when they drank, what they drank, and in the same way they drank.

I was carrying a beautiful alcoholic conflagration around with me. The thing fed on its own heat and flamed the fiercer. There was no time, in all my waking time, that I didn't want a drink. I began to anticipate the completion of my daily thousand words by taking a drink when only five hundred words were written. It was not long until I prefaced the beginning of the thousand words with a drink.

The gravity of this I realized too well. I made new rules. Resolutely I would refrain from drinking until my work was done. But a new and most diabolical complication arose. The work refused to be done without drinking. It just couldn't be done. I had to drink in order to do it. I was beginning to fight now. I had the craving at last, and it was mastering me. I would sit at my desk and dally with pad and pen, but words refused to flow. My brain could not think the proper thoughts because continually it was obsessed with the one thought that across the room in the liquor cabinet stood John Barleycorn. When, in despair, I took my drink, at once my brain loosened up and began to roll off the thousand words.

THE MAN WHO LIKES MEXICO

By Wallace Gillpatrick

"The Man Who Likes Mexico" is Wallace Gillpatrick, and he has written a book published under this title (The Century Co., $2.00 net) which ought to be read by all Americans who, exasperated by our troublesome southern neighbors, have got into the habit of saying and thinking that they do not know what civilization means. Observe how Mr. Gillpatrick describes the cultivated, kindly life of the provincial city of Guadalajara:

A stranger in a Mexican city must bow first on meeting each and every gentleman to whom he has been presented; and if he would avoid breaches of etiquette, he must be literally lynx-eyed; for his new acquaintances will make little or no sign of recognition. They regard him with their usual well-bred composure; it remains for him to do the rest. I realized all this once while strolling with some acquaintances on a much-frequented promenade. The place was crowded and the light was that trying mixture of twilight and electricity, broken by patches of absolute darkness. It dawned upon me that I was in a delicate position. People I had met but once would not bow to me first nor could I recognize them in that light! Ladies especially look so differently at different times, owing to a change in costume. I wondered which was worse, to bow to people I didn't know or to fail to bow to those I did. The realization that I had perhaps been guilty of many omissions was annoying, and I begged my companion to sit down for a while, feeling that safety lay in inaction. But there was one girl who felt sorry for the gringo. Anyway she bowed, with a dignified yet gracious bend of the head, and that bow more than atoned for all. . . .

WALLACE GILLPATRICK
Author of "The Man Who Likes Mexico"

I remained for nearly a month in Guadalajara, and the longer I stayed the easier it became to stay on. It is a city of infinite charm; its life is modern yet leisurely; its people are cultured, vivacious, gay even, as compared with those in some of the more conservative cities, yet preserving always the poise and composure that are national characteristics.

Mexican Welcome

My fellow-boarders in Mexico City had given me letters of introduction to relatives and friends in Guadalajara, and these had been a passport to a delightful circle. I was welcomed with frank kindness into the homes of my friends, where in some instances I was addressed by my Christian name, this being the most flattering sign of favor in a Mexican home. I had long adopted the mode of addressing my female friends by their Christian names, it being the social custom for gentlemen to so address the ladies of their acquaintance, whether elderly or young. But it was in Guadalajara that this was first reciprocated, and hearing my name thus for the first time in many months I experienced a thrill of pleasure, for I knew it was a tribute to my friendship with a son or a brother.

In a Painter's Studio

A delightful feature of social life in Guadalajara were the afternoons at the home and studios of the Mexican painter, Felix Bernardelli, where women and men of artistic, literary, and musical pursuits met for music, poetry, and gossip. There were many pleasant suppers and musical evenings at the homes of friends, and again I felt the elusive yet dominating thrall that is Mexico's, and beneath whose sway weeks glide into months and easily into years.

HOW TO KNOW THE SEASHORE

By Augusta Foote Arnold

Of all the millions of people who go to the seashore every summer, how many are initiated into the delights and secrets of the seashore's natural history, the fascinating world of living things that lurk among the rocks and in the pools and sand? To know something about them is to double the pleasure and interest of your summer holidays. "The Sea-Beach at Ebb-Tide" (The Century Co., $2.40 net), by Augusta Foote Arnold, with its 600 illustrations, will tell you what to look for and how to preserve your finds. Here is a passage from the introduction:

The rock pools are natural aquaria, more interesting by far than any prepared by man. The possibilities of these little sea-gardens are beyond enumeration. The longer one studies them the more one finds. In them all classes of seaweeds and marine invertebrates may be found and their habits watched. The great beauty of these pools gives them an esthetic charm apart from the scientific interest they impart. Perhaps one may find here a sponge, and removing it to a shallow vessel of sea-water can watch the currents of water it creates. Several sponges of the same species placed in contact will at the end of two days be closely united. If the sponges are of different species they will not coalesce.

In the clefts and crannies of the rocks are various fine sea-weeds, often of the red varieties, sea-anemones, hydroids, polyzoans, crustaceans, mollusks, and ascidians. Crabs will be snugly ensconced under projecting surfaces. Most species are more plentiful at the lowest-water mark, and many are found only at this point and below.

Sandy Shores

On sandy shores the greater part of the inhabitants live under the surface. Many give evidence of their presence by the open mouths of their burrows, and some distinctly point out these places by piles of sand or mud in coils at the opening. Some tubicolous worms have their tubes projecting above the surface. The tubes of *Diopatra* are hung with bits of shells, seaweeds, and other foreign matter. Some mollusks announce themselves by spurting jets of water or sending bubbles of air from the sand. The majority of the underground species, however, give no sign of their presence on the surface, and must be found by digging. Many of them go deep into the sand, and searching for worms the digger must be quick and expert, or he will lose entirely or cut in two many of the most beautiful ones, which retreat quickly and to the extremity of their holes at the least alarm.

Beneath the Sand

One can be a rambler on the sandy beach for a long time without being aware of the many beautiful objects which inhabit the sub-surface of the sand. The curious crab *Hippa* will disappear so quickly into the sand that one is hardly sure he has really seen it. The vast number of worms will surprise any one who searches for them by their variety, their beautiful color, and their interesting shapes. . . .

The surface of the sand-beach is strewn with remains of many species, usually beach-worn, but interesting nevertheless as examples of species one would like to find in better condition, but good specimens of which elude ordinary search or are unobtainable except by dredging.

CENTURY MAGAZINE NOTES

Eighteen months ago a certain young man was at Harvard as a special student. Being a Newfoundlander by birth, he left Harvard to enlist in the service of his King. He spent nearly six months in the trenches at the Dardanelles; then he was wounded; and now he is back at Harvard again. His name is A. John Gallishaw, and "Gallipoli: the Adventures of a Survivor," to appear in the July CENTURY, is the vivid story of his active service in a regiment which went into the campaign with 1,100 men and came out with 171, the story of terrible and thrilling adventures, the sort of story that war-correspondents cannot write because they have not lived it.

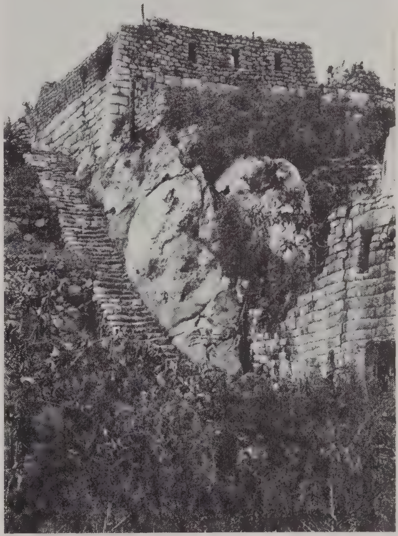
Several months ago Sir Douglas Haig succeeded Sir John French as commander-in-chief of the British army, yet to this day Americans know less about Haig than about any of the other major figures of the war. In an article which he contributes to the July CENTURY, Alfred G. Gardiner, the brilliant editor of the London "Daily News," sketches Haig's career and personality and analyzes his contributions to British generalship. It is an informing article by a journalist whose style is as entertaining as his conclusions are trustworthy.

Burney's Laugh

Many well-known critics agreed that "The Friends," which appeared in THE CENTURY last autumn, was the best short story of the year. It was Stacy Aumonier, a virtually unknown English writer, who produced this strange and original piece of fiction, and now a second story from his pen is to appear, in the July number. It is called "Burney's Laugh" and is a haunting sketch with much of the sombre power of Mr. Aumonier's first story.

In "The Plains of Panda," George Agnew Chamberlain, author of "John Bogardus," "Home," and "Through Stained Glass," tells of his hunting adventures in Portuguese East Africa, where he is a United States Consul and where the game is water-buck, wildebeest, lion, and elephant, and the stakes are a life for a life. It is an exciting narrative of sport in a hunter's paradise.

Other short stories to appear in July are "Veiled Island," a delightful little romance by Marjory Morten about a twentieth-century minx; "They Both



"A LOST CITY OF THE ANDES"
Illustrating Harry A. Franck's article in the July CENTURY

Needed It," by Fanny Kemble Johnson, a story of the mountains of the South, a clean, vigorous tale with plenty of action and life; and "A Little Folding of the Hands," a simple and moving human document by a new author, Hannah Abert, a story of maternal faithfulness and courage in the face of great obstacles.

A constructive article for business men is "Foreign Trade Through Combination," by James Davenport Whelpley, author of "The Trade of the World." Mr. Whelpley explains what American commerce must face when the war is over and recommends for foreign trade a business policy which, if pursued in domestic trade, would be declared illegal.

A breezy little essay on city life, full of homely philosophy and humor, is Eugene Wood's "Neighbors." Uncle Zenas comes from Bloomfield Centre to visit New York, and what dismays him most is that his nephew isn't acquainted with his neighbors.

A Lost City of the Andes

Readers of "A Vagabond Journey Around the World" and "Zone Policeman 88" know that Harry A. Franck's accounts of his wanderings make the usual travel article look like a garden of bromides; and they will turn eagerly to "A Lost City of the Andes," in the July CENTURY, the first of a series of several papers on his recent South American journey. Mr. Franck writes with as much freshness and gusto as ever; he makes a first-rate companion on the reader's thirty-five cent expedition to the mountains of the tropics. His article is splendidly illustrated with numerous photographs by himself.

"A Family in Belgium," by Mrs. Arthur Gleason, is a brief and intimate study of King Albert of Belgium, his wife, and their children,—a royal family that is also a real family. Mrs. Gleason, you remember, is the plucky young American woman whose exploits as a nurse are told in Arthur Gleason's "Young Hilda at the Wars." For her bravery King Albert decorated her with the Order of Leopold.

A Poem by Robert Frost

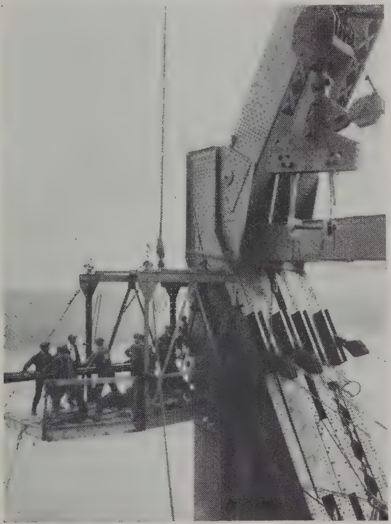
Since the publication of "North of Boston" last year, Robert Frost has been perhaps the most widely read and widely appreciated American poet—and that is saying a good deal in these days of the renaissance of poetry. "In the Home Stretch" is the first long poem Mr. Frost has published since he made his reputation. It is a study of New Hampshire farm life, something like his earlier narratives in tone and in treatment. As for its comparative interest, that is a question which discriminating readers of poetry will want to decide for themselves.

"Feminism and Psychology," by George M. Stratton, is a thoughtful article in which a distinguished psychologist sets forth the verdict of modern psychology—based on scores of interesting experiments—as to the comparative mental characteristics of man and woman, and points out in what direction the future of feminism must lie.

The July CENTURY will also contain: "Edinburgh," by Samuel P. Orth, author of "The Imperial Impulse," with illustrations by Joseph Pennell; the fourth instalment of "The Leatherwood God," the new William Dean Howells novel; "Romantic Albania," by Demetra Vaka, author of "Haremlik"; "An Archaeological Footnote," by Simeon Strunsky, etc.

THE JULY ST. NICHOLAS

An article of especial interest to all boy readers will appear in the July St. Nicholas, under the title of "The Boy and the Motor Boat." It is written by Mr. E. T. Keyser, who has already contributed a series of practical papers dealing with "Bobsledding and Skating," "A Boy's Fishing Kit," "The Making of a Canoeist," etc. In this latest article he solves the problems connected with motor-boating, such as the choice of a boat, both as to the size and type, and the best manner of building and equipping it. Incidentally, he gives full information as to what are called "knock-down" boats, that is, those that are sold by manufacturers who furnish the various parts complete, leaving the young boat-builder merely the task of putting them together. As a guide and manual in the construction, equipment, and management of motor-boats, this is the most important and valuable contribution of the entire series.



THE "BULL RUN" OF ENGINEERING
In the July St. Nicholas

The July number will also contain the final instalment of "The Sapphire Signet," in which the story reaches its dramatic culmination, and the tangle of mystery is at last unraveled. Like its predecessor, "The Boarded-Up House," this serial has proved exceedingly popular with the girl readers of the magazine and its author, Mrs. Augusta Huiell Seaman, has earned fresh laurels as a writer of mystery stories for young folk.

"Playing the Infield"

Now that the base-ball season is again in full swing, the young readers of St. Nicholas will welcome heartily another article by Billy Evans, the well-known umpire of the American League, entitled "Playing the Infield," in which several of the fielding stars of the game, at various positions, contribute their especial ideas on fielding. Each of the infield positions is taken up in turn and the fine points of the game are set forth in detail and illustrated by incidents from actual games or methods of play. Boys who are planning to become expert in any position of the infield would do well to read this article carefully. For they will learn from it how much depends upon quick thinking and the one best method of doing the right thing at the right time.

That family pride may count for much, either in a good or a bad sense, is a familiar truth which has been frequently emphasized in fiction. But a new turn, leading up to a very interesting and beautiful dénouement, will be found in the story entitled "The Pride of the Beresfords," to appear in the July ST. NICHOLAS. The story will appeal especially to all girl readers who have just completed their college days or are looking forward to commencement. And Marion Beresford is a heroine who will win the hearts of all young readers as she won those of her class-mates.

Following the notable article on "Tennis for Girls" by Molla Bjurstedt, which opens the June number of ST. NICHOLAS, the magazine will print a brief series of articles entitled "Lawn Tennis for School Boys" by J. Parmly Paret, one of the leading players of the game, and of late years a well-known expert and author of popular books and articles concerning lawn-tennis. These papers will completely cover the ideal methods which school boys should bear in mind and strive to achieve, and the correct positions and strokes will be illustrated by remarkable and very spirited photographs of Harold Throckmorton, the National Interscholastic Champion.

"How Washington Looked"

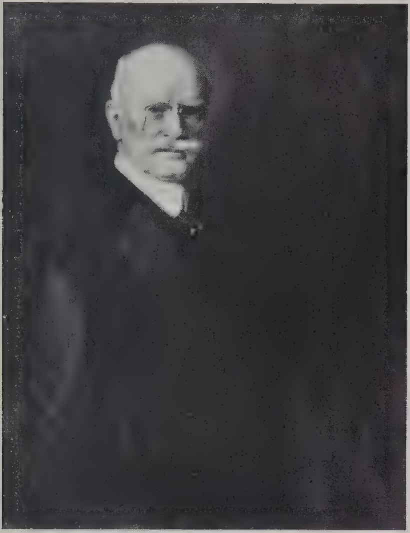
"How Washington Looked" seems, at first thought, a very trite or superfluous title, in view of the well-known and familiar portrait of the father of his country which is to be found in almost every household in the United States. But Mr. H. A. Ogden gives a fresh interest to the subject by explaining how we have been so fortunate as to obtain this authoritative and accurate presentation of our first President's distinguished countenance. He sets forth clearly our debt to the French sculptor Houdon, as well as to the American artist Gilbert Stuart, and his interesting article is illustrated with several very beautiful drawings. Perhaps no artist in the country stands quite as high as an authority on colonial subjects as Mr. Ogden himself, and no illustrator of the present day has brought before us a better presentment of the dignified face and stately figure of Washington than is offered in these drawings.

The "Bull Run" of Engineering

The unique series of articles by Mr. A. Russell Bond, "On the Battle-Front of Engineering," has thus far dealt mainly with the remarkable projects in which engineers have achieved marvelous triumphs over the forces of nature or seemingly unconquerable obstacles. But in the earlier portion of the July instalment he calls attention to the "Bull Run" of engineering, one of the mightiest battles ever fought by engineers, which ended in defeat and absolute rout —the building of the first Quebec bridge which collapsed nine years ago. But, as the engineer in Mr. Bond's story puts it, "the fight has been taken up anew. The battle is now on, and it will surely end in victory."

The description of the new bridge now in construction at Quebec and destined to be the greatest bridge in the world, is of fascinating interest, both from the technical standpoint and that of the general reader. When completed, the bridge will be "the finest example of a cantilever bridge the world has ever seen, because it will have a span of record length. The distance between the two piers is eighteen hundred feet. They stand fully a third of a mile apart, and yet their arms will reach across that enormous expanse without any intermediate support, and join hands at the center of the river, one hundred and fifty feet clear above high water."

BOOKS AND THEIR MAKERS



JAMES LANE ALLEN
From the recent portrait by Orlando Rouland

It is an interesting coincidence that James Lane Allen's story, "A Cathedral Singer," which is woven about the new Cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York, corresponds in almost every detail with a real story which is within the experience of the cathedral staff but which was not apparently known to Mr. Allen before he wrote his book. The facts are disclosed by the Dean of the cathedral, the Very Rev. William M. Grosvenor, in a review which he has written of the Allen story. To the cathedral, the Dean writes, there came a lady with fortunes broken. She and her boy had sought out New York as a city of opportunity and generosity. She sang for a pittance, he sold papers. They found the cathedral and the old building where the boys sang. The choirmaster developed the boy's voice and he is now one of the best singers in the cathedral. In this case fact is happier than fiction, for so far the real story has not been marred by tragedy. It is natural that the Dean should take a certain pride in the cathedral's having met so effectively the challenge of Mr. Allen's fiction.

"We cordially recommend *Straight Down the Crooked Lane,*" writes "The Atlantic Monthly" for May, "as the best example the winter affords of an absorbing and delightful story of the fine, old-fashioned type that enmeshes even the veteran novel-reader and holds him in thrall till the last page is turned. Myself stopped only for perfunctory attention to dinner between five when the book was begun and ten-thirty when it was finished. The tale is as healthy as barley-sugar. And it is not because it is about a great lost diamond, or because there is 'something doing' on every page, that it delights, although these are elements in its singularly successful course. The charm of the personalities involved is a greater attraction than the deftness of the plot and the dash of the narrative. Each one is clear-cut and most are lovable. That, after all, is the thing one returns to! One takes sides, one has favorites; one shares Loveday's devotion to Val, a perfectly useless but most engaging gentleman. One has one's opinion of Violet, a very worldly mother with mitigations; and one is arrested by the very individual quality of Elsie's speech and learns to know her through her fantasies—as often happens in life but seldom in books. Maturity has added to the touch of the author of

The Helmet of Navarre precisely those human and heart-warming qualities that maturity ought to add. One hopes she will not cease from story-telling."

Gardner L. Harding, whose "Present-Day China" has just been published by The Century Co., was probably the only white man in China who enjoyed the complete confidence of Dr. Sun Yat Sen and his party during the recent revolution. He was with Dr. Sun the night the revolution broke out. He followed the campaign from Shanghai to Nanking, where he was the only foreign correspondent with the besieging Northern Army, with whom he entered the city and witnessed the terrible three days of sack and slaughter with which they took revenge. After the collapse of the revolution Mr. Harding set to work to find out just what the Republic had accomplished in China. In Peking he scoured obscure parts of the city where no foreigner had ever thought it worth while to go, interviewing suffragists, students, political leaders, teachers. He went over the cotton factories of Shanghai, studied coal mines, railroads, and financial conditions with one point in view—the possibility of Chinese industrial growth for the Chinese themselves. Mr. Harding is convinced that the republican movement, far from being a flash in the pan, is a symbol of a profound and universal regeneration in China, and this is the guiding idea of his book.

Maximo M. Kalaw's "The Case for the Filipinos," just published by The Century Co., is said to be the first attempt of a young Filipino educated in American schools to write in the English language. Moreover, it echoes the voice of a generation of Filipinos who have grown to maturity during the period of American sovereignty over the Islands. Manuel L. Quezon, the Resident Commissioner of the Philippines at Washington, says that Mr. Kalaw fairly represents the generation of Filipinos that is about to become an important factor in shaping the future of the archipelago, and that his book shows how the policy of Americanization has failed. The Filipino youth is even stronger in its aspiration for independence than the generation that is passing by, says Mr. Quezon, who asserts that it is beyond question that the desire for national independence cannot be eradicated from the hearts of the Filipino people.

Dr. Willis Fletcher Johnson, whose two-volume history of "America's Foreign Relations" has just appeared through The Century Co., says that the observations of a lifetime have persuaded him that the foreign relations of this country are the least generally known phase of its history, and that in consequence we are the most self-centered and circumscribed of nations, cosmopolitan in actual make-up, but far from cosmopolitan in sympathy and in genius. The proverbial British insularity, according to Dr. Johnson, is vastly and generously comprehensive in contrast to the bigoted parochial egotism of Britain's gigantic offspring. From an excess of adulatory introspection, our lack of appreciative perspective and proportion in viewing other nations and their affairs, he says, have arisen many of our domestic and most of our external ills.

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THE
CENTURION

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CENTURION AUTOBIOGRAPHIES

IV. Herbert Adams Gibbons

Author of "The New Map of Africa," "Paris Reborn," etc.

The name of Herbert Adams Gibbons has become familiar to many thousands of readers since the war began. As a historical student, a former professor at Robert College, Constantinople, a European correspondent for several American papers, Mr. Gibbons was well fitted to interpret the war in its political and historical aspects. The success of his work has been very great. "The New Map of Europe," which unravels the complications of European "welt-politik" during the years 1900-1914, has been adopted as required reading, as the best background book of the war, at Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and dozens of other colleges. "Paris Reborn," his diary of impressions in the French capital, August-December, 1914, has also become popular; while "The Foundation of the Ottoman Empire," published last spring, has consolidated Mr. Gibbons's reputation among historical scholars. In November The Century Co. will publish a new book by Mr. Gibbons, "The New Map of Africa" ($2.00 net), a history of the English, German, French, and other colonial possessions and aspirations in Africa leading up to, and as affected by, the war. "The New Map of Africa" is in every way a companion volume to "The New Map of Europe." A passage from the book appears elsewhere in this number of The Centurion. Mr. Gibbons has very kindly written for our readers the following entertaining sketch of his life:

I was born in Annapolis, Maryland, in 1880. When I was very small, the hours free from baseball were devoted to writing romances. My first novel was completed before I was ten. The scene was laid in Algeria and the Sudan. The hero was an officer of Louis Philippe's colonial army, who fell in love with a Moslem girl in an oasis. From the time I began to read, I loved France and the Mohammedan countries. Paris and Constantinople were my dream cities. I lived over the agony of Sedan and the siege of Paris, and mourned for Alsace and Lorraine. The first French song I learned (and I have not forgotten it to this day) was,

"Le matin d'un printemps dernier
Dans une bourgade lointaine
Un petit oiseau printanier
Vint monter son aile d'ébène . . .
C'est un oiseau qui vient de France!"

A much thumbed copy of Sale's translation of the Koran had a place beside Washington Irving's "Mahomet and His Successors" among my books. Of

Scott, I loved best "Quentin Durward" and "Count Robert of Paris." What I have written about Turkey, the Near East, and France has been the flowering of seed sown in early childhood.

My mother—bless her!—had a theory that children could get as much pleasure out of Walter Scott and Victor Hugo as out of Henty, and that grand opera was as interesting as minstrel shows. When we were in our early teens, she began to put before her children the very best in literature and music. She believed that literature and music were inseparable. She encouraged the reading of history and folklore. At the same time, newspaper reading was not discouraged. My mother held that the age in which we lived was as interesting and as worthy of attention and study as any past age. In our home we discussed contemporary politics at the table ever since I can remember anything.

Journalism and Business

My college course was interrupted by a year of newspaper work. I got a taste of New York, of London (during the Boer War), and of Paris (during the Exposition of 1900). When I graduated from the University of Pennsylvania in 1902, I wanted to write. But I was not going to be a newspaperman. What one wrote was too ephemeral to suit me. I had the kid's idea of doing something big without considering the trifling detail of laying the foundation upon which to build. I thought that writing was a matter of unlimited leisure. The thought came to me to make money rapidly in business, and then retire to create the *magnum opus.*

Two years in Pittsburg and Bethlehem in insurance and steel convinced successive employers and successive self that I was not cut out for business. I went home to Philadelphia to help my father collect material for the history of the church of which he was pastor. My father meant joy and blessing to all who had the fortune to know him. He was a thoroughly happy man. He kept up his vigorous intellectual life without losing interest in and influence over his fellow-men. The more he did, the more he seemed to be able to do. When, for the first time since boyhood, I came into intimate daily association with him, I naturally decided to become a parson myself. Three years were spent in the theological seminary at Princeton, where interest in historical research work

HERBERT ADAMS GIBBONS

gradually became the principal thing in my life.

Three weeks after finishing the seminary course, I was married in New York to Helen Davenport Brown, Bryn Mawr, 1906. Ten days later we sailed for Europe. We have hardly been in America since. Since June, 1908, I have been home only twice, to take my doctor's degree at Princeton in 1913, and to lecture at Chautauqua in the summer of 1915. We went abroad originally to spend a month in Spain. Then we were going for a year to substitute in a mission college in the interior of Turkey, and for the following year to Paris to write on "Gallicanism in the Seventeenth Century," through research at the Bibliothèque Nationale. We had no money. Our families could give us no more than their blessing.

That was eight years ago. We have been in almost every country in Europe together except Spain. We have worked on lots of subjects except Gallicanism. We still have no money. But we have four babies, and the years have been full of travel and adventure and study in many lands.

Of course, I have had to do the very thing I vowed I never would do, and I am still doing it. For there has been only one way of making a living by writing. I drifted back into newspaper work. Every time there has been a little money ahead, I have stopped the daily writing, and buried myself for a few months in the great Paris library. But there have come more mouths to feed, and with every baby a new war to be reported.

HERBERT ADAMS GIBBONS
Photographed at Scutari, Albania, between two sons of his host, a Moslem chieftain

Now and then I tell my friends that I am going to get out of the newspaper business. This is a delicious joke to my wife. On the day I met her, more than twelve years ago, it was the second thing I told her. There was to be no more newspaper writing for me! The first thing was, of course, that I intended to marry her. Whatever success has come to me in life is because I had the wit to make that first statement then and there, and because it has come true. But is it not also due to the fact that the second statement failed to come true? There is only one way to learn to write. You must keep everlastingly at it. Your newspaper comes in here. What luck! For all men who do not happen to have been born lazy become so at the very first opportunity.

A great many more Americans than one might suppose evidently read Chinese. Since The Century Co. published Thomas F. Millard's "Our Eastern Question" some weeks ago, letters and reviews have been coming from all directions pointing out that the signature of Yuan-Shi-Kai, which appears beside the frontispiece portrait of that worthy, has been printed upside down.

JEAN WEBSTER*
By D. Z. D.

The career of Jean Webster McKinney, who died last June on the day that her little daughter was born, was remarkable for its steady, sure progress. Mourned by hundreds of thousands, her great personal charm, her warm sympathies, and above all her penetrating sense of humor made her toward the last a very potent influence in semipublic life. Absolutely the artist, yet absolutely without the usual vagaries of the artistic temperament, and possessed of an indomitable will, only her untimely death prevented her from reaching her goal—a place in the front rank of American writers.

In all her busy, happy years she realized more completely than most of us the lines of Henley's poem: to the very end she was indeed the master of her fate. As a small child she began to shape her course, to manage her own affairs. Her real name was Alice Jane Chandler Webster, the Jane being after the mother of her great-uncle, Mark Twain. At boarding-school her roommate was also named Alice, and, to avoid confusion, Alice Webster was asked to take her second name. Girl-like, she objected to the plainness of Jane, and so then and ever after she called herself Jean Webster.

Having chosen her own name, it was not long after that she began more or less consciously to work toward a literary career. It is recorded that Mark Twain as a boy of ten held spellbound his entire family with the simple narrative of his small adventures. Jean Webster seems to have had in common with her uncle this same gift of narration. Her letters from boarding-school and later from Vassar were the delight of her parents, and it was natural that the English courses should claim her chief interest.

It was the daily theme, invented, I believe, by Barrett Wendell of Harvard, that gave her her first real opportunity to develop her natural gifts, and in recognition of them the young freshman was appointed local correspondent to a Poughkeepsie paper. She very nearly lost this coveted position through a practical joke. Upon the occasion of a visit by a noted astronomer, some fanciful information about him, imparted to her by a guileful junior, created a considerable stir when duly published. Jean

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* Reprinted from THE CENTURY for November.

Webster swallowed her chagrin, and turned the incident into a short story that was published in a monthly magazine. Other stories of college life followed, and at the end of her senior year she collected them and offered the manuscript for book publication. This volume was soon published under the title of "When Patty Went to College," and stands to-day as the best volume of undergraduate stories that have emanated from a woman's college, a book notable for its spirit of youth and for its shrewd and humorous observation.

In New York

At this time Jean Webster was living with her mother in the family home at Fredonia, New York. While negotiations for her first book were pending, she packed her bag and came to New York. She never went back. Like many other young writers, she found both her opportunity and her inspiration in that "stepmother" of American cities, and henceforth she was a part of its life.

In those early days she spent most of her summers abroad, and Italy became the land of her heart's desire. Its great charm for her is reflected in three of her later works: "Jerry, Junior," "The Wheat Princess," and an unpublished comedy, "The Pigs of Palestrina."

Two factors in her success as a writer were her native wit and her genius for hard work. Though all her little comedies have the spontaneous air of being "dashed off," they were the product of months of painstaking labor and much revision. While she was writing her famous "Daddy-Long-Legs" at a friend's home in Greenwich, Connecticut, she spent her leisure moments in talking with an Italian boy named Mario who worked about the house. They usually talked of Italy and in his native tongue. Once he was asked if he had ever read one of Miss Webster's stories. He said he had. Which one? Why, the one she put in the scrap-basket! These were the discarded chapters of "Daddy-Long-Legs"; for it was this author's practice enormously to over-write a story and then cut it to what she deemed its proper proportions, a rare trait in these days of so much per word. So Mario had the honor of reading some passages in the careers of *Daddy* and *Judy* that no one else will ever see.

Jean Webster's large-hearted interest in humanity was always the actuating motive of her pen. There is a pretty play of sentiment in everything she wrote, but her wholesome sense of humor always saved her from sentimentality, and no writer of our time was more skilful than she in those pleasing contrasts of humor and pathos that are characteristic of modern American fiction.

Her Passionate Love of Children

Jean Webster was in no sense a reformer. "Daddy-Long-Legs" was the spontaneous creation of her brain, inspired, no doubt, by her passionate love of children. As a play, even more than in book form, it did more good than a thousand tracts in pointing the need of institutional reforms. Its effect was so immediate and so wide-spread that the author found herself at the center of a reform movement. As a result she wrote her last published book "Dear Enemy," which, beneath the light, engaging love-story that plays about the surface, presents the last word in the care of dependent children—a book destined to do more effective service in behalf of these unfortunates than all the treatises yet published. Such is the magic of personality when combined with a seeing eye and a singing pen. The names of her characters, whimsically enough, she usually chose from the telephone-book, but the characters themselves were always taken from life both in her fiction and in her play-writing.

She had evolved a thorough technic; she was master of the tools she wrought with; and at the time of her death she lacked only complete maturity of mind and experience to achieve the great things she was potentially capable of. As it is, what she has left us will stand the test of time, I believe, as the best of its kind.

Only a few intimates know of the wide benefactions and the generous giving of time and thought that filled the days of her busy life. But those who have caught in her writings the friendliness and good humor of her attitude toward life will not be surprised to know that she lived as she wrote. And there is poignant pathos in the fact that this sturdy optimist who did so much in her later years for the cause of childhood should at the last have given her life for a little child.

A KENTUCKY HONEYMOON

By Eleanor Mercein Kelly

"Kildares of Storm" (The Century Co., $1.40 net), by Eleanor Mercein Kelly, the new novel of modern Kentucky life, is far removed from the Kentucky of the "moonshiners," either of fact or fiction. It is a vigorous romance, mainly about three vigorously romantic women, Kate Kildare of "Storm" plantation, and her two daughters. The following passage, which describes the first marriage of Kate Kildare, shows the kind of human stuff of which the plantation family were built:

There was never a stranger honeymoon than that of Kate and Basil Kildare. It began with a view-halloa. It ended . . . how should a happy hunting end except with the death of something?

The first year was not without its heady charm for a girl with the facile, the almost tragic, adaptability of seventeen years. True, it was not married life as she had dreamed it, but it was her husband's life. She made it hers.

Kildare's boon companions found to their relief that a young wife was no restraint upon their pleasures; was indeed an addition to them. No sport was too rough for her to share, no riding too hard, no gambling too heavy. Despite her town breeding, this was no hothouse plant, this daughter of a horse-racing, whisky-drinking, card-playing gentry. Kildare took a vast delight in her prowess, particularly at the card-table; swearing joyously when she won, paying her losses, which were considerable, with an amused indifference equal to her own. One quality, and one alone, had power to move him in man, woman, or beast. It was the quality he called Spirit.

In that Kate was not lacking. Rumors of the wild Kildares, always rife in a countryside they had made famous for generations with their amusements, did not abate after the coming of a new mistress to Storm. Of the society of her own sex, she had little or nothing. The few women of her class within driving distance were careful to call once—Kildare was not a man to antagonize. But they did not come again. Kate was not sorry. She found them less interesting than their men-folk. Their manners were provincial, their outlook narrow, and—they did not fall in love with her. In this they were unlike their husbands, their brothers, their sons, and fathers.

The guest-house was rarely empty. The bride and groom were never alone. Storm had long been a gathering place for sportsmen of every type, from the neighboring towns, from the city, from other States. Nor were their guests always gentlemen. Kate, indeed, grew to prefer certain of the rough and simple farmers who came there to the more polished visitors. Their admiration was humbler, less troublesome.

Men and Colts

Gentlemen or not, Kate numbered her admirers among her husband's friends by the score. She grew as adept in handling them as in handling colts; and her prowess in this, too, amused Basil Kildare enormously. He rallied her on each new victim with chuckles of delight. Too confident of himself for jealousy, he knew, if he thought of it at all, that his honor was safer in her hands than it had ever been in his own.

That the girl came to no harm in that wild year was owing to no watchfulness of her husband's. The Kildare motto was "Liberty for All." Nor was it owing to any love of her husband's. Kate soon knew this.

ELEANOR MERCEIN KELLY
Author of "Kildares of Storm"

Her beauty was a matter of great pride to him. He flaunted it, his property, before other envious men; took her often upon his knee when any were about; pulled the pins out of her hair to reveal the full flowing splendor of it; hung her with jewels, sent away for velvets and silks and laces, so that she went about the rough place clad like a young queen at court. But despite various episodes in his career, Kildare was never a woman's man. He had married for one reason, and one alone. He made no concealment of it. "People say we Kildares are doomed, that the stock is dying out. We'll show 'em!" he often said. "Meanwhile, let the girl have her fling."

Simultaneously with the New York opening of Alice Duer Miller's play, "Come Out of the Kitchen!" which has been successfully touring the country, comes the announcement that the romance of the same name upon which the play is based has gone into its fourth edition.

WHAT IS A CORPORATION?

By Logan Grant McPherson

Considering how vitally interested every human being is in the question, it is surprising how little most of us know about "How the World Makes Its Living," the title of a new book (The Century Co., $2.00 net), by Logan Grant McPherson. It is a popular exposition of society's economic activities, a simple, intelligible explanation of what they are and what they mean. The following passage from the book defines a word that we all use but that few of us have ever properly understood:

A corporation is a continuing organization not dependent for its administration upon the vigor of any one person. It bears to the preceding small and disconnected business enterprises a relation akin to that which the larger modern constitutional state bears to the preceding smaller political entities.

Merits and Demerits

What are the merits and what are the demerits of the corporate organization?

In the first place, inasmuch as the efforts of workmen, if specialized and coördinated under efficient guidance and direction, can produce a greater volume of utilities than if put forth separately and disconnectedly or in small and disconnected enterprises, it would follow that the greatest volume of the great staple utilities can be produced under the corporate organization. Moreover, as by means of the utilization of developed machines, appliances, and methods substance can be wrought with the least proportion of waste into a greater variety of utilities than were known in the era of small disconnected enterprises, it would follow that the greatest variety of utilities can be produced under the corporate organization.

Inasmuch as the provisions of a large corporation are of such diversity that they require large numbers of men of different degrees of skill and training, it would follow that this wider and more varied range of opportunity would conduce to each worker finding the occupation in which his efforts would bring the greatest value not only to himself but to others.

The resources of a large organization enable it to employ capable men to give specialized attention to securing information from the widest sources as to the supply of substance and the demand for its various forms. The more closely the demand for utilities of the various kinds can be estimated, the more nearly can the supply be equated to the demand. The more closely the demand for grain, cotton, and other yield of the soil can be estimated, the more clearly can the planting of crops be adjusted to the required yield. Even the disturbance due to variations in the weather and other unpredictable causes can be kept at a minimum.

The Coördination of Industry

Under efficient concerted direction all of the industry and commercial organizations can be coördinated more effectively in the adjustment of the supply of utilities of different kinds to the demand. Such concerted direction may be made equally advantageous in attaining balance in the provision of structure, machines, and appliances; in drawing capital into channels of usefulness; in making the efforts of the multitude of workers most serviceable.

AN ILLUSION OF THE MILITARISTS

By Roland Hugins

"The Possible Peace" (The Century Co., $1.25 net), by Roland Hugins of Cornell University, is unique among war discussions in being neither pro-German nor pro-Ally, neither militarist nor pacifist in the ordinary sense. It combines a cool and disillusioning analysis of the international situation with an ardent conviction that permanent peace is the goal toward which mankind should strive; and it points out a way thereto. Incidentally it contains many interesting passages like the following:

The success of this doctrine—that collective homicide is in itself beneficent—has been due partly to its large admixture of metaphor and mysticism. When examined closely it seems rather barren of logic. The militarists have been employing monstrously bad biology, just as they have made use of monstrously bad economics. They have taken a figure of speech from Darwinism, have spoken loosely of the struggle for existence, and have urged that strong nations should survive and weak nations go to the wall.

War and Biology

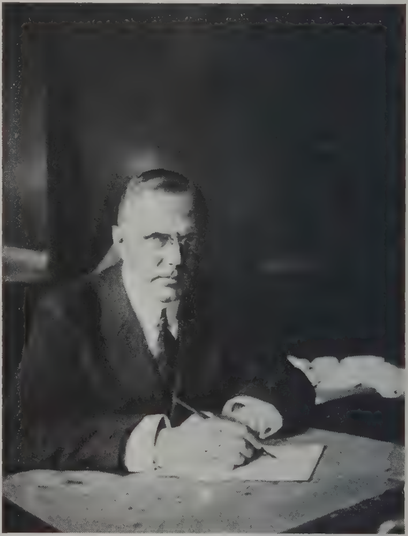
Reflection shows that such talk is divorced from the reality. Nations do not fight as units, like giants bandying blows. They fight through their agents, armies and navies. They send out their healthiest, bravest, most courageous men to die. The weak, diseased, cowardly, selfish, are left behind—to breed the next generation. On the battlefields of Europe a calamitous inverse selection is going on, whereby the truest, the most ardent, and the most self-sacrificing young manhood is being extinguished, and the nations drained of their best blood. The action of modern war is not eugenic, but cacogenic. It is an agency for the deterioration of the stock, almost rivaling, in its evil results, vice, and the restriction of childbirth among the better classes.

ROLAND HUGINS
Author of "The Possible Peace"

In similar vein there has been a deal of footless assertion that without war the sterner virtues would disappear. We shall have the sterner virtues so long as we continue to breed the sterner human stuff. War makes an exhibition of fortitude and self-sacrifice—only to destroy them. War brings out in fullest intensity some of the very best and some of the very worst aspects of human nature. Courage puts a man in the forefront of the fray, and makes certain that he shall be cut down. By eliminating the brave, a long and sanguinary war lowers the race's stock of courage. Nor is there any counterbalancing gain in courage among the survivors. They may receive training in fortitude, but their descendants are no more intrepid than they otherwise would have been. Acquired characters are not inherited; nearly all biologists are agreed on that point. Courage is the heritage of the race, and so far the supply has never run dry. The sterner virtues have plenty of opportunity for employment in the arts of peace—in man's immemorial struggle with nature. Our miners, sailors, lumbermen, explorers, trainmen, firemen, and policemen, like our soldiers, need to be contemptuous of danger. These soldiers of industry, however, risk life and limb not for the sake of the risk itself. We admire as heroes firemen who give their lives in fighting conflagrations; but we do not start blazes to give firemen a chance to die heroically. And if we want to keep courage on tap we must not spend it needlessly.

The persons who speak of the spiritual values of war, and would be willing to send thousands of young men to their death in order to gain those values, speak always as Pharisees. They maintain that in peace a nation stagnates and sinks into sloth and selfishness. They do not personally feel the enervating effects of peace; they are thinking of others. Mr. Roosevelt, for example, inveighs against the "soft ease" that enfolds us in times of tranquillity. He himself finds, despite peace, stimulus to a volcanic activity; but he worries lest the rest of us should not be kept moderately busy. Mr. Roosevelt is here not only presumptuous but blind. How much "soft ease" is enjoyed by farmer lads, miners, and mill workers—in short by the bulk of the men who fight wars?

The militarists have erected for us a bogey; the specter of a world that has lost its vitality, its ideals, and its intensity—a marrowless world wherein men have become cowards and sybarites, frivolous triflers, incapable of an honest belief or an honest sacrifice. And then they ask us, how would we like such a world, held in the grasp of a pleasure-sodden peace? Well, we shouldn't like it, certainly. But we by no means are compelled to admit the applied assumption, that such a world is the only alternative to a world of recurrent war. It does not follow that when nations shall have ceased, if ever, to settle their disputes by collective homicide, that all moral fiber is going to be drawn out of men and women.



FRANCIS ARNOLD COLLINS
Whose new book "The Camera Man" has just been published by The Century Co

OUR PRODIGAL ANCESTORS

By Helen Nicolay

Miss Helen Nicolay, daughter of Lincoln's famous secretary and biographer, has published in "Our Nation in the Building" (The Century Co., $2.50 net), a delightfully picturesque, witty, and truthful panorama of the unfolding of our society during the years 1783-1861. Miss Nicolay is unsurpassed in the art of calling up before the eye the men and manners of the past. An example of this is the following passage, which describes the "scale of living" a hundred years ago:

At the end of the first quarter of the nineteenth century the change in scale and standards of living was apparent even in the rural districts. Though the old coach and four, with its liveried servants, had passed out of existence, more people rode in carriages than ever before. Cooking-stoves had displaced the old crane and kettle and Dutch oven; wherever the first one appeared, it drew as many visitors to the house as a funeral or a bride would have drawn. People recklessly ignited lucifer matches despite the cost, instead of making fire with the good old flint and steel or running to a neighbor's to borrow a shovel of coals.

New England Frugality

It was a far cry from the Methodist banquet described by Amos Kendall to the frugal, but substantial, table of the elder Adams, where for many years a "pudding" of boiled Indian meal had been served before the roast in the interest of economy, and hungry boys were deceitfully urged to partake, a prize of a second helping of meat being offered to the one who ate most pudding.

But that was in New England, where careful management was essential, the ground being so poor, according to Southern scoffers, that you had to plant a herring in every hill of corn in order to raise a crop at all. There had always been careless prodigality in the South under slavery. The banquets described in detail by the guests of General and Mrs. Washington were almost as lavish as those of President Jackson's day. And in the newly turned loam of the West corn grew rank, even while venison and wild turkeys strayed within rifle-shot of the cabin.

Fish, Flesh, Fowl

The low price of meat and game in America, compared with foodstuffs of any kind in famine-gnawed Europe, astonished travelers of all classes. Immigrants listened incredulously to farmers who assured them that it was the custom of even poor people to satisfy hunger three times a day. More wealthy sojourners noted not only that the woods were full of game, but that the waters of stream and inlet were covered with wild fowl and their depths rich in "shell fish called clams" and other aquatic dainties. James Stuart, who came over at this time, deemed it worthy of entry in his diary, as it certainly would be if a like incident happened to-day, that he ordered a chop at a Baltimore hotel before setting out on his journey, "but canvas-back ducks are so abundant here that I found one of them prepared for my dinner without extra charge."

Food and fire were two things that any one could have almost for the asking. In the forbidding winters of New England these essentials were provided for as in a siege. The woodpile was of incredible size, and the supply of "durable" vegetables, such as turnips, potatoes, and pumpkins,—they had few others,—was stored indoors or buried deep in the earth to keep them from freezing. Housewives baked a prodigious number of pies and deliberately froze them for preservation, to be thawed out and presented to expectant households as needed. The size of this toothsome, if indigestible, store was a matter of family pride. One dear old lady whose memory stretched well back toward the beginning of the century told the writer, a flush still mounting to her cheeks at thought of it, how ashamed she felt one autumn nearly eighty years before when a boastful little schoolmate asked how many pies her mother had baked for the winter, asserting in the same breath that at her house they had one hundred and fifteen; and truth wrenched from the other a reluctant admission that her mother had made only ninety-seven.

ALEXANDER WILSON DRAKE AND HIS STORIES

By Albert Bigelow Paine

Alexander Wilson Drake was for forty-three years art director of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE and the man to whom, more than to any other, has been due the advancement and refinement of modern magazine illustration. The Century Co. will publish on November 11th a beautifully printed, bound, and decorated volume of "Three Midnight Stories" ($5.00 net), written by Mr. Drake and revealing the rare and delicate texture of his mind. For this volume Mr. Albert Bigelow Paine has written the following delightful introduction:

It was nearly a quarter of a century ago that I read, in closely succeeding numbers of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE, three stories. One was of a man whose life's aim was to express a veritable haunted house; another, of an artist in quest of the perfect halo that would symbolize adoration for a dead wife; the third told of a singing bird, whose cage attached to a miniature balloon, had sailed upward to the stars. I read each of these stories several times, and after that waited from month to month for others from the same hand. But there were no more. I often wondered why.

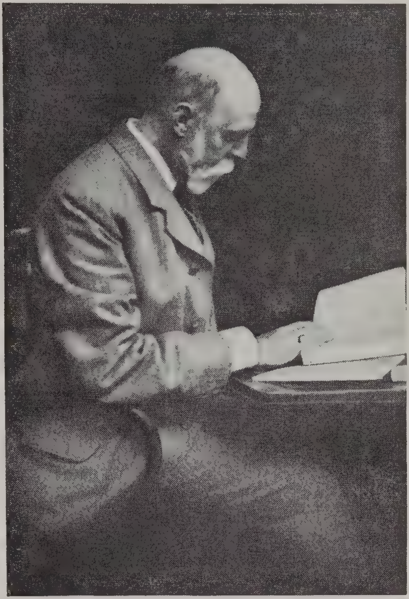
For they seemed to me not as other stories. They were laid in the world of men and ordinary affairs, but they were not *of* it. Neither were they of any imagined fairyland. They were of that country where the ideal becomes the only reality—the land of art. I think I shall not try to describe the effect those three stories had upon me. Certainly they lifted me for a little while out of the general commonness of life—revealed for a moment a vision of a world that lies only a touch away yet remains for the most part hidden, because we walk in blindness and miss the magic door.

I had never heard of the writer of those stories. They were signed Alexander W. Drake, and, seeing the name nowhere repeated, it presently passed from my mind. The stories, however, were unforgettable.

II

It was a year or two later, I think, that I found myself in New York City, likewise engaged in the trade of storytelling and, in the course of time and fortune, in a position that brought me into frequent association with the editors of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE. Among them was the Art Director, whom I learned to know as A. W. Drake, a man of such modest and gentle manner that I should never have known, had I not been told, that to him more than to any other was due the advancement and refinement of modern magazine illustration. He had been an engraver, they said, and in 1870, when "Scribner's Monthly" was founded, had taken charge of the Art Department of that magazine. Later, ST. NICHOLAS had been issued, the name "Scribner's Monthly" was changed to THE CENTURY, and these two publications under Drake's art direction had set the standard of illustration for the publishing world. How unpretentious, how human and lovable he was! Those who have done most in the world are usually like that.

And Drake was so much more than an art director. His religion—the true religion—was harmony, and his recognition of it so keen, his taste so exquisite, that he lived, as it seemed, in a world of his own. It was a democratic world, wherein the rarest and the humblest things of life were likely to be ranked as of equal value. In whatever form, beauty could not disguise itself from him. Some tint or grace of line in the commonest article of daily use made it for him a treasure. A bit of cheap fabric he recognized as a picture; an old band-box in an attic he found to be precious, not only for its breath of romance but often for some refinement of color or quaintness of design; a crude, faded signboard was to him a rare decoration, discarded bottles in an ash-heap were as jewels in a matrix—he could not pass them by. Furbished and skilfully placed in his beautiful home, visitors likewise were led to appreciate the super-value of these things—to see in a case of variegated glass shapes, with the light shining through, a glory of hue, and tint, and form hitherto undreamed. Along with his thousand treasures of great worth — tapestries, brasses, paintings, jewel cases, finger rings and the like—these humbler gems held rank and, for him at least, equal charm; because he saw them bathed always in the light of his world—the



ALEXANDER WILSON DRAKE
Late Art Director of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE
and author of "Three Midnight Stories"

"light that never was on sea or land"—the light that makes the ideal reality, and beauty alone worth while.

III

One day, when I had known Alexander Drake for as much as five years, and had long been proud to claim his friendship, we were going down the CENTURY elevator together when he made a kindly reference to something I had printed that month in the magazine. Then, a moment later, with great diffidence, he added:

"I—I tried to write some stories, once, a good while ago—but I gave it up. I wrote three and got them printed. You probably never saw them."

I was about to say no, but then I hesitated. My subconsciousness was spinning backward, and from somewhere flashed the name "Alexander W. Drake," with those three stories to which it had been attached so long before. I had never forgotten the stories—I had only mislaid their label. I knew instantly, then, as I should have known all the time.

"Yes!" I said, grasping his hand. "You are the man who wrote the stories of the haunted house, the halo, and the singing bird! Alexander W. Drake, of course! I remember perfectly. Why I did not remember before is one of the mysteries. Those *wonderful* stories!"

I overflowed in praise of them, and he seemed pleased, for he saw that I was sincere. At luncheon we reviewed them and I begged him to do others of the sort. He admitted there were more stories he wished to write—that he hoped to write, someday, when he found the time. He was not an author, he said; the doubt of his literary method made him hesitate. The stories already published, he thought, had made little impression. I reminded him how they had impressed at least one reader, who had watched month after month for more from the same pen. There must be others, I said, like myself.

But he never wrote the other stories. Often we talked of them, and as often he promised someday to set them down. By and by it was evident that he would never write them. He was old, and he was no longer in health.

And so one day he left us, taking them with him, and all we have now are those three, written out of his first literary impulse, so long ago. They are akin to those art collections he made, for they include the everyday objects of life, but glorified: a show bottle in a druggist's window, yet lit with magic; a "pie-wagon" on Broadway, but driving through dreamland; a miniature balloon bearing a caged bird, but it carries us to the brink of paradise.

Francis Arnold Collins, author of "The Camera Man," while never a professional photographer, has always been associated with photography. When ten years of age he designed and constructed a crude camera, fitting it with a pin-hole lens, with which he took many surprisingly good pictures. Later, as a reporter and feature-writer on several New York newspapers, he used a small hand camera to collect illustrations for his stories and was, if not the first, at least one of the earliest news men to use the camera for this purpose.

SUDANESE LOYALTY IN THE WAR

By Herbert Adams Gibbons

"The New Map of Africa" (The Century Co., $2.00 net; to be published November 11th), by Herbert Adams Gibbons, who contributes an autobiographical sketch to this issue of The Centurion, traces the history of the British, French, German, and other colonial possessions and aspirations in Africa leading up to, and as affected by, the war. It is in every respect a companion volume to the same author's immensely successful "New Map of Europe." In the following interesting passage Mr. Gibbons describes, from personal experience, the remarkable loyalty displayed by the population of the Sudan during the war to their English overlords:

The Khalif's proclamation of the Holy War left the Sudanese unaffected.

Seeing is believing. The Egyptians are so unwarlike a race and so lacking in personal courage and daring that it was easy enough to discount the German stories about the storm that was going to break in Cairo. I did not have to go to Egypt to reassure myself on this point. But the Sudanese, from the blackest of blacks to the most chocolate-colored of Arabs, have no fear of death, and are heroes of many a charge, in the face of desperate odds, that surpasses Balaclava. The Sudanese, too, are fanatical Moslems, with all the zeal and enthusiasm that belongs to primitive races and neophytes. I had been living for years in an atmosphere where Pan-Islamism was the absorbing topic of conversation and the nightmare of my British official friends. So I needed to go to Khartum.

By pure chance the trip into the Sudan was well-timed. I was there for the two important *fêtes* of the year, the birthday of the Prophet (*Muled-el-Nebi*) and the anniversary of the visit of the King and Queen of England, who had stopped at Port Sudan on the way back from India, and held a review at Sinkat, on January 17, 1912. King's Day was celebrated by an impressive service at the Khartum Cathedral. After the garrison left the church, they stood on parade and Sir Reginald Wingate read a cablegram from the King. It was a stirring sight to see these few hundred British soldiers, the only military evidence of British power in the midst of war in one of the largest Moslem regions in Africa. . . . . . .

A Holy Man

I had the good fortune to meet and talk with the most revered of the religious chieftains, El Sayyed Ali Morghani—now Sir Ali Morghani, K.C.M.G., for he received a knighthood from the King in the last birthday honors. Sir Ali is a modest, unassuming man of about forty, with a shrewd, keen mind. He knows what is going on in the world, for he asked me some searching questions about conditions in France and the Balkans. Sir Ali, who is revered as a "holy man" above all the religious leaders of the Sudan, has no doubt whatever of the sincere attachment of the Moslems of Africa to the cause of Great Britain. I think that he believes exactly what he told me. . . .

The last tent we visited was the most important, and around it gathered all the people of Omdurman and the tribes who had come into the city for the festivities. Thousands of white-robed howling or barking dervishes were dancing and shouting, having reached the point of frenzy. We sat sipping coffee in the midst of a crowd of sixty thousand Moslems, most of whom had been followers of the Mahdi and believers in the Khalifa. The Sirdar's guard of honor was four Sudanese lancers on horse. *There were no troops, either Egyptian or British. None of our party was armed.* The people of Omdurman, at the moment of the greatest religious exaltation of the year, had here in their power the Governor-General and the chief representatives of British authority in the Sudan.

I know what the feeling of Moslem fanaticism and anti-Christian feeling is in an Oriental crowd. I have experienced it more than once when I knew that I was facing death. But that feeling was not here. There was real love for the Sirdar—and no hostility to the rest of us.

As we were leaving the tent, one of the turbaned dervish chieftains who had followed the Sirdar to the entrance, put his left hand on my shoulder as he shook hands, and said, "I hope you have enjoyed the feast at Omdurman and will come again."

"Who is that sheik?" I asked Sir Reginald Wingate.

"One of the Mahdi's sons," he answered.

COLLEGE MEN AS DETECTIVES

An Interview with Leroy Scott, Author of "Partners of the Night"

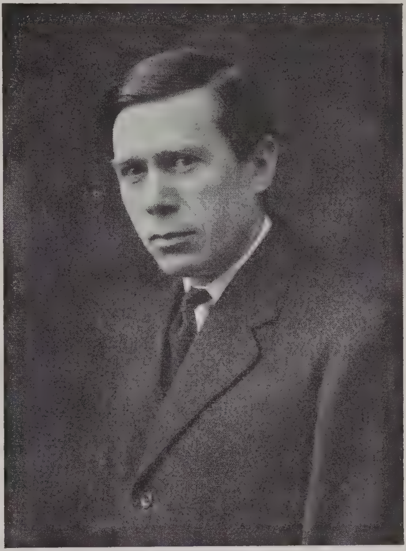
Of all the types dear to the writer of fiction there is probably none that has been so thoroughly romanticized as the detective, unless it be the crook with whom the detective deals. There are plenty of reasons for this, of course. The underworld, the world of crime, has an irresistibly dramatic flavor for most of us, accustomed as we are to our own humdrum daily occupations, and the sleuth who finds his way into it by the golden thread of his ingenuity and unravels it for us plays in our minds the double part of a hero of romance and a protector of society; he fathoms the mystery, goes down into the dark places, and when he comes back into the light of day brings with him, securely handcuffed, those who are commonly regarded as the worst enemies we have.

Story-writers have been quick to seize the advantages of this field of exploration. The old type of detective story, according to Leroy Scott, author of "Partners of the Night," which has just been published by The Century Co., opens with a murder, and then sets the reader guessing which of the various characters who file before him in the first chapter has committed the crime. The story is a mere story, a mechanical construction of cause and effect, and the reader's sympathies are enlisted in a single purpose, that of clapping a bad man into prison—and incidentally having all the excitement of the chase that precedes this happy event. But this is not Mr. Scott's idea at all. As a man of awakened social imagination he cannot see anything that is human in terms merely of a bull-fight or a rabbit-hunt. He has a different view of the crook, and an altogether different view of the function of the detective. "As a story-writer," he says, "I am of course first of all interested in telling a good story. But in the same degree I am interested in people and conditions as they are. I want my stories to depict and grow out of such conditions." And to this is due in some measure, at least, the great popularity of his work.

Fiction and Reality

"When I left college," Mr. Scott said the other day, "I got a job on a Chicago newspaper. I was assigned to police-court duty, and I naturally became interested in the work of the police, though to be sure it was only one of many interests. I was living at Hull House, and being then at the beginning of my career as a writer, I was naturally led to seek the human realities that might exist in police work and to seek the true motives and the human qualities that might exist in the crook. When I came to New York I lived at the University Settlement. Interested as I was in the real conditions of life, I found that this field was engrossingly real, and also that it offered opportunities to the story-teller. But it is the reality that appeals to me first, the story-telling only as it springs out of life's facts."

Readers of "Partners of the Night" will remember how Clifford, the idealistic young detective of the story, scoffs at the ordinary detective of fiction. He is not interested in "making arrests"; his idea is rather to prevent crime than to add to his own glory by catching criminals. This expresses one of Mr. Scott's own convictions. He believes that a new type of detective is evolving, whose view of society and of the function of the police is radically different from that generally held in the past, and that this field of work offers an excellent opportunity for young men of college training who are prepared to give up the idea of large material rewards if only they can feel that they are fulfilling themselves in the interest of their work and the service it brings to society. He has in mind particularly the types of men who go into teaching, welfare work, and some of the professions. The tendency just now is all in the line of opportunity for the man of ideals, whose ideals have been tested, perhaps on a small scale, and been proved practicable. Clifford, in "Partners of the Night," finds himself recognized and assisted by Commissioner Thorne, and Mr. Scott admits that in drawing Thorne he had in mind the



LEROY SCOTT
Author of "Partners of the Night"

present efficient head of New York's police department, Commissioner Arthur Woods, and the group of officials who work immediately with him.

The Book's Originals

As to "Partners of the Night" itself, Mr. Scott says that all the characters and incidents are real, or at least based on reality. In the book he has drawn extensively on his personal knowledge and experience of the so-called underworld. For he has been thrown into intimate contact, not only with the New York police force, from Commissioner Woods and Chief "Jimmy" Finn of the "Tenderloin Squad" down, but also with cracksmen, faro dealers, and highbinders galore. Among those whose acquaintance he enjoys is one of the shrewdest confidence men in the country, and on one occasion he spent a whole night with three gunmen, who took him with them to their hangout and told him the story of their lives. He has gathered his material, so to speak, at the cannon's mouth, and many detectives have certified to the reality of his characterizations and incidents and his understanding of criminal psychology. But naturally, as it is not his business to "give them away," he never directly narrates individual cases as they have unfolded themselves in real life. His method is to re-arrange the incidents and frequently treat them from new points of view, those of the victims, for instance,—although it is a fact that the crook mind is often intensely egotistical and vain, and that these men like to be written up, so long as the process gives them a dubious glory and involves them in no risk.

Hendrik Willem van Loon, author of "The Golden Book of the Dutch Navigators," is not only a professor and historian but a journalist as well. Lecturer on modern history at Cornell and author of books like "The Fall of the Dutch Republic," he believes that journalism is simply applied history and that no one can have a correct appreciation of historical events without a familiar knowledge of the events of our present-day world. He therefore entered the service of the Associated Press and as staff-correspondent in Russia (during the Japanese war) and in Belgium and Holland and France during the present war he has been a personal witness of such events as he is obliged to describe in his books. Of late Dr. van Loon has written a great deal in the daily press upon the subject of Dutch neutrality.

HENDRICK WILLEM VAN LOON
Author of "The Golden Book of the Dutch Navigators"

THE CENTURY FOR 1917

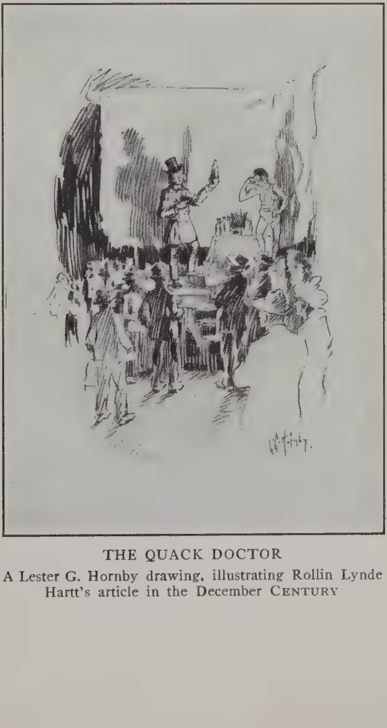
Machine-made fiction is the curse of the magazines. "Magazine stories bore me to death" has become a trite saying. Intelligent readers are tired of fiction written by the formula which O. Henry and others have unwittingly imposed on a host of insignificant imitators; stories with the same old breakneck beginning, the same "snappy" dialogue, the same made-to-order climaxes. The discriminating public prefers work too big and too original to fit the formula of a timid editor. It is for this public that THE CENTURY publishes distinguished stories like "The Friends," by Stacy Aumonier; "Souls on Fifth," by Granville Barker; "Enoch Soames," by Max Beerbohm, and "The Runaways," by Grant Showerman; and it is for this same public that it will in 1917 pursue its policy of welcoming new writers, of making reputations, of seeking distinction and freshness and freedom for the short story, and of publishing fiction studied, not from literary convention, but from life.

A New Phyllis Bottome Story

No CENTURY serial for years has been talked about as has "The Dark Tower." It put Phyllis Bottome suddenly among the living masters of fiction. The same cutting wit, the same unconventional power distinguishes Miss Bottome's new story, "The Derelict," together with a new gift for satirical comedy. "The Derelict" will appear late this winter, probably in two very long instalments, and its publishers confidently await the verdict both of the critics and of the public.

Not for fifty years has the United States faced problems so perplexing as those of 1916—neutrality, preparedness, Americanism, Mexico, labor disturbances. These problems are not yet solved. To them will be added during the next twelve months others as baffling. With the air full of windy and hysterical talk, it will be well for all of us to listen to the wisdom of counselors who do not confound partizan prejudice with patriotism, or sentimental platitudes with constructive political thinking. Through its articles THE CENTURY will throw itself into the movement toward intelligence and perspective and a saner public spirit.

The hero of Bernard Shaw's "Pygmalion" claimed to be able to locate any Englishman's dwelling-place within six miles, after hearing him speak. We may not all have this detective power, but we all like to be students of local



THE QUACK DOCTOR

A Lester G. Hornby drawing, illustrating Rollin Lynde Hartt's article in the December CENTURY traits, if only to laugh at them. How a New Englander differs from a Middle Westerner, and how to tell a New Yorker when you see one in New York, will be told with gusto and sympathy and wit by Rollin Lynde Hartt in his series of articles "Friends and Fellow-Countrymen," beginning with "New England, the National Wallflower," "Middle Westerners and That Sort of People," and "New York, the National Stepmother."

War and Poetry

In 1917 THE CENTURY will continue its varied and vigorous war articles; and it will, as usual, publish reproductions of old masterpieces of art and notable examples of modern work, in full color, in half-tone, and in the medium of the wood-block. That THE CENTURY leads in poetry is the verdict of the poets themselves, and in the pages of the magazine it will take in the future, as it has taken in the past, its rightful place among the arts.

Serial Features

Last month the new CENTURY serial, "Aurora the Magnificent," by Gertrude Hall, which begins in the November number, was announced in these pages, and if the good old habit of reading serials aloud before the family hearth has not been altogether lost, this is a story that should bring it back. Mention was also made of the series of articles on the outstanding problems of the reconstruction era to follow the war which Herbert Adams Gibbons, author of "The New Map of Europe," will contribute to the new volume. In addition to these serial features, Harry A. Franck's exciting South American adventures, illustrated from a remarkable collection of photographs taken by the author, will give color to several issues of the magazine.

The usual magazine prospectus is an endless list either of projected "features" or of "big names." THE CENTURY offers few, believing it the wiser plan to change and develop with the changing events and developing literature of the day. Editors know that a long list of projected features means an overstocked safe in the publishing office, and this means a stale magazine. The "big names" of to-day are usually the fresh talents of yesterday. THE CENTURY is for those who are eager to know the best that is being said and thought to-day, whether labeled with a familiar name or not, and to taste the enjoyment of literary discovery.

The December Century

The December number will include the following features: "An Awkward Turn," a story by Phyllis Bottome; "The Future of Poland," by Herbert Adams Gibbons; "Middle Westerners and That Sort of People," by Rollin Lynde Hartt; "Aurora the Magnificent," II., by Gertrude Hall; "Three Persian Miniatures," by H. G. Dwight; "Selling Out Alaska," by a Naval Expert; "The Economic Heresy of the Allies," by T. Lothrop Stoddard; "The Ticket-of-Leave Angel," a story by Oscar Graeve; "Feud," a story by Achmed Abdullah; "Mince Pie," a story by William Merriam Rouse; "A Ragtime Hero," a story by Gilbert Frankau; "Photo-plays and Shakspere," by Brian Hooker; "Japan, China, and the Open Door," by K. K. Kawakami; "With Stevenson at Grez," by Birge Harrison; "The New Farmer and His New Water-Supply," by J. Russell Smith; verse by Theodosia Garrison, John Gould Fletcher, and others; "In Lighter Vein," "Finance and Banking," etc., etc.

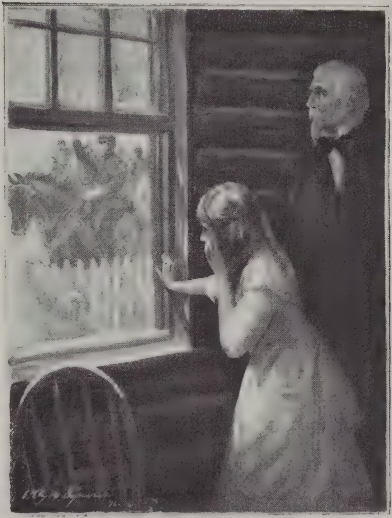
ST. NICHOLAS FOR 1917

In the whole history of St. Nicholas, which, for forty years, has been acclaimed the one best magazine for young folk, not only in America but the world over, there seldom has been offered as fine a program of good things for a single volume as the list of features for 1917.

A Serial by Dorothy Canfield

The leading serial of the year will be a fascinating story for girls (and for everbody), entitled "Understood Betsy," by Dorothy Canfield, author of "Hillsboro People," "The Bent Twig," "A Montessori Mother," etc. The magazine and its great constituency of eager-minded young folk are to be congratulated upon having secured her first long story for girls from this gifted writer, whose most recent books have won a chorus of ardent appreciation from readers and critics all over the land. All these words of praise and admiration might as fitly be applied to "Understood Betsy," which is a unique and remarkably real story of American family life. From it, as from all Dorothy Canfield's writings, both young folk and grown-ups may learn many things, besides constantly enjoying the humor, the keen and skilful character-drawing, and the absorbing incidents of the narrative itself. It will run through almost, if not quite, the entire twelve numbers of the new volume, beginning with the current (November) issue.

Another year-long serial, intended primarily for boys but of equal interest to the general reader is "Under Boy Scout Colors," by Joseph B. Ames, author of "The Courage of a Coward," etc. This fine story sets forth in a strong and vivid light the actual life of the great Boy Scout organization, and the effects upon its members of the discipline and useful knowledge which it supplies. The military drill is of very minor importance in comparison with the steadfast habits of self-contol which are emphasized and inculcated, and the value of this training in turning out a body of well-equipped, high-minded citizens who will be a great force in the American life of the future.



Illustrating Alice Hegan Rice's "Betty's Best Christmas" in the December St. Nicholas

From the opening scene in which the young hero, through his quick wit and special Boy Scout knowledge, rescues a little lad from death by a broken electric wire, to the final instalment in which the whole local organization saves many lives at a time of sudden emergency, the story is a record of praiseworthy effort, of thrilling adventure, that will delight every boy-reader of the magazine. It was written, moreover, under the special auspices of the American Boy Scout organization, and is officially endorsed by the leaders of the movement as an accurate and comprehensive presentation of its purposes and methods.

By Augusta Huiell Seaman

The third serial which will bring joy to all girl-readers of the magazine will be a new "mystery story," "The Girl Next Door," by Augusta Huiell Seaman, author of "The Boarded-up House" and "The Sapphire Signet." No contributions to the magazine in recent years have been more popular than the two stories named above, and the young readers' interest in their mysterious happenings grew with every chapter. Into this third narrative Mrs. Seaman has woven an even more perplexing and fascinating mystery which will keep the interest of her big audience on edge from first to last.

Of single articles and short stories there will be literally no end, for the generous limit of pages assigned to them can hardly contain them all. The following are some of the good offerings of this class: "Betty's Best Christmas," by Alice Hegan Rice, a two-part story in which the beloved author of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage-Patch," "Lovey Mary," and other world-famous stories will add to the joy of young readers a beautifully told, dramatic episode of Kentucky life at the time of the Civil War; "The Origin of a Proverb," by Ralph Henry Barbour, wherein one of the most popular writers for boys will give a delicious piece of clever fooling, quite unlike any of his previous contributions to ST. NICHOLAS, but filled to the brim with irresistible humor and keen characterization; and "The Great Upheaval," by Albert Bigelow Paine, an intensely interesting story relating the experiences of Mr. Paine and his family, while sojourning in Switzerland when the Great War began.

It will be good news to all readers, old and young, to learn that Mr. Paine is expected to contribute to ST. NICHOLAS also during 1917, under the title "Motoring Through the Golden Age," several articles of European travel and adventure, illustrated with many unique pictures and photographs.

The Christmas number of ST. NICHOLAS will contain, among its many features, "The Glory of the World," by Carolyn Wells, a Christmas play written especially for ST. NICHOLAS by this favorite author, a practical and effective play for holiday presentation; and "Jim Wilson's Chum," by Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell, a stirring story of the Labrador wilds, and one of the finest dog-stories ever written, beautifully illustrated by Paul Bransom.

Heroes and Heroines of To-day

During the coming twelve months there will be a notable set of papers, written with the true literary touch and in a spirit of illuminating appreciation, by Miss Mary R. Parkman of Washington, on various heroes and heroines of to-day. They are to include: "The Laird of Skyland" (John Muir); "The Seer of Woodchuck Lodge" (John Burroughs); "The Deep-sea Doctor" (Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell); "A Modern Viking" (Jacob Riis); "A Pioneer of the Open" (Dr. Edward L. Trudeau); "The Heart of Hull House" (Jane Addams); "Our Lady of the Red Cross" (Clara Barton); and "The Princess of Wellesley" (Alice Freeman Palmer).

BOOKS AND THEIR MAKERS

What is a traveler? Harry A. Franck, the famous literary "vagabond," recently gave the following definition, which is based upon his own practice: "A genuine traveler is one who sets out on a journey by tossing a toothbrush into his pocket and strolling out of town."

Plain, simple-minded Yankees, inheritors of the up-and-down ethical code of the Pilgrim Fathers, labor under a sad misconception, it appears, when they imagine that "killing" and "murdering" are the same thing. In Kentucky they take a much saner view of this question, according to Eleanor Mercein Kelly, whose new Kentucky novel, "Kildares of Storm," has just been published by The Century Co. In Kentucky, Mrs. Kelly says, there is a subtle distinction between these two agreeable occupations, a distinction that lies not so much in the character of the occupation itself, as in what people think of it. In other words, a "murderer" is a man whose crime is condemned not only by the courts but by public opinion. But if, when you have killed your man, people in general think that you ought to have killed him and are justified in having done so, you are a "killer" and you belong in a different class altogether.

The Century Co. has just published "The Night Court and Other Verse," a collection of poems by Ruth Comfort Mitchell informed throughout by the spirit of communal sympathy and social purpose. The title-poem, "The Night Court," originally published in The Century Magazine, has already achieved a popularity somewhat comparable with that of "The Man with the Hoe." It was written under the pressure of a sudden inspiration. The author had witnessed a session of the Women's Night Court in New York, and so filled was she with the impression of the scene that she began the poem on the back of an old envelope while going home in the subway, completing it during two or three subsequent subway trips. Once published, it was reprinted all over the country, and has now become known more widely through lectures and recitations.

John Gallishaw, whose personal narrative, "Trenching at Gallipoli," has just been published by The Century Co., was a special student at Harvard at the opening of the war, but, being a Newfoundlander, he enlisted immediately and was sent to Scotland for training. Transferred to London, he was selected to remain there as record-keeper for the First Newfoundland Regiment, but he managed to smuggle himself aboard a trans-

One of George Wright's illustrations in "A Country Chronicle," by Grant Showerman port, and in this way was able to rejoin his company for active service at the Dardanelles. He fought through three months of the Gallipoli campaign, in which the Newfoundlanders distinguished themselves at fearful cost. "Trenching at Gallipoli" is a reliable account of that tragic episode which has passed into history, the record of an eye-witness who is one of the few survivors.

The Century Company has just published "Prometheus Bound," translated by M. C. Wier.

Word has come from France that the Foreign Office has ordered a translation of the articles which Arthur Gleason, author of "Golden Lads," has been contributing to various American and English papers on his recent observations in the war zone of Belgium and Northern France, and are making them into a guide-book of the devastated area.

Newton D. Baker, Secretary of War, has given his unqualified endorsement to George Creel's new book, "Wilson and the Issues," which is a survey and defense of the President's achievements and policies. The most interesting passages in the book, according to Secretary Baker, are those dealing with "National Defense" and "The Case of Josephus Daniels." With regard to the latter, he says, it is fortunate that the actual facts are now being spoken by the most authoritative voice in the American navy, and Admiral Dewey's opinion is quite sure to overtake and silence the objecting voices that heretofore have seemed loud only because no authoritative voice was speaking. "The presentation of the facts made by Mr. Creel," Secretary Baker says, "is one which thoughtful and patriotic Americans ought to read; and when they have done so, the challenge which Mr. Creel puts in his early pages, to the effect that Democracy itself is at the testing when America makes up its judgment upon Woodrow Wilson, will be felt."

Miss Madeleine Z. Doty, author of the new book on prisons and reformatories, "Society's Misfits," is a lawyer by profession. She made her first attempt to study law at Harvard, where there was a course she particularly wanted to take, and where, in spite of the fact that women were not supposed to be admitted, she did manage to attend four of the lectures. Dressed in a very simple tailored suit, with a soft felt hat pulled down over her hair, she would slip quietly into the back row, the students themselves being perfectly willing to help her conceal her identity. When the professor finally discovered her presence, however, he promptly forbade her to come any more. Nothing daunted, she took her case higher up, and at a special meeting of the faculty it was solemnly decided that she might attend the class provided the professor would relent. That was a fatal proviso, for the professor remained adamant on the ground that she would "demoralize his class." So Miss Doty went to New York.

Evidently the "America first" agitation of the last two years, added to the fact that Americans have been unable to indulge in foreign travel, has stimulated in many thousands the desire to see and know their own country. Which may account for the marked success of Julian Street's "Abroad at Home," an amusing, home-brewed prose Odyssey that has already reached its sixteenth edition.

NOTABLE NEW BOOKS

Sold by All Booksellers

KILDARES OF STORM. By Eleanor Mercein Kelly, author of "Hunger," etc. A novel of modern Kentucky. 12mo, 450 pages. Price $1.40 net.

LEATHERWOOD GOD, THE. By William Dean Howells. An epic novel of our old pioneer civilization. Illustrated by Henry Raleigh. 12mo, 235 pages. Price $1.35 net.

NEW MAP OF AFRICA, THE. By Herbert Adams Gibbons. The colonial and diplomatic history of Africa leading up to, and as affected by, the war. A companion volume to the author's "The New Map of Europe." Maps, etc. 8vo, 400 pages. Price $2.00 net. (Ready November 11th.)

NEW INTERIOR, THE. By Hazel H. Adler. The possibilities and opportunities of modern house-decoration. Fifty insets from photographs and drawings. Royal 8vo, 350 pages. Price $3.00 net.

NIGHT COURT AND OTHER VERSE, THE. By Ruth Comfort Mitchell. Poems informed with the new note of social sympathy. 12mo, 100 pages. Price $1.00 net.

OLGA BARDEL. By Stacy Aumonier. The story of the development and career of a strange, beautiful, fascinating genius. 12mo, 367 pages. Price $1.35 net.

OUR EASTERN QUESTION. By Thomas F. Millard, editor of "The China Press." Maps, appendices, etc. Illustrated. 8vo, 543 pages. Price $3.00 net.

OUR NATION IN THE BUILDING. By Helen Nicolay, author of "Personal Traits of Abraham Lincoln," etc. Sixteen full-page illustrations. 8vo, 521 pages. Price $2.50 net.

PARTNERS OF THE NIGHT. By Leroy Scott, author of "Counsel for the Defence," etc. Illustrated by Dalton Stevens. 12mo, 347 pages. Price $1.35 net.

POSSIBLE PEACE, THE. By Roland Hugins. An examination of the outlook for a permanent peace after the great war. 12mo, 200 pages. Price $1.25 net. (November 11th.)

PRESENT-DAY CHINA. By Gardner L. Harding. The problems, achievements, and prospects of the Chinese republic. Illustrated. 16mo, 250 pages. Price $1.00 net.

PRIVATE SECRETARY, THE. A Manual. By Edward Jones Kilduff. Illustrated. 12mo, 225 pages. $1.20 net.

SOCIETY'S MISFITS. By Madeleine Z. Doty. Life in a women's prison from the inside, with certain true stories about the boy and the penitentiary. Illustrated. 12mo, 225 pages. Price $1.25 net.

STRAIGHT DOWN THE CROOKED LANE. By Bertha Runkle. A story of love and mystery. 12mo, 440 pages. Price $1.35 net.

TRAMPING THROUGH MEXICO, GUATEMALA, AND HONDURAS. By Harry A. Franck, author of "A Vagabond Journey Around the World," etc. 88 photographs. 8vo, 284 pages. Price $2.00 net.

TRENCHING AT GALLIPOLI. By John Gallishaw. The personal narrative of a Newfoundlander with the ill-fated Dardanelles expedition. Illustrated from photographs. 12mo, 225 pages. Price $1.30 net.

WAR AND LAUGHTER. By James Oppenheim. New poems by the author of "Songs for the New Age." 12mo, 200 pages. Price $1.25 net.

WHERE THE PATH BREAKS. By "Captain Charles de Créspigny." A Poe-like romance of the great war. 12mo, 275 pages. Price $1.30 net.

WILSON AND THE ISSUES. By George Creel. Tall 16mo, 167 pages. Price 60 cents net.

WITH SERBIA INTO EXILE. By Fortier Jones. An American's adventures with the Serbian army during its retreat to the Adriatic. Illustrated from photographs. 8vo, 447 pages. Price $1.60 net.

(See inside of front cover)

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CENTURION AUTOBIOGRAPHIES

V. Roland G. Usher

Author of "Pan-Americanism," etc.

Roland G. Usher is one of the most striking figures in the field of contemporary political and historical literature. The accuracy of his prophecies of the great war in "Pan-Germanism" gave that book a sensational success, particularly after the war had begun. People are asking whether the thesis of "Pan-Americanism" (The Century Co., $2.00 net) is going to prove true in the same startling way. "Pan-Americanism" predicts a conflict between the United States and Europe's victor, and "The Boston Transcript" has called it "the most candid and revolutionary study of our day." Another widely successful work of Mr. Usher's is "The Rise of the American People" ($2.00 net), a vivid, vigorous, and original one-volume history of our national development. Mr. Usher has kindly contributed the following sketch of his life to our series of Centurion autobiographies:

ROLAND G. USHER

I was born thirty-six years ago at Lynn, Massachusetts, and grew up in and around Boston until I went to college. Most of my school career was at Grafton, Massachusetts, but I studied at home with my father and mother and owe to them both the excellent groundwork in languages and history which has since been important to me. My mother taught me French and German so well that when I went abroad I experienced no difficulty at all. My father ground into me Latin grammar, and I have since been able to read Latin with ease without recurrence to a dictionary for more than an occasional word. This home training of mine was the most important phase of my early education. I can well remember a series of lectures which we instituted at the house, in which my brother and myself participated. I held forth to the family circle, at the age of about twelve, on the life and career of Henry VIII for about two hours, talking without notes, not exactly to my father's admiration but considerably to his surprise.

Harvard and History

I entered Harvard in 1898, took examinations in the work of the Freshman year, and passed them all with credit, which again speaks volumes for the efficiency of the training at what my father has always called the Usher Academy. I early made up my mind that I would study History, teach it, and, if possible, write it. As soon as I began to think about things at all I had made up my mind on this point. My interest in modern history was always paramount. I can remember going to sleep with the one-syllable edition of Napoleon Bonaparte's life under my pillow in order that I might wake up in the morning at five or six o'clock and read in bed before the family was up, a practice which my mother disapproved of.

Germany was early interesting and familiar to me. German life, customs, and language came naturally to me. My mother had much of her schooling abroad and lived in Germany as a young girl, studying the language and music. There she made many friends who used to visit us during my youth. One very accomplished German lady in particular, widely traveled, highly educated, often stayed with us for months and from her I learned, at first unconsciously and afterwards consciously, an extraordinary number of facts about German life and in particular about the mental attitude of Germans towards all sorts of subjects. At Harvard this interest continued, and somehow or other I did better work in nineteenth century history than in other subjects. The first A+ I received came quite unexpectedly in a course in Nineteenth Century History. A little later I undertook to compete for a prize scholarship, and eventually won it, with an essay written in the examination room upon the Foreign Policy of Bismarck.

Secrets of Diplomacy

After a year's post-graduate work at Cambridge, I went abroad on a fellowship to study English and French History in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. In that field my major work has been done, and from the historical records of that period came my first real enlightenment in European foreign affairs. My notion was to get to the bottom of all questions by reading everything that I could get hold of for a definite period. At the private library of the Marquis of Salisbury I came upon a source of information, well known to scholars, but which has been difficult of access, and there for a time I enjoyed, as I now realize, rather unusual privileges. There I read the secret correspondence of the English sovereigns and their chief ministers upon foreign affairs from the later years of Elizabeth to about 1610. This brought before my eyes in plain words what they believed to be the gist of European diplomacy, strategical geography, and the fundamental facts about each country's policy.

Statesmen's Letters

At the time, this seemed to be interesting and valuable, but I attached to it comparatively little importance until at a later date I took occasion, in connection with a lecture which I was to give, to read twenty or thirty volumes of Napoleon's correspondence. I found to my great interest and surprise that he proceeded on the assumption that the secret policies of European nations were precisely those with which I had become familiar at Hatfield House. If I had not read the letters at Hatfield House I should not have understood Napoleon's letters, but I had the key. I then went to Bismarck's correspondence and found that he too believed it. Metternich, Cavour, Disraeli, I found also believed these same fundamental facts to be true. When in time I came to study Pan-Germanism and found that the saner and more competent writers based their schemes upon these same facts, I concluded that Pan-Germanism must be something more than a wild piece of speculation.

"Pan-Americanism"

Pan-Americanism is an attempt to apply to the United States these general principles of European diplomacy, to work out the position of the United States in relation to what I believe to be the secret of European policies, and to point out that our past policies have been based upon the assumption that Europe and European policies are widely different from what the diplomatic correspondence has convinced me that they are.

Roland G. Usher and his family

Teaching and Writing

My teaching has done much to clarify and organize my ideas and without it I should probably have never written anything except on English History in the seventeenth century. I owe most to a course of extension lectures, which I have given annually at the Washington University for several years. Most of my books on current affairs have been, so to speak, written in these lectures and then utilized as books.

THE TRIAL OF THE "GOD"

By William Dean Howells

The new William Dean Howells novel, "The Leatherwood God" (The Century Co., $1.35 net), tells the story of a religious imposter in the backwoods of Ohio, ninety years ago, who proclaims himself God and wins a large following by his imposture. He is, however, brought to trial for his mischievous doings, the trial scene, in which the fallen Dylks appears before the old justice Squire Braile, being reproduced below. The story of "The Leatherwood God" is a true story; its events actually took place in the region where Mr. Howells himself grew up, and only a few years before his birth.

Braile referred himself to Redfield, who mounted to the porch with the other guards, and the tattered and bedraggled Dylks in their midst. "What are you doing with this man, Jim?"

"We've brought him to you to find out, Squire Braile. You know who he is, and all the mischief he's been making in this settlement. We don't need to go into that."

"Wish you'd step in there," the Squire said, nodding toward the room opposite the kitchen, "and bring me out the Laws of Ohio. You know where it is."

His recognition of Redfield as a law-student pleased the Herd of the Lost, and one of the guards said, "All right, Jim. We'll hold him."

As Redfield disappeared within, the Squire called after him, "Bring out my table, too, will you? We'll have the trial here."

"That's all right as fer as it goes, Squire," one of the crowd before the cabin called out, "but there ain't room enough for us up there."

"Well," the Squire answered, "you've got the whole State of Ohio down there. I reckon you can find room in it, if you stand close."

He turned the joke on the crowd; which acquiesced with cheers. When Redfield returned with the large book and the small table he had been sent for, the Squire drew up to them and proclaimed silence in the Court. Then, "Who complains against this man? You, James Redfield?"

"I arrested him, but I don't complain of him more than the rest. You know what he's been doing in Leatherwood, as well as other places, for the last month or six weeks. We want his mischief stopped; we want to see what the law can do about it. We could have lynched him, but that ain't the right way, and so we all feel."

"Well, we've got to make a start, somewhere," the justice returned. "What's he accused of? What do *you* accuse him of?"

"Well, for one thing," Redfield said, rather reluctantly, "he professes to be Almighty God."

"And he *is* God, the Most High Jehovah, Maker of Heaven and Earth," came in a varying cry, from the believers who had gathered increasingly on the skirts of their enemies.

Their voices seemed to put life and courage into the prisoner, who for the first time lifted his fallen face and looked at the justice with a light of hope in his dulled eyes.

"You hear that," the old Squire ad-

THE LEATHERWOOD GOD

One of Henry Raleigh's remarkable illustrations to the new novel by William Dean Howells dressed him. "It that your name? Are you God?"

"Thou sayest," the prisoner answered, with a sudden affrontery.

"That will *do!*" the old man shouted. He might have been willing to burlesque the case from his own disbelief, but he could not suffer the desecration of the hallowed words; and Dylks shrank from his eyes of fierce rebuke. "Stand away from him," he added to the guards. "Now then, have you folks got any other charge against him? Has he stolen anything? Like a mule, for instance? Has he robbed a hen-roost? Has he assaulted anybody, or set a tobacco-shed on fire? Some one must make a charge; I don't much care what it is."

The old man scowled round on the people nearest him and down on the crowd below. The believers waited in anxious silence; the unbelievers applauded his humor with friendly laughter, and a kindlier spirit spread through them; they were beginning to see Dylks as a joke.

"Redfield,"—the Squire turned to the young man—"let's have a look at the Laws of Ohio, in such case made and provided." He opened the book which Redfield put on the table before him, and went carefully through the index; then he closed it. "There don't seem," he said, "to be any charge against the prisoner except claiming to be the Almighty; he pleads guilty to that, and he could be fined and imprisoned if there was any law against a man's being God. But there isn't, unless it's some law of the Bible, which isn't in force through reënactment in Ohio. He hasn't offended against any of our statutes, neither he nor his followers. In this State every man has a right to worship what God he pleases, under his own vine and fig-tree, none daring to molest him or make him afraid. With religious fanaticism our laws have nothing to do, unless it be pushed so far as to violate some public ordinance. This I find the prisoner has not done. Therefore, he stands acquitted."

HOW REFORMATORIES "REFORM"

By Madeleine Z. Doty

Perhaps the season's most notable book in the field of modern penological literature is Madeleine Z. Doty's "Society's Misfits" (The Century Co., $1.25 net), with its corroborative introduction by Thomas Mott Osborne. Miss Doty has not only studied prison conditions from the inside as a "volunteer convict," but has followed up the cases she has come in touch with. An immense proportion of men prisoners, she discovers, start their criminal careers as reformatory boys, and in the following passage, a portion of one of the chapters devoted to this subject, she shows how it is that reformatories achieve exactly the opposite results from those they are designed and supposed to achieve:

It is the clever bad boy who flourishes in the gray deadness of a reformatory. Out of the welter of misery, with cunning and strength, he emerges. It is a case of the survival of the fittest. The fittest in a reformatory is the bully and the degenerate. He usurps the play space at play time, and dominates wher-

"SOCIETY'S MISFITS"

ever he goes. By underground methods he spreads his contamination and stirs to action. So gangsters and gunmen are made and society pays.

"I was the bully of the yard," says a member of such a gang. "I used to get from ten to twenty-five dollars a month from the boys. I didn't keep the money. I shared it with the keepers who let me go to the mess-hall and drink beer and whiskey with them."

And this from a well-known gunman:

"The worst place in the world for any mother's son is the ———— reformatory. I wouldn't wish my worst enemy to undergo what I went through.

"All the New York City gangsters and gunmen were in a reformatory in boyhood. A few that I knew were Jack Zelig, Kid Twist, Dopy Benny, the 'Paper Box Kid,' and Dago Frank. The last two have both been at Sing Sing."

In some institutions boys are appointed monitors by the officers. This is bad. It gives power to the bully, as is shown in this testimony of a gangster:

"The monitor system should be abolished. It is a reign of petty tyranny and makes gangsters and bullies. The treatment the kids are subjected to at the hands of the monitors is satanic. None but the worst element are ever appointed monitors because, being the leaders of a gang, they can enforce discipline. 'Might is right' under this system. For infractions of the rules or alleged infractions the monitor can beat the kids. It can easily be seen the terrible whip hand he has.

"Under this system immorality flourishes. A kid can be forced to anything. He has to surrender his bundles from home and even his food. If he dares complain it is only the worse for him."

The other day an ex-convict who was a gangster came to me. He was just out of State's Prison, and wanted a job. For the first time in his life he meant to go straight.

At the age of ten he was sent to a reformatory. Soon he and eleven other boys were running together and formed a small gang. After three years they were discharged. There came a few weeks of lawlessness on the streets, but one by one they all turned up in another reformatory—a grade further on. Soon they were in command of a yard. My narrator explained:

"In the reformatory it was gang against gang to see who would be the *up* of the yard. One of the fellows who was a friend of mine was stabbed in the lungs. All they did for him was to put a piece of plaster on the cut and put him to bed. The next day they had him waxing the floor. In a couple of days he was dead. The fellow who stabbed him is at Sing Sing doing seven to fifteen years."

This is true. It is corroborated by

twenty different witnesses, including the man doing time at Sing Sing.

This gang of twelve became a rough set. It was their second reformatory experience. They performed many daring deeds, often making escapes. The leader once got away in half a barrel, which served as a boat. He floated for some time before he was picked up by a tug.

When the reformatory term expired the boys reassembled in New York. This time they hired a room. They had all acquired the drug habit. It was their one pleasure.

When the drug gave out, first one then another went out to procure more. Eventually they were all caught, and soon were serving terms in the penitentiary or Elmira reformatory. Released from these institutions their sojourn in society was brief. Presently they were all together again in State's Prison.

To-day nine are in prison, three are out, none are making good, and one at the age of twenty-two has just been executed at Sing Sing.

GOOD MORNING

By James Oppenheim

James Oppenheim, whose "Songs for the New Age" the Boston "Transcript" called "a mile-stone in our poetic progress," is among the few who have taken the new medium of "free verse" and wrought it into a real music. His new collection of poems, "War and Laughter" (The Century Co., $1.25 net), has a wider range and more variety than any previous work of his. Filled with superb conceptions and a quickening vision, it is, as one reader has said, "as invigorating as a blustery bath in the surf." The following is one of the simpler and at the same time most charming poems in the book:

Arrow-sun!
Morning, the bold young giant
Sticks you in his bent bow of shining blue
And shoots you toward the zenith...
(This way, Wind, forget-me-nots are little:
Stoop and uplift them...
Come up, Mole, from your subterranean plunder,
The juicy tulip roots...
Dew along the gosssamer, twinkle in the garden-grass....
For one is coming hither,
One is coming hither,
The darling of the morn...)

She comes: in the doorway I see her...
She steps out,—Good-morning!
My rival, the gale, is ahead of me, kissing her lips....
Arrow-sun from the heaven darts
Confusing with gold her glance...
Bee thinks her lips are a rose-bud:
Brush him off, darling...
And come, come hither...
I know an angle in the fence
Where lovers may say good-morning.

ENTERING GUATEMALA

By Harry A. Franck

"Probably the most trustworthy first-hand account of conditions in the interior of Mexico that has yet been written," says "The New York Times" of Harry A. Franck's new "vagabond journey", "Tramping Through Mexico, Guatemala, and Honduras" (The Century Co., $2.00 net), which is proving to be the most popular travel-book of the season. Not the least interesting parts of the book, however, are those relating to the two semi-barbarous republics immediately south of Mexico. As an example of Mr. Franck's method, nothing could be better than the following passage, in which the author crosses the frontier of Guatemala:

The three of us were off by the time the day had definitely dawned. Ems carried a heavy suitcase, and Dakin an awkward bundle. My own modest belongings rode more easily in a rucksack. A mile walk along an unused railroad, calf-high in jungle grass, brought us to a wooden bridge across the wide but shallow Suchiate, bounding Mexico on the south. Across its plank floor and beyond ran the rails of the "Pan-American," but the trains halt at Mariscal because Guatemala, or more exactly Estrada Cabrera, does not permit them to enter his great and sovereign republic. Our own passage looked easy, but that was because of our inexperience of Central American ways. Barely had we set foot on the bridge when there came racing out of a palm-leaf hut on the opposite shore three male ragamuffins in bare feet, shouting as they ran. One carried an antedeluvian, muzzle-loading musket, another an ancient bayonet red with rust, and the third swung threateningly what I took to be a stiff piece of telegraph wire.

"No se pasa!" screamed the three in chorus, spreading out in skirmish line like an army ready to oppose to the death the invasion of a hostile force. "No one can pass the bridge!"

"But why not?" I asked.

"Because Guatemala does not allow it."

"Do you mean to say three caballeros with money and passports . . . and shoes are denied admittance to the great and famous Republic of Guatemala?"

"Not at all, señor, but you must come by boat. The Pope himself cannot cross this bridge."

International Formalities

It would have been unkind to throw them into the river, so we returned to a cluster of huts on the Mexican bank. Before it drowsed a half-dozen ancient and leaky boats. But here again were grave international formalities to be arranged. A Mexican official led us into one of the huts and set down laboriously in a ledger our names, professions, bachelor-doms, and a mass of even more personal information.

"You are Catholic, señor," he queried with poised pen, eyeing me suspiciously.

"No, señor."

"Ah, Protestant," he observed, starting to set down that conclusion.

"Tampoco."

There came a hitch in proceedings. Plainly there was no precedent to follow in considering the application of so non-existent a being for permission to leave Mexico. The official smoked a cigarette pensively and idly turned over the leaves of the ledger.

"Será ateo," said a man behind him, swelling his chest with pride at his extraordinary intelligence.

"That doesn't fill the bill either," I replied, "nor any other single word I can think of."

But the space for this particular item of information was cramped. We finally compromised on "Sin religión," and I was allowed to leave the country. A boatman tugged and poled some twenty minutes before we could scramble up the steep, jungle-grown bank beyond. At the top of it were scattered a dozen childish looking soldiers in the most unkempt and disheveled array of rags and lack thereof a cartoonist could picture. They formed in a hollow square about us and steered us toward the "commandancia," a few yards beyond. This was a thatched mud hut with a lame bench and a row of aged muskets in the shade along its wall. Another bundle of rags emerged in his most pompous, authoritative demeanor, and ordered us to open our baggage. Merely by accident I turned my rucksack face down on the bench, so there is no means of knowing whether the kodak and weapon in the front pockets of it would have been confiscated or held for ransom, had they been seen. I should be inclined to answer in the affirmative. In the hut our passports were carefully if unintelligently examined, and we were again fully catalogued. Estrada Cabrera follows with great precision the movements of foreigners within his boundaries.

THE OLD MEN OF SERBIA

By Fortier Jones

"Exceptionally reliable, realistic, and thrilling," according to the Boston "Transcript," is "With Serbia Into Exile" (The Century Co., $1.60 net), the story of the tragic retreat of the population of Serbia from their native land by the only American eye-witness, Fortier Jones. Mr. Jones dedicates his book to the "cheechas", or old men of Serbia, whose devotion and heroism, he says, was almost without parallel. The following passage shows in a measure of what stuff these old men are made:

Cheecha means "uncle," and in Serbia, where men age more swiftly than anywhere else on earth, it is popularly applied to men more than thirty. But the cheechas of the fourth line range from forty-five to an indefinite limit. The Serb seems never too old to fight.

They had no uniforms, these patriarchs of the army, and, marching by, presented a beggar's array of tattered homespuns at once ludicrous and touching. To see their grandfathers in dirty rags, unwashed, half-starved, blue with cold, drenched with rain, many of them suffering with rheumatism, scurvy, neuralgia and in the last days of their nation's life dying by hundreds of wounds, cold, and starvation, was one of the things the Serbs had to bear. . . .

Cheecha always has been a term of deep respect and love among the Serbs,

WOUNDED CHEECHAS BEING TRANSPORTED TO A HOSPITAL
(From "With Serbia into Exile")

and rightly so; but after this war they will hold a ten times stronger lien on the affections of their country. Young troops, fresh and perfectly munitioned, were awaiting them in the enemy trenches on the Drina—troops that these old grandfathers could not hope to stop.

They knew what they were going into; they had no illusions. Distributing among them thousands of cigarettes of which I had become possessed, I gathered from their words of thanks how much hope they had of ever coming back. "These will be all I'll ever want," one gray-bearded scarecrow remarked to our interpreter when I gave him a hundred. He and the others seemed neither sorry nor glad. Somebody had to go. They were chosen, and there was an end to it. They were as completely wiped out as troops can be, dying almost to a man. And during the nightmare of the next ten weeks, wherever the fourth line had to bear the brunt, they distinguished themselves. Many episodes could be told, but the defense of Chachak is perhaps one of the most remarkable.

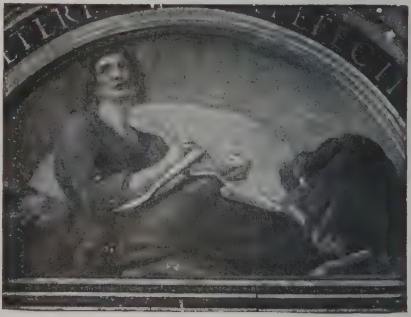
Chachak is on the narrow-gage Ouchitze branch of the Orient Railway. Not far to the south is Kraljevo. When the first great onslaught of the Bulgarians carried them by sheer weight of numbers to the environs of Nish, the capital was moved to Chachak, supposedly a temporarily safe retreat. But the Germans, as usual, did not fight according to their enemies' surmise. Risking most difficult roads, they suddenly threatened the new capital from the northwest, forcing the Government southward, first to Kraljevo, then to Rashka, Mitrovitze, Prizrend, and Scutari. The cheechas defended Chackak. Three times the Germans wrested the town from them, and each time the cheechas retook it. Only when four-fifths of them had been put out of action did the Germans finally succeed in holding the place.

With rifles of every possible description, too old for real soldiers, rejected by the first three lines of defense, the cheechas of Chachak faced as fine troops as Germany could muster, perfectly equipped, splendidly provisioned, and feeling with increasing assurance a whole nation crumbling before them. For the cheecha knows not only how to thrive on half a pound of dry bread a day, and nothing else; he knows how to lie against a tree or turn himself into a stone, and with Serbia in her death-grip, he only wished to die.

I believe the cheechas felt the loss of their country more keenly than any-one else. Most of them had lived through nearly all of her free history. Unlike the educated Serb, they could not see a bright political lining behind the present pall of blackness. But I have yet to hear a complaint from one of them. There was Dan, one of the orderlies who retreated with the English nurses. He had been to America, and he had numerous failings, but no one could see him at that time without forgetting everything except his grief. The suffering he underwent, the cold and hunger, seemed to matter nothing to him; but by the hour at night he would squat by his smoldering fire and mumble: "Whata I care 'bout myself? Whata I 'mount to? T'ree million people lost! Nuthin' else don't matter. T'ree million people—t'ree million—lost!"

ART FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

Many young people who have a natural love for art are discouraged by their elders and other young people who care nothing for such things. Yet it is a pathway to true and high pleasure, and it is the person who sees nothing in good pictures and good sculpture for whom we should be sorry. Whoever has a natural appreciation of the beautiful should make the most of this gift. Like nearly everything else worth having, a knowledge and love of art mean time and study. Yet a very little thought will relieve any one of the necessity of gazing foolishly and ignorantly at a picture or a piece of sculpture—like a baby gazing at a bright object, as some one has described it.



From "FAMOUS PICTURES"

President Eliot said not long ago: "The main object of every school should be, not to provide the children with the means of earning a livelihood, but to show them how to live a happy and worthy life, inspired by ideals which exalt and dignify both labor and pleasure. To see beauty and to love it is to possess large securities for such a life." It is said that good music often heard will give pleasure even to those who did not like it at first; but heard in the light of some explanation as to its meaning, the pleasure will be doubled. It is the same with painting and sculpture and architecture. If we study carefully even such reproductions as can be given in a book or the pages of a magazine, and learn something about what they mean and how they were produced and what they represent, we shall be well started toward some real appreciation of great art. Every true and vital thing we learn about any good work of art helps us to judge correctly all other works of art.

We are quoting the opinions of Mr. Charles L. Barstow, the author of three compact, informative, readable, and lavishly illustrated handbooks, "Famous Pictures," "Famous Buildings," and "Famous Sculpture," each of which is well calculated to awaken an appreciation of the art in question and to provide a general elementary knowledge of its history.

"Famous Sculpture," for instance, the last of these books to appear—it was published only three weeks ago—opens with the discussion of a subject which most authors omit altogether, but which is very necessary for young readers: namely, *how a statue is made.* Only after having made this clear, does Mr. Barstow go on to describe the story of sculpture from its beginnings through the Egyptian, Greek, Roman, Mediaeval and Renaissance schools to the various Classical, Romantic, and Realistic schools of modern times. He outlines the principal classic myths embodied in Greek sculpture, he characterizes the individual work of the chief sculptors of the world, with brief biographies in each case, and wherever necessary he describes the social and historical conditions out of which they arose. The book contains enough anecdotal matter to maintain the interest of younger readers, and is particularly full in its treatment of outstanding individual works.

"Famous Pictures"

In "Famous Pictures" Mr. Barstow follows a somewhat different method of arrangement, in order best to bring out the special characteristics of this art. He groups the great paintings of the world according to general divisions of type, in each group giving the pictures in the order in which they were produced and showing in relation to these groups how the art of painting in general has grown and developed. Thus he discusses successively Portraits, Pictures of Child Life, Animal Pictures, Landscape Painting, Legendary and Historical Subjects, Sacred and Religious Subjects, Decoration, and Genre and Still-life, winding up with a brief capitulation of all the principal historic schools of painting and a glossary of technical terms. In each case he describes what the type consists of and where, when, and why it has chiefly flourished, and discusses the work of the greatest artists in the field in question, with illuminating comments on their lives and methods, and a sufficient number of anecdotes to make these great artists familiar personalities to the reader. The pictures scattered through the text at almost every page serve to keep the eye constantly awake to the real meaning of the written text.

Ten people probably know something about painting and sculpture to one who knows about architecture, though architecture is in a sense the art most closely related to all our lives. In "Famous Buildings," therefore, Mr. Barstow has broken fresh ground for most young readers. One of the most interesting chapters in this book is the one in which, after passing in review the story of architecture from the ancient Egyptians to modern Europe, he discusses the famous buildings of America, among them Mount Vernon, the Capitol, and the Woolworth Building, with notes on the chief American architects and a table showing the styles of the principal buildings in all our great cities.

Altogether in these three books the younger reader will find himself on the threshold of studies which, carried further, will open before him some of the most delightful experiences of his life.

From "Famous Sculpture"

THE NEW IDEA IN DECORATION

By Hazel H. Adler

Of special interest among books on modern interior decoration is Hazel H. Adler's "The New Interior" (The Century Co., $3.00 net), because it shows the remarkable work that is being done by contemporary American craftsmen in the various arts allied to domestic usage and points out how the average home-maker may avail himself of them. Mrs. Adler believes that this decade is witnessing a veritable native renaissance of the decorative arts, the central motive of which she outlines in the following paragraphs:

The new point of view in the decoration of the home may be characterized as the *artist's* as opposed to the *upholsterer's.*

What would you think of an artist who, sitting before an empty canvas, indulged in the following reflections: "I want to paint a landscape, but I don't know just what kind I want to paint. Let me see—a landscape must have trees! Well, who painted the best trees? I think Corot did, yes, undoubtedly Corot did, so I can't go far wrong by starting with a clump of Corot trees. Then I'd like to have a farmhouse. I always did like farmhouses in landscapes. Those old farmhouses of Constable's had a lot of charm! And water! There must be water—who's that chap who paints such good running water—

oh, Thurlow! Next for the little realistic touches that the old fellows got into their pictures. What did they use? Guess I'll run up to the Museum and see. Then when I get those in it will be up to me to decide whether I want it spring or autumn, morning or evening—and that reminds me—moonlights are being done a lot lately! But I don't have to worry about those things now because when I get that far along I can go down to the art store and get the opinion of the fellow down there on those matters."

If you substitute furniture for trees, wall decorations for farmhouses, "objets d'art" for realistic touches, and the upholsterer or decorator for the fellow at the art store, you will have the frame of mind in which a great many people set out to create the environment in which the greater part of their lives are to be spent.

It is a common short-coming of the average home-maker to appreciate the fine points of an old chair, rug or bit of fabric, and, at the same time, to be totally unconscious of the fact that these objects may have no decorative value in the setting in which they are placed. Many prosperous homes are quite devoid of the decorative sense which is often displayed in the simplest corner of the peasant's cottage.

During the evolution of certain *forms* and *details* of decoration, the sense of general proportion disappeared and the essential point of the entire decorative ideal—the ability to *grasp the whole* and to bring to it a fresh and unified conception—was abandoned somewhere on the way.

With the great development of the decorative resources of this country there has come new blood and new spirit into the movement. Artists and sincere decorators have begun to realize that the problem has been attacked from the wrong end and that an interior, instead of being a mere assemblage of

An Outdoor Living-Room in the New Style
(From Hazel H. Adler's "The New Interior")

individual objects, has at bottom the same elements and aims as other forms of artistic expression and must also be governed by the same laws. . . .

First and foremost it must be decided what you wish to attain, what you want your house to stand for! The first requisite of any decoration, whether it be expressed in furnishings, in marble or paint, must be an idea.

ORNAMENT AMONG THE GREEKS

By A. D. F. Hamlin

An important art work absolutely alone in its field is "A History of Ornament" (The Century Co., $3.00 net), by A. D. F. Hamlin, Professor of the History of Architecture at Columbia University. In this volume, which contains more than four hundred illustrations, Professor Hamlin traces the development of ornament-forms through the arts of the antique world to the close of the Middle Ages. In the following interesting passage he sums up the characteristics of Greek ornamentation:

Whereas in Egyptian ornament color predominates over form, it plays a subordinate part in Greek ornament, in which *plastic form, as expressed and revealed by outline and light and shade, is the controlling element.* The Greeks seem to have been the first people to delight in pure beauty of form and of line-movement apart from symbolism and representation, and it was their constant reaching out after an ideal perfection of form that gave to their works their immortal freshness of beauty and vitality of interest.

The Greeks cared little for mere patterning; there is no characteristic Greek all over ornament. But in every work of Greek decoration the *idea of structure* is present; not necessarily of the structural framework of the object decorated, though this is generally recognized; but an organic and logical relation between the object and its decoration, and between the various parts of the decoration. This quality also appears in the way in which the ornament itself is designed and its elements put together; they are never merely strung together; they are organically united into a coherent design. This structural quality is by no means confined to architectural ornament, though it is there most conspicuously in evidence; it appears in the painting of a vase or the composition of an anthemion band as truly as in the ornament of the Erechtheion. . . . .

Distinction of the Greek Style

These qualities of plastic beauty, grace and vivacity of rhythmic movement, structural fitness and artistic reserve, impart to Greek ornament a distinction which sets it apart from all other decorative styles, unless it be that of the early Gothic period in France.

The examples of Greek decorative art that have come down to us consist chiefly of two classes: architectural ornament, for the most part carved, though often enhanced by added color; and pottery, for the most part painted. But so marked is the architectural feeling in the vase decoration, that many motives were carried from pottery into the architecture; while not a few of the architectural details were executed in terra-cotta and painted, much like the vases.

FIGHTING A FIRE

By Charles T. Hill

The standard work on the fire-fighting system of our country is Charles T. Hill's "Fighting a Fire" ($1.50), which describes the perils, the hardships, and the almost daily heroism of the fireman's life. The Century Co. has just issued a new, revised, reset, and greatly enlarged edition of this book, bringing it in every respect up to date. Here is a characteristic passage:

All the serious fires seem to occur on bitterly cold days or nights, and the suffering of the men working at such fires is very great. . . . .

To stand upon the peak of a ladder at perhaps the third or fourth story of a building, directing the stream of water at the blazing interior, while the thermometer is at about its lowest point, is not a comfortable task. Perhaps another stream is playing over your head, and you stand in an icy spray. Icicles hang from every point of your fire hat, while the rubber coat is frozen to your back; and the water that is falling about you freezes as fast as it falls. Every movement upon the ladder is fraught with danger, for it is so incrusted with ice that it is almost impossible to get a solid foothold, and a misstep would hurl you to the ground, forty feet below.

The firemen find it difficult to get any sort of gloves that will protect their hands in the extreme winter weather. A woolen glove of any description is saturated with water almost immediately and freezes stiff; while one made of leather soon gets into a condition nearly as bad, and when dry becomes as hard as iron. They are, therefore, forced to handle the hose with bare hands, no matter how bitter the weather, and "picking up" or stowing the hose away in the hose-wagons after a fire is over becomes the most painful work. The different lengths of hose have to be dragged up to the wagon through an icy slush, and sometimes they freeze perfectly stiff the instant the water is turned off at the engine. To get them stowed away in the new hose-wagons (where they are folded and laid away in lengths), or wound upon the reels in the hose-carriages, exposes the men to the severest kind of punishment. Their hands become completely numb and helpless from handling the ice-clad pipe; and the metal connections, cold to many degrees below freezing, almost sear their fingers in "breaking" or disconnecting the different lengths.

A Rain of Molten Metal

Broken glass and melted lead are among the other dangers that firemen are compelled to face at bad fires. The former occurs at almost every fire, and is caused by the flames bursting through the windows, or by the efforts of the men to make an opening in the building. The latter is caused by the burning away of metal cornices and ornamental iron-work at the top of buildings, in which an immense amount of solder is used to hold parts together. When the roaring flames pour out of the top-story windows of a building and curl up against this metal-work with the force of a blast furnace, a perfect rain of molten metal pours down, with an occasional piece of red-hot tin or zinc, for variety.

THE CENTURY FOR JANUARY

In all the years Mrs. Fiske has been a leader in the theater, she has refused to put on paper her sharply unorthodox views on plays, playwrights, and actors. She has remained the sphinx of the American stage. But at last Alexander Woollcott, dramatic critic of the "New York Times," has succeeded in getting her to talk; and the January CENTURY will contain the first of the series of articles in which he records his remarkable conversations with her. The article is called "Mrs. Fiske Punctures the Repertory Idea." Mrs. Fiske speaks with absolute candor. She upsets a good many well-established heresies and reputations. She has her fling at those who try to uplift the drama by means of ideals minus theatrical ability. Her points are illustrated from her own experience as producer and actress. Every playgoer will enjoy the theater more keenly after reading these wise reflections of the most interesting woman on the American stage.

Great Britain in the Sudan

Another important article is the second of Herbert Adams Gibbons's papers on the problems of reconstruction in Europe. This time Mr. Gibbons writes on "Great Britain in the Sudan." He analyzes the British policy in the upper Nile region, tells of a recent visit to the Sudan, and outlines the extraordinary results obtained there by Sir Reginald Wingate, Kitchener's successor as Sirdar. Between the lines one reads Mr. Gibbons's judgment on the whole gigantic problem of African colonization.

In "This Matter of the Eight-Hour Day," Mary Alden Hopkins argues briefly and vigorously for shorter hours of work. Miss Hopkins has long been engaged as an industrial investigator; and at a season when strikes are epidemic and the labor problem constantly confronts us, her arguments deserve close attention.

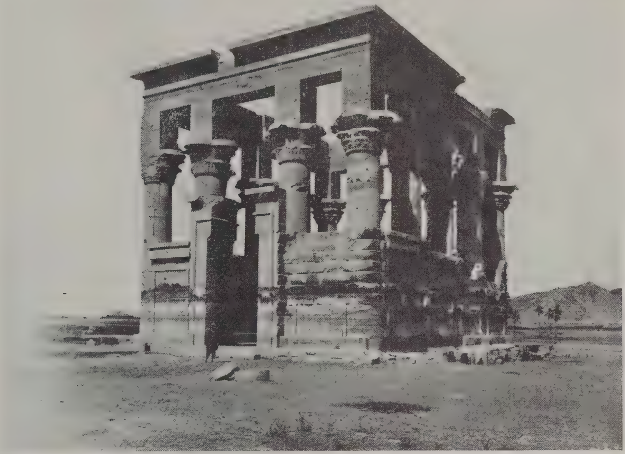
Rollin Lynde Hartt, author of "New England, the National Wallflower" and "Middle-Westerners and That Sort of People," turns his guns in January on the metropolis. "New York, the National Stepmother" is as full of anecdote and epigram as Mr. Hartt's earlier papers. It is an effervescent essay, and Lester G. Hornby's illustrations for it are charming.

January Fiction

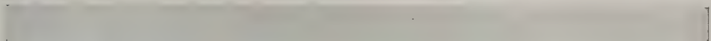
The fiction for January is strikingly varied. May Sinclair contributes "Portrait of My Uncle," a quiet character study in her unusual style; Holworthy Hall's golf yarn, "If You Don't Mind My Telling You," is packed full of the human nature of the links; Ruth Comfort Mitchell tells a story of a playwright's adventures with a one-act play for the vaudeville stage—a story as genial and lively as if it were not really based on fact. "Aurora the Magnificent," Gertrude Hall's full-flavored novel of a Cape Cod woman in Florence, goes into its third instalment.

THE CENTURY includes also a refreshingly original appreciation by E. R. Lipsett of the most distinguished theatrical production of the New York season; an exquisite group of pictures illustrating the achievements of American women in Sculpture, along with an article by Ada Rainey; an amazing record of mental processes observed in

A bit of "necessary vandalism" that aroused, among artists and archaeologists, almost as much horror against Great Britain as was recently aroused against the Germans by the bombardment of Rheims Cathedral



The Kiosk at Philae, as it appeared before the Assouan Dam was built



The result of irrigation: the Kiosk as it looks now

Illustrating "Great Britain in the Sudan", by Herbert Adams Gibbons, in the January CENTURY the natives of the Andes, by Harry A. Franck; a bitter and uncompromising argument on behalf of the Irish rebels, by J. F. Byrne; a notable ballad of the trenches by James Norman Hall, who wrote "Kitchener's Mob," etc.

A Letter from Phyllis Bottome

We are fortunate in being able to reprint here part of a letter recently received in this country from Miss Phyllis Bottome, author of "The Dark Tower" and other stories which have made Miss Bottome a favorite with all Century readers, describing one of the recent Zeppelin raids in England. Miss Bottome had gone for the week-end to the country house of a relative, presumably in one of the eastern counties. Her letter continues:

"We had as usual a good plain dinner and a short, friendly talk before we each went our way to the soft cushioned beds in beautiful, comfortable bedrooms. The night was absolutely still and a little misty. I read myself to sleep, and woke to the sound of my cousin's voice—'Don't strike a light—the Zepps are right over us. Put something around you and come down.' The air was full of a throbbing sound like a fast-beating heart. From time to time there was a faint crash, as if some one was dropping a heavy parcel. I went to the window in the pitch dark and looked out. The sky was full of search lights prodding at the sky, crossing each other like swords and then rushing up into the clouds, but one could see nothing, only the engines above us kept up their steady humming tune. Uncle Jack and the chauffeur were on the terrace beneath us. Aeroplanes had gone up in all directions, but on high we could neither see nor hear them—only from time to time a dart of flame shot out from them towards the hidden Zepp. After a while Uncle Jack shouted up that they had passed us. . . .

"Suddenly the night was broken by shouts, cheers and a furious barking of dogs. We went up again just in time to see behind the ancient cedar on the lawn a red ball of fire, like a red sinking sun, drop down into the sky. Then the whole lawn and all the distant fields were lit up in a golden, lurid light, as fantastic as a dream, and slowly sucked up by darkness. The Zepp had come down in flames a few miles from us!

"The next day was Sunday. As usual we had our family prayers around the breakfast table, and heard as we sat out on the lawn tales of deaths and damages in the villages nearby. Then church, as usual. All orderly, quiet and routine, and only after lunch did we actually break the family habits, take the car and go off to see our ruined enemy.

"We got a special permit from an army headquarters nearby, and were the only civilians allowed in the field. We, as women, were only permitted to stand by the gate while Uncle Jack went down to the actual débris. The Zepp had dropped quite harmlessly in empty fields, bringing down a tree with it, and it lay like a large child's toy—a heap of battered aluminum! Twenty-two men's charred bodies were in the barn against which we stood, but I did not go in to see them. I even blamed myself for sleeping peacefully while they went to their horrible deaths. After all, enemies or no enemies, they were men."

ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE NOTES

Lovers of genuine literature who fail to read Dorothy Canfield's story "Understood Betsy," now appearing as a serial in St. Nicholas, will miss not only a great treat but many an illuminative hint or suggestion that would be of life-long benefit. The elements of greatness in Mrs. Fisher's work and the subtle and masterly art with which they are conveyed (but never obtrude) have been widely recognized and are altogether delightful. And no boy or girl who follows the fortunes of this youthful heroine from month to month can fail to be wiser, saner and happier at the story's end than when he or she began the narrative. It contains, also, just as many helpful revelations for doting aunts or mothers, and its marvelously clever exposition of the beautiful and wholesome phases of American life that still prevail in certain of the author's beloved New England hills have placed the whole country under obligation to her. Every grateful admirer of "Hillsboro People" and "The Bent Twig" will find a like joy and refreshment in this fine story, which is to be continued in St. Nicholas well into the autumn of 1917.

The January number will contain many other contributions of exceptional interest:

There will be an appreciative tribute to Kitty Cheatham, "the singer of a thousand songs," who has "sung her way into the hearts of countless little folk—and big folk, too." Besides several charming portraits of this "singer of childhood for children," the article will contain two exquisite drawings by W. Graham Robertson, an English artist whose work is destined soon to take as high a place in America as in his native land.

From the January St. Nicholas

Albert Bigelow Paine's account of "The Great Upheaval," describing the incidents both exciting and humorous that befell his household when marooned in Switzerland by the outbreak of the Great War, will also appear in the January issue. As the author of "The Boys' Life of Mark Twain," just concluded in St. Nicholas, Mr. Paine has even added to his fame in the field of narrative biography, and this new story of personal experiences in a world-crisis will be eagerly awaited by his new army of young readers.

In the fine double series of brief biographies, "Heroes of To-day" and

"Heroines of Service," Miss Mary R. Parkman will set forth inspiring sketches of the lives of Jacob Riis ("A Modern Viking") and Jane Addams ("The Heart of Hull-House").

The next number will also mark the beginning of a series on practical mechanics for boys,—four pages each month telling with special diagrams and illustrations "How to Make It," by Joseph S. Newman, an experienced writer and leader in the field of handicraft and electrical work for boys who wish to become mechanical experts.

"Elsa's Cousin Phoebe," by Helen Ward Banks, is an unusually clever story by this popular writer for girls,—a beautiful character-study leading up to a very human and effective "surprise" at the close.

More "Akbar and Birbal"

Another literary treasure which the magazine will offer its readers during the coming twelve-month is a continuation of the unique and diverting stories of "Akbar and Birbal" which Mr. Arthur Guiterman has re-told from the legendary lore of India. Not only in ST. NICHOLAS but in books of clever verse, Mr. Guiterman has brought to light the riches of this mine of Oriental wit and wisdom.

ST. NICHOLAS young folk, and their elders also, were enthralled by his story in December, 1915, beginning:

"In the days when Elizabeth was sovereign lady of England, and Henry, he of Navarre, was liege lord over France, there ruled in Hindustan one who, in soul if not in might, was greater than either. Therefore rightly was he surnamed 'Akbar' which means 'the Great.' While he cherished the friendship and valued the counsel of those wise brothers, Abufazl and Faizi, who were of his own people and faith, yet did he love above all others one of an alien and conquered race,—Rajah Birbal the Brahman, wit, poet and scholar, clear of brain to solve hard doubts and merry of tongue to lighten heavy hours."

This account of the Oriental potentate and his shrewd counselor won instant popularity and brought repeated requests to the Editor: "Give us more, more, about Akbar and Birbal!" No reader of those delightful tales "How Birbal Came to Court," "The Three Jests," "The Three Fools," "Birbal and the Office-seekers," "Birbal and the Proud King of Persia," is likely to forget them; and the announcement that several other instalments of "Akbar and Birbal" stories are to appear in 1917 will be hailed with joy by the youngsters and their parents.

Only the other day Leroy Scott was talking in an interview about the advantages that would accrue to society if college men went into the police and detective service. This in fact is the thesis of Mr. Scott's new novel, "Partners of the Night." Now Harvard announces a course devoted to just this purpose, a course of police instruction to be given by Raymond B. Fosdick. It is interesting that one of our leading universities should be found putting into practice an idea developed by Mr. Scott from his own first-hand study of police conditions, and presented in fiction for the first time by him.

BOOKS AND THEIR MAKERS

Harry A. Franck's "A Vagabond Journey Around the World" seems to have won a permanent place for itself in modern American literature. It has recently passed into its twentieth edition.

The Century Co. will shortly publish "Representative American Plays," edited by Arthur Hobson Quinn of the University of Pennsylvania, the first attempt to include in one volume a collection of plays illustrating the development of our native drama from its beginning to the present day. All the plays in the collection are the work of native Americans, and all have had actual stage presentation by a professional company. Of the twenty-five plays chosen, the scenes of sixteen are laid in this country, while so far as possible all the principal types characteristic of our drama are represented. A brief introduction to each play explains its significance and gives a biographical sketch of the author, with a selected bibliography. The stage directions have been reprinted in the earlier plays as originally given. Among the authors represented are William Dunlap, John Howard Payne, Nathaniel Parker Willis, George Henry Boker, Bronson Howard, Clyde Fitch, Percy MacKaye, Augustus Thomas, William Vaughn Moody, and Edward Sheldon.

Apparently the title-character of the new William Dean Howells novel, "The Leatherwood God," has had many analogues in various parts of the country. The latest of these to come to light is one Jacob Cochrane, who, according to one of Mr. Howells's correspondents, flourished in Maine one hundred years ago, divided churches, broke up families, and preached strange doctrine, until he was arrested and tried for a statutory crime and sentenced to State's prison. After Cochrane's trial and conviction many of his followers, being under suspicion, emigrated to the Western Reserve. The character of the Leatherwood "god" Dylks, however, is not based on the tradition of Cochrane, who is only one of an almost infinite number of religious imposters that flourished in the United States during the nineteenth century. Dylks was an actual historical figure of the backwoods of Ohio ninety years ago.

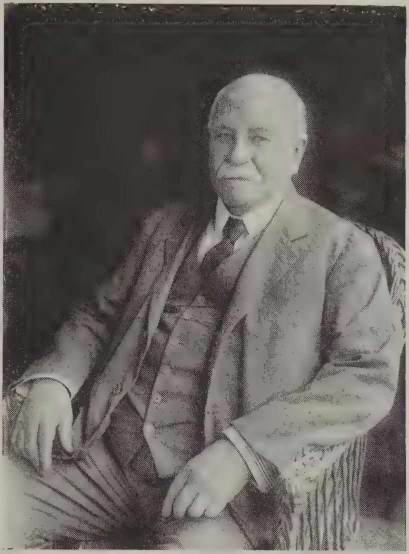


Photo by Bachrach

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

Whose new novel, "The Leatherwood God" is a reminiscence of the society in which he grew up

The Century Co. will shortly publish a work entitled "Greek and Roman Mythology," by Jessie M. Tatlock, of the Spence School, New York. Experience having shown that the most elementary knowledge of mythology cannot be presupposed, a systematic course in mythology for students of high school age is necessary, according to Miss Tatlock; and she has been led to believe that there is need for a text-book in a style to appeal to those who have out-grown children's books, but of content so limited and treatment so simple as to make it possible for the average boy or girl to assimilate it in a course of about thirty lessons.

Professor A. D. F. Hamlin, author of "A History of Ornament," just published by The Century Co., is a son of the famous missionary, Dr. Cyrus Hamlin, founder of Robert College in Constantinople. Professor Hamlin was born in Constantinople himself. He was graduated at Amherst in 1875, studied architecture in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and for three years at the Beaux-Arts in Paris, afterwards entering the office of McKim, Mead, and White in New York. In 1883, however, he abandoned the practice of architecture and took charge of the course in drawing and the history of ornament at the newly-organized School of Architecture at Columbia University. For thirty-three years Professor Hamlin has been teaching the history of architecture and ornament at Columbia, being promoted through the various grades to the executive headship of the school, a position which he held from 1904-1912, resigning in the latter year in order to devote himself to his special field of study and instruction without the hampering burden of administrative duties.

In spite of his crowded life as a teacher Professor Hamlin has refused to divorce himself wholly from the practice of his profession. Besides designing the usual variety of buildings that come to a modest practitioner, he has been the architect of a number of school and college buildings in the United States, Athens, and Constantinople, including several of the buildings of Robert College. He has conducted as professional adviser or consulting architect a larger number of important architectural competitions than any other living American architect, with one possible exception.

John Kendrick Bangs, who recently published his reminiscences as a lyceum lecturer, "From Pillar to Post," is one of the most indefatigable platform speakers we have. Who but he would have lectured as he lectured last summer for forty-seven days in succession, including Sundays, and having done so would have contracted for seventy consecutive nights next summer in forty different States? Mr. Bangs's theme is "Salubrities I Have Known," but he says that he varies the "salubrities" according to the character of his audience. Yet Mr. Bangs has found time in the midst of all this to start a new magazine of his own, "The Rambler," which he describes as a personal safety-valve. He says that since the suspension of "Harper's Weekly" he has had no regular medium through which to unbosom himself on current affairs and that "The Rambler" has become a necessity to his continued well-being.

A companion volume to "The New Map of Europe."

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(Continued on inside of back cover)

THE CENTURION

JANUARY, 1917

CENTURION AUTOBIOGRAPHIES

VI. Helen Reimensnyder Martin

Author of "Barnabetta," etc.

Helen R. Martin is the author of the famous "Mennonite" novels, one of which, "Barnabetta," has recently won fresh laurels in its dramatized form as "Erstwhile Susan," played with great success by Mrs. Fiske. As the literary discoverer of the "Pennsylvania Dutch," Mrs. Martin holds an important place in that large group of "local color" novelists whose work has been perhaps the most characteristic expression of the American fictional art. "Tillie: a Mennonite Maid" and "The Fighting Doctor" are two of the best-known of her delightful, humorous stories, but the whole list is a long one. Mrs. Martin is not "Pennsylvania Dutch" herself; it is as a keen-eyed neighbor that she has been able to get their full quality.

Readers of "The Centurion" will be grateful to Mrs. Martin for having written especially for them the following sketch of her life:

Having early in life observed that the most tiresome people in the world are those who insist upon talking about themselves, I learned to repress that tempting pastime and to be more interested (or to appear so) in other people's egotism than in my own. But when one is asked to write an autobiography, egotism would seem unavoidable.

It is the psychology of one's life that is interesting and significant, not the facts, and I like to believe that my psychological career began some years before I was born in the small (but select) city of Chillicothe, Ohio, where also began, about the same time, that of a few other people whose heads have appeared a good deal higher than mine above the level of the landscape—the mothers of Anne Douglas Sedgwick, Woodrow Wilson, Rutherford B. Hayes, Jack Bennett and Mrs. Wilson Woodrow being contemporaries and intimate friends of my mother at a time when the social and intellectual life of that unique town was famous all over the United States.

"Hellie Eemy-niney"

My mother married her next door neighbor, Cornelius Reimensnyder, a Lutheran theological student, the son of a German Lutheran "pastor" of Chillicothe; and after the usual wanderings of young ministers, from congregation unto congregation, they settled permanently in Lancaster, Pa., where I was born, the fifth child in a very lively family. The remarkable regularity of the alternate arrival of a boy, then a girl, in the family, had brought, in my case, the turn for a boy, and I was to be named William Allen, after my mother's uncle, who was then Governor of Ohio. So, with characteristic whimsicality, my mother promptly nicknamed me "Billy," my brothers cut it to "Bill," and "Bill" I was called all my days by every one who knew me except my reverend father, who, protesting against nicknames, called me always by the name I gave myself when I first tried to answer the question, "What's your name, little girl?"—"Hellie Eemy-niney."

An Obscure Professor

When I was a girl of seventeen, Woodrow Wilson, then an obscure professor at Princeton, came to Lancaster to lecture under the auspices of the University Extension Course, and my sister and I attended the course. When we returned home from the first of these lectures, full of enthusiasm over the brilliancy, wit and magnetic charm of the then unknown lecturer, my mother said, "Why, he must be the son of my old school chum Jane Woodrow! Don't come home from the next lecture without asking him whether his mother's name was Jane."

So, after the next lecture, my sister went up timidly to the lecturer and said, "My mother told me I was not to come home without asking you whether your mother's name was Jane." He laughed and said it was; and when told who our mother was, he added that he had often heard his mother speak of Henrietta Thurman.

"Mother said I should tell you," my sister then informed him, "that she often rocked you to sleep when you were a baby—that is if your mother's name was Jane."

The impression Mr. Wilson made on me at that time was chiefly of his learning, his irresistible humor, his geniality and his personal magnetism. Of course there was to all our family a halo about any one that had ever in any way been associated with Chillicothe, which our mother's stories of her girlhood had made as romantic to us as was Thrums to "Sentimental Tommy."

I suppose it is because I am not a descendant of the Pennsylvania Germans, and because my home environment and atmosphere were different from that of the families about us who were thus descended, that my stories of these people are rather photographic than psychological; I have looked on at them from the outside, as it were, and have seen them as a picture.

My Father's Sermon Paper

As far back as I can remember, I intended to be a writer. I could not see blank paper without tingling to write on it; the very sight of my father's sermon paper set my imagination working at a high pressure!—and his frequently finding himself out of paper when about to write a sermon was due to my extravagant inroads on his supply—a fact for which I was never reproved—he was proud of it.

I did not, however, receive a great deal of encouragement at home in my ambition. My mother's highest praise of anything I submitted to her never went beyond the mild commendation, "Considering the source, it will pass."

Could anything be more humiliating! "Considering the source!" It spurred me to untiring efforts to impress upon my mother that the "source" was *not* beneath contempt.

There was just one short period in my life when I was almost moved to abandon writing; when at the morbid age of fourteen, a high school teacher said to me, "With you, writing is not work, it's dissipation!" I so realized the truth of this that it gave me some weird scruples as to the rightness of such indulgence.

It was at this same age that I was tortured with the idea of the sinfulness of indulging in the deliciousness of imagining myself the heroine of all the romances I wrote on my father's sermon paper, about misunderstood, long-suffering, nobly self-sacrificing, heroic maidens. Why I thought it sinful I cannot now remember or imagine. But I know that I often spent hours alone on a dark stairway-landing trying in vain to make up my mind to abandon this most intoxicating pastime. And I am very glad now (since Mrs. Fiske is doing me the honor to act one of my heroines) that Satan, in that instance, conquered me.

It was not until after my marriage and the birth of my second son that I published "Tillie," my first novel of the "Pennsylvania Dutch," though I had published before that a great many short stories in the magazines.

I write nearly every day from ten a. m. to four p. m., the only thing to disturb my quiet hours of work being the loud ringing of the door-bell all day long with the hourly arrival of my husband's piano pupils; the piano lessons in the music room below my study; the clanging of the telephone every few minutes; the frequent bursting into the house of my robust and boisterous twelve-year-old son, usually accompanied by a gang of comrades; or of my little daughter demanding "patches" for dolls' clothes—trifling disturbances like that! But being fond of my home and of children, I prefer to wrestle with these drawbacks, rather than bask in the peace and quiet and loneliness of a life with no claims upon me other than those of "my art."

HELEN R. MARTIN
Author of "Barnabetta", etc.

GERMANY IS NOT STARVING

By Herbert Bayard Swope

"An important contribution to contemporaneous history," writes James W. Gerard, American Ambassador to Germany, in his foreword to Herbert Bayard Swope's "Inside the German Empire," just published by The Century Co. ($2.00 net). Mr. Swope spent several months in Germany this last summer and fall, meeting and talking with almost all the national leaders, and his book is unique as a vivid picture of an Empire besieged. Here is a characteristic passage:

Germany is not starving, and she does not intend to starve. She is further away from that danger-point to-day than she has been at any time since the British blockade tightened about her. Her food supplies are not varied and they are not abundant, but she has enough to provide for actual needs and still leave a margin of reserve. . . .

Every great staple of life is to be obtained only by a card. One must have cards for bread, butter, meat, fruits, potatoes, fats, sugar, and recently the system has been extended to include milk, cream, and eggs.

One-egg-a-person-per-week

One may have meat only five times a week, butter or fats only twice a week, and in the beginning of October the empire had gone on a one-egg-a-person-per-week basis. This was for the purpose of building up a reserve stock of eggs, which up to that time had been purchasable without restriction. Bread, vegetables, and fish were to be had every day.

The methods of obtaining food for those living in hotels and those keeping house differ. In the official report recently issued by the British Government it was said that foreigners in Germany, particularly newspaper correspondents, were treated exceptionally in that no restrictions were placed upon their food. I can bear personal testimony to the falsity of this information.

H. B. SWOPE, Author of "Inside the German Empire"

Upon my arrival at the Hotel Adlon in Berlin I was provided with meat- and bread-cards. The bread-cards had little tabs on them, each calling for twenty-five grams of *Kriegsbrot* (war bread made of a mixture of wheat flour, corn flour, and potato meal, looking and tasting like our ordinary rye bread). Each tab was good for a slice of bread. A roll required two tabs, or fifty grams. The meat-cards entitled one to a slice and a half, or seventy-five grams daily. The meatless days are Tuesdays and Fridays. In compensation the days upon which one can obtain butter are also Tuesdays and Fridays. Fats for frying can be had on Mondays and Thursdays.

In the hotels and restaurants sugar and cream are not served. In place of sugar, little particles of saccharin are given, and in place of cream a thin-skimmed milk. The cream and sugar are kept for hospital use. While it is possible to regulate the service of meats and butters in a restaurant, it is not so easy to do so in households, and so the system for the householders is changed.

Every family is given a card calling for the quantity to which its size entitles it, and then these cards are used on stated days at the various markets. Every family has a regular day on which it buys its meat supplies for the week. This is to prevent the butcher being loaded down with an unnecessarily great supply. He stocks just the amounts he knows his various customers will require and for which they present their cards, which he in turn presents to the central governmental supply station on renewing his stock.

Bread

The bakers, too, sell by weekly arrangements. Each consumer is entitled to 1900 grams of baked bread or 1700 grams of bread and 250 grams of meal or flour. At the beginning of the regulations the loaves used to be baked in 2000-gram loaves (about four pounds), but it was found the wastage in this was heavy, so now they are made in 1000-gram loaves.

Every consumer is entitled to 60 grams of butter and 30 grams of oleomargarine, or vegetable fat. Every person has the right to draw nine pounds of potatoes a week. There is no restriction as to how these supplies shall be used in private families. If a household wanted to, it could use all its card rations in one day. Then for the rest of the week it would have to live on the things the purchase of which is still unrestricted.

PRAYER FOR A PUP

By Walter A. Dyer

"A truly delightful and excellent book, a permanent contribution to the scanty literature of fine books about our animal friends," says the "New York Times" of Walter A. Dyer's "Gulliver the Great and Other Dog Stories" (The Century Co., $1.35 net). The stories are thrilling and entertaining and often poetic and sometimes pathetic. This is the way Mr. Dyer ends his book:

Great God of Dogs:

Seated on thy regal throne in the high heavens, where ruddy Sirius flames; with all thy angel pack about thee, running to do thy bidding—St. Bernards and all the other canine saints, collies, setters, mastiffs, and great Danes, dogs who gained heaven through much lov-

ing and profound devotion, a noble brood, heroes of flame and flood—

Great God of Dogs, look down and hear my humble prayer.

Outside thy portals this gray morn a little stranger waits, an Airedale terrier, nine months old, big-footed, awkward-limbed, rough-coated, with stubby tail held upright, wagging rapidly, ears cocked, and brown eyes full of innocent inquiry and pained surprise at his strange plight, pleading humbly for admittance.

That's Dusty Rhodes. He died last night in undeserved pain. His little spirit passed beyond our ken. No more our door is opened to his plaintive whine. Great God of Dogs, I pray thee, let him in.

And if he cannot read his title clear to kennels in the skies, I pray thee grant him mercy. If in his record thou dost read much mischief and some disobedience, forget not his unsullied heart, his sweet and gentle disposition; no trace of viciousness did darken his young life, no evil mood, nor any least resentment. He teased our cat, but it was only play; he would have loved him like a brother if he could. And if on such and such a day he misbehaved and heeded not the bidding of his mistress, on that same day he licked the chastising hand, and all was soon forgiven and forgot.

There be no deeds of valor to record; but he was young. He came of noble lineage; his little heart was true. Be merciful, I pray, and let him in.

His little collar hangs upon a nail, and e'en the little whip, the sight of which chastises us to-day. He has no home. We cannot bear that he should wander there in outer darkness, unpatted and unloved. Is there no place in all wide heaven for him? Is there no loving hand to take his proffered paw? I pray thee, let him in.

And if there be an angel child or two whose time may well be spared, some cherub who can understand a dog, who loves to play, I pray thee to entrust him to his keeping. He will repay the care. Across the Elysian fields he'll romp and run; and if some angel stops and smiles and speaks his name, as neighbors did on earth, then there will sound the bark of pure delight that we shall hear no more, no more; and heaven will hear a joyful noise that day.

Great God of Dogs, outside thy pearly gates this little stranger stands and begs the simplest boon. He only asks for some one he may love. Great God of Dogs, wilt thou not take him in?

James W. Gerard, American Ambassador to Germany, has contributed a foreword to "Inside the German Empire," by Herbert Bayard Swope.

FRENCH MISRULE IN AFRICA

By Herbert Adams Gibbons

"The New Map of Africa" (The Century Co., $2.00 net), by Herbert Adams Gibbons, is a companion volume to the same author's widely known "New Map of Europe." It tells the story of colonial enterprise in Africa, the struggle for supremacy of the European nations in the dark continent; and it analyses the relation of this struggle to the present war and forecasts the future of Africa's development. Mr. Gibbons discusses below an important aspect of the European administration:

The blame that attaches to France and to her Colonial Ministry is in allowing the French flag to wave, and in assuming the responsibility of government, over regions where concessions companies are given uncontrolled power to exploit the blacks for their own benefit; and then in sending troops to punish the natives for doing what Frenchmen would do under similar circumstances—protecting their wives and children from dishonor, torture, and death. What a mockery to free the negroes of Central Africa from the slave trader, and then turn them over to soulless corporations with a thousand times more power to bully and drive and massacre that Tippoo Tib and his ilk! There is blame, also, for putting power in the hands of Senegalese brutes, and invariably supporting them in the exercise of that power. . . .

Central Africa and the White Man

Washing dirty linen is a painful and unpleasant business. It is an unprofitable business, too, unless it serves some good purpose. I would not feel justified in speaking of the sad maladministration in the French Central African colonies, if I were not able at the same time to suggest the reasons for this maladministration, and the way in which it can be remedied.

Central Africa has an evil effect upon the moral sense of the white man, when left too much alone or entrusted with the exercise of uncontroled power. He becomes lazy, careless, neurasthenic, credulous. In continual contact with the brutality of the blacks, and their hopeless degradation, out of touch with the civilization whose magic is in the ability it gives man to dominate his natural bestial instincts by a cultivated spiritual control, the European quickly degenerates. He becomes as careless of human life as those around him. He commits acts of cruelty without a qualm, the remembrance of which haunts him continually years later when he returns to civilization. Only men of the strongest character and moral fiber, who have been born and raised in an atmosphere of culture, who have gone through the severe discipline of cultural education, who have inherited the habit of exercising authority, and who, when they return from their post, go by right of blood and ability into cultivated circles and to responsible positions, are fit to be entrusted with administrative posts in Central Africa. For this type of man alone is able to resist the demoralizing influences of solitude, degrading surroundings, and unlimited power of the Central Africa official.

The British send this type of man to Africa. Other nations do not. Hence the joy of natives under the British flag, and the misery of natives under other flags.

VILLA AND THE MOVIE MAN

By Francis A. Collins

Everyone who has a camera and everyone who is interested in adventure will enjoy "The Camera Man" (The Century Co., $1.30 net), by Francis A. Collins. It describes the marvellous achievements of photography in every field and contains a great many entertaining anecdotes like the following; and it will open the eyes of the amateur camera man who wishes to branch out in new directions.

During one of the Villa campaigns in Mexico, a camera man had the unique distinction of acting as a commanding officer. It was all very real warfare, as the deplorable lists of dead and wounded testify, but the camera man nevertheless often directed the battles much as though he were working in a studio. A large moving picture company entered into a definite contract with Villa to make motion pictures of the campaign to be exhibited later in all parts of the world.

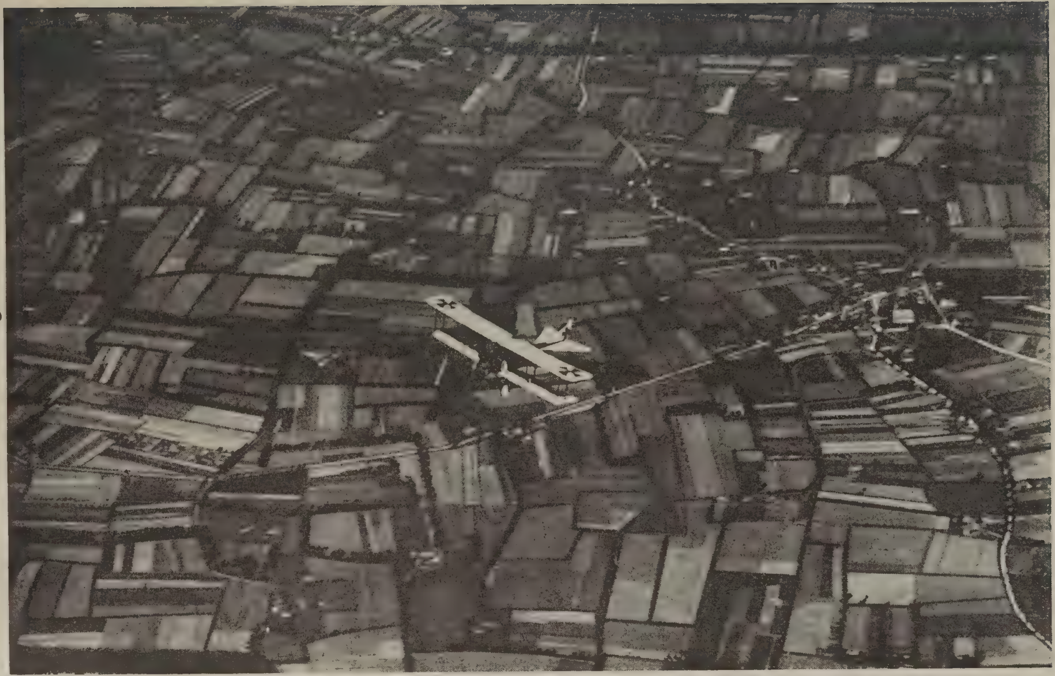
Staging the Campaign

In return for a large sum of money Villa agreed, among other things, that the fighting should always occur between the hours of nine a. m. and four p. m., when the light would best suit the camera man. There were to be no night attacks, because they could not be photographed. And, despite many temptations to fight when light was poor for photography, Villa kept his word. More than once during the drive southward, the hour of four, when the photographer quit work, found the troopers in a perilous position.

According to all the rules of military strategy, the army should have advanced to follow up the advantage gained in the day's fighting. The council of war invariably included the camera man, however, who would insist that the drive be postponed until the next day when the light was right, and the battle would be planned accordingly.

In many cases the fighting was actually delayed to suit the movie man, as though the action were taking place on a stage. One day the machine guns had actually been placed in position to meet an unexpected charge. Mr. L. M. Burrud, the photographer, had set up his camera near by. His range was, of course, much less than that of the rapid-fire guns. The situation was explained to Villa, who thereupon ordered his men not to fire on the advancing enemy until the camera man gave the signal. The men behind the guns actually stood the enemy's fire without returning it until the advancing troops were in camera range. Then, and not until then, Mr. Burrud began turning the crank of his machine. This was the signal anxiously awaited, and a moment later the rapid-fire guns delivered a continuous deadly volley and the charge was checked. . . .

During the Villa fighting, Burrud was called outdoors unexpectedly at sunrise one morning and directed to report with his camera at once at headquarters. When he arrived, coatless and breakfastless before Villa's tent, he was told that the General had decided to have some twenty prisoners shot and wanted a moving picture taken of the execution. The prisoners, most of them political merely, were to be butchered to make a



A German aeroplane photographed, while flying, by a camera man in a second aeroplane higher up – taken by a German aviator officer, in Northern France. [From "THE CAMERA MAN"] moving picture scene.

Burrud feigned to examine his camera closely, and then explained to the General that his films were bad, and it would be impossible to take the picture until a new supply had arrived. Villa was disgusted to miss the entertainment, but the camera man insisted that there was no use in making the exposure and the picture and the execution were put off several days. By the time the next supply of films arrived the General had fortunately changed his mind, and the men were saved.

AFTER SUPPER AT GALLIPOLI

By John Gallishaw

John Gallishaw's "Trenching at Gallipoli" (The Century Co., $1.30 net) has been welcomed everywhere not only because it is unique as an intimate picture of soldier life during the almost unknown Gallipoli campaign, but because of the typically gallant and humorous character of the author. A Newfoundlander himself, in a Newfoundland regiment, he describes in the following passage what his comrades were like and how they passed their free evenings around the fire—before they were virtually all killed off:

After supper that night a crowd sat around the dying embers of one of the fires. This was one of the first positions we had been in where there was cover sufficient to warrant fires being lighted. A mail had been distributed that day, and the men exchanged items of news and swapped gossip. There were men there from all parts of Newfoundland. They spoke in at least thirty different accents. Any one who made a study of it could tell easily from each man's accent the district he came from. Much of the mail was intimate, and necessitated private perusal, but much more was of interest to others. It was interesting to hear a man yell to a friend who came from his same "bay" that another man had enlisted from Robinson's, making up eighteen of the nineteen men of fighting age in the place. Sometimes the news was that "Half has volunteered, and Hed was turned down by the doctor."

This from some resident of the northern parts where the fog is not, and where aspirates are of little consequence. This news gives rise to the opinion that "that's the hend o' Half." This with much discussion and ominous shaking of the head. Sometimes a friend of the absent "Half" would tell of Half's exploit of stealing a trolley from the Reid Newfoundland Railway Company and going twenty miles to see a girl. Sometimes the hero was a married man. Then it was opined that his conjugal relations were not happy, and the reason he enlisted was that "he had heard something." All these opinions and suggestions were voiced with that beautiful freedom from restraint so characteristic of the ordinary conversation of the members of our regiment.

Much was made of the arrival of a mail. It did not happen often, and the letters that came were three or four months old. "As cold waters to a thirsty soul," says Solomon, "so is good news from a far country." The Newfoundlanders in that barren, scorched country caught eagerly at every shred of news from that distant northern country that they loved enough to risk their lives for. With such a setting it is little wonder that the talk was much of home. Behind the persiflage of the talk there was a poignant longing for those dark, cool forests of pine where the caribou roam, and the broad-bosomed lakes and rivers that were the highways for the monsters of the northern forests on their journey to the mills.

Fearsome and Wondrous Tales

The lumbermen of Notre Dame Bay and Green Bay told fearsome and wondrous tales of driving and swamping, of teaming and landing, until one almost heard the blows of the ax, the "gee" and "haw" of the teamsters, and smelt the pungent odor of new-cut pine. The Reid Newfoundland Railway, the single narrow gage road that twists a picturesque trail across the Island, had given largely of its personnel toward the making of the regiment. By comparison with the homeland, Turkey suffered much; and the things they said about Gallipoli were lamentable.

From the gloom on the other side of the fire a voice chanted softly, "It's a long, long way to Tipperary, It's a long way to go." Gradually all joined in. After Tipperary, came many marching songs. "Are we downhearted? NO," with every one booming out the "NO." "Boys in Khaki, Boys in Blue," and at last their own song, to the tune of "There is a tavern in the town":

"And when those Newfoundlanders start to yell, start to yell,
Oh, Kaiser Bill, you'll wish you were in hell, were in hell;

DUGOUTS AT GABA-SEPE
From "Trenching at Gallipoli"

For they'll hang you high to your Potsdam palace wall,
You're a damn poor Kaiser, after all."

The singing died down slowly. The talk turned to the trenches and the chances of victory, and by degrees to personal impressions.

"I'd like to know," said one chap, "why we all enlisted."

"When I enlisted," said a man with an accent reminiscent of the Placentia Bay, "I thought there'd be lots of fun, but with weather like this, and nothing fit to eat, there's not much poetry or romance in war any more."

"Right for you, my son," said another; "your King and Country need you, but the trouble is to make your King and Country feed you."

MY FIRST ENCOUNTER WITH JOHN BARLEYCORN

By Jack London

The recent death of Jack London has again aroused an extraordinary interest in the famous story-writer's "alcoholic" autobiography, "John Barleycorn" (The Century Co., $1.30 net). There has never been written a more powerful "temperance" tract than this book, which reads like a novel and tells the true story of Jack London's life. The following is a fair sample:

I was five years old the first time I got drunk. It was on a hot day, and my father was plowing in the field. I was sent from the house, half a mile away, to carry to him a pail of beer. "And be sure you don't spill it," was the parting injunction.

It was, as I remember it, a lard pail, very wide across the top, and without a cover. As I toddled along the beer slopped over the rim upon my legs. And as I toddled, I pondered. Beer was a very precious thing. Come to think of it, it must be wonderfully good. Else why was I never permitted to drink of it in the house? Other things kept from me by the grown-ups I had found good. Then this, too, was good. Trust the grown-ups. They knew. And anyway, the pail was too full. I was slopping it against my legs and spilling it on the ground. Why waste it? And no one would know whether I had drunk or spilled it.

I was so small that in order to negotiate the pail I sat down and gathered it into my lap. First I sipped the foam. I was disappointed. The preciousness evaded me. Evidently it did not reside in the foam. Besides, the taste was not good. Then I remembered seeing the grown-ups blow the foam away before they drank. I buried my face in the foam and lapped the solid liquid beneath. It wasn't good at all. But still I drank. The grown-ups knew what they were about. Considering my diminutiveness, the size of the pail in my lap, and my drinking out of it with my breath held and my face buried to the ears in foam, it was rather difficult to estimate how much I drank. Also, I was gulping it down like medicine, in nauseous haste to get the ordeal over.

JACK LONDON and Mrs. London
In the Solomon Islands

I shuddered when I started on, and decided that the good taste would come afterward. I tried several times more in the course of that long half-mile. Then, astounded by the quantity of beer that was lacking, and remembering having seen stale beer made to foam afresh, I took a stick and stirred what was left till it foamed to the brim.

And my father never noticed. He emptied the pail with the wide thirst of the sweating plow-man, returned it to me, and started up the plow. I endeavored to walk beside the horses. I remember tottering and falling against their heels in front of the shining share, and that my father hauled back on the lines so violently that the horses nearly sat down on me. He told me afterward that it was by only a matter of inches that I escaped disembowelling. Vaguely, too, I remember, my father carried me in his arms to the trees on the edge of the field, while all the world reeled and swung about me, and I was aware of deadly nausea mingled with an appalling conviction of sin. . . .

In the weeks and months that followed I had no more interest in beer than in the kitchen stove after it had burned me. The grown-ups were right. Beer was not for children. The grown-ups didn't mind it; but neither did they mind taking pills and castor oil. As for me, I could manage to get along quite well without beer. Yes, and to the day of my death I could have managed to get along quite well without it. But circumstance decreed otherwise. At every turn in the world in which I lived, John Barleycorn beckoned. There was no escaping him. All paths led to him. And it took twenty years of contact, of exchanging greetings and passing on with my tongue in my cheek, to develop in me a sneaking liking for the rascal.

JAPAN'S NATIONAL AMBITIONS

By Thomas F. Millard

"One of the most important books of the year, one that no thinking American can afford not to read," says the influential Philadelphia "Public Ledger" of Thomas F. Millard's "Our Eastern Question" (The Century Co., $3.00 net), a famous and authoritative publicist's analysis of America's relations with the Orient. Among other questions Mr. Millard very fully discusses the Japanese "menace." Here is a part of his argument:

Japan's national ambitions have only two main branches, although each branch has collateral issues. These main branches are:

1. To obtain the hegemony of Eastern Asia and the Pacific Ocean.
2. To open a way for Japanese immigration to the Western Hemisphere.

By way of pursuing the first and primary object, Japan has fought two wars within twenty years, and is now (1916) participating in a third war. Her war against China (1894) was something of a disappointment in its immediate results, for the European Powers coerced her to abandon Port Arthur and to respect the independence of Korea, and to accept in lieu thereof a money indemnity. Her war against Russia (1904-5) more than recouped those repulses, for out of it Japan has annexed Korea, occupied South Manchuria and inner Mongolia, and regained Port Arthur. Ten years later came the great European War, which presented an unexpected opportunity for Japan. Japan never has been for long discouraged by rebuffs.

She bided her time, and never abandoned her ultimate purpose. She acquiesced with what grace she could assume in the outcome of her war with China, when compelled to yield to a combination of Powers. "I was not strong enough," Japan figuratively said to herself; "but wait." She had, however, shown enough military strength in that war to get an alliance with Great Britain in the Far East, whose foreign policy then was to obstruct Russia everywhere; and so another ten years found Japan able to attack Russia, which Power was then her immediate obstacle.

As a Result of Success

The second main branch of Japan's world policy grew out of certain developments of her partial success in the primary one. Japan's rise and modernization had caused economic and sociological changes within her own boundaries, and among the fruits of these changes was a great acceleration of increase of population. These phenomena had been observed before the Russo-Japanese War, but at that time a theory was widely entertained that Asia would provide a suitable field for Japanese colonization, while at the same time Japanese domination of China politically and commercially might enable Japan to develop and regulate her own industries, and in that way take care of her swelling millions. Japan now sees that, for a long time to come, Japanese industry cannot forge ahead in the markets of China, in competition with western products, except by having exclusive preferential facilities and position there; and while so retarded, Japan's home industries do not expand as was hoped. Moreover, one powerful factor apparently was then overlooked, or underestimated—an impulse of Japanese across the Pacific rather than to the mainland of Asia, and the new contracts that would bring.

Japan and the United States

In both main branches of Japan's world policy, the United States always has taken an important place. America's fundamental interest in the fate of China is perfectly understood by the statesmen of Japan, even if it is but vaguely comprehended by Americans. American statesmen of a past period had consistently recognized this condition, and it eventually was made a cardinal principle of American foreign policy as formulated by the Hay Doctrine. But Japanese statesmen knew the uncertain nature of the foreign policy of the United States, and the vitiating effects of extreme pacifist doctrines upon it; and they hoped by degrees to undermine the Hay Doctrine, and establish Japan's paramountcy in China without coming to strife with America. This was the thesis of Japan's conception of the relation of the United States to her world policy up to a few years ago, when the failure of Japanese colonization in Asia was perceived at Tokio, and was followed by a realization that Japan's complete ambitions could not be accomplished without a field for expansion on the Western Hemisphere.

BAD LUCK OF A DUTCH NAVIGATOR

By Hendrik Willem van Loon

In "The Golden Book of the Dutch Navigators" (The Century Co., $2.50 net), Hendrik Willem van Loon has condensed in delightful style the stories of the old mariners of Holland who discovered so much of the unknown world and founded a great colonial empire. In the following passage Mr. van Loon describes the misfortunes of Bontekoe and his crew who, after their ship was blown up, drifted for many days before eventually reaching Java:

Meanwhile the exhausted skipper slept, and when in the morning his men told him that they had nothing to eat, he was very angry, for the day before the sea around his mast had been full of all sorts of boxes and barrels, and there had been enough to eat for everybody. During the night, however, the boats had been blown away from the wreckage by the wind. There was no chance to get anything at all. Eight pounds of bread made up the total amount of provisions for seventy strong men. Of these there were forty-six in one and twenty-six in the second boat. Part of that bread was used by the ship's doctor to make a plaster for Bontekoe's wounds.

One of seventy old prints illustrating "The Golden Book of the Dutch Navigators"

With the help of a pillow which had been found in the locker of the biggest boat, and which he wore around his head, Bontekoe was then partly restored to life, and he took command of his squadron and decided what ought to be done. There were masts in the boat, but the sails had been forgotten. Therefore he ordered the men to give up their shirts. Out of these two large sails were made. They were primitive sails, but they caught the breeze, and with the help of the western wind Bontekoe hoped to reach the coast of Sumatra, which, according to the best guess of all those on board, must be seventy miles to the east. All those who had the map of that part of India fairly well in their heads were consulted, and upon a piece of wood a chart of the coast of Sumatra, the Sunda Islands, and the west coast of Java was neatly engraved with the help of a nail and a pocket-knife. A few simple instruments were cut out of old planks, and the curious expedition was ready to navigate eastward.

Fortunately it rained very hard during the first night. The sails made out of shirts were used to catch the rain, and the water was carefully saved in two small empty barrels which had been found in one of the two boats. A drinking cup was cut out of a wooden stopper, and each of the sailors in turn got a few drops of water. For many hours they sailed, and they became dreadfully hungry. Again a merciful Heaven came to their assistance. A number of sea-gulls came flying around the boats, and many of them ventured so near that they seemed to say "Please catch us." Of course, they were caught and killed, and although there was no way of cooking them, they were eaten by the hungry men as fast as they came. But a sea-gull is not a very fat bird, and again there was hunger, and not yet any sight of land. The big boat was a good sailor, but the small one could not keep up with her. Therefore the men in the small boat asked that they might be taken on board the big one, so that they might either perish together or all be saved. The sailors in the large boat did not like the idea. They feared that their boat could not hold all of the seventy-six men. After a while, however, they gave in. The men from the small boat were taken on board. Out of the extra oars a sort of deck was rigged up on top of the boat, and under this a number of the men were allowed to sleep while the others sat on top and looked for land or prayed for food and water.

No further sea-gulls came to feed this forlorn expedition, but just when they were so hungry that they could not stand it any longer, large shoals of flying-fish suddenly jumped out of the water into the boats. Again the men were saved. The two little barrels of water had been emptied by this time. For the second time the men expected that they would all perish. They sailed eastward, but they saw no land, and finally they got so hungry and thirsty that they talked about killing the cabin boy and eating him. Bontekoe asked them please not to do it, and he prayed the good Lord not to allow this horrible thing to happen. The men, however, said that they were very hungry and must have something to eat. Then he asked that they should wait just three days more. If no land was seen after three days they might eat the cabin boy.

Joshua Slocum is officially dead. The Century Company announces that after eight years, during which the author of "Sailing Alone Around the World" has not been heard from, it has paid over the accumulated royalties on the book to his widow. The incident reveals an interesting story. It was in September, 1908, that The Century Company sent its last royalty check to Mr. Slocum. The check came back undelivered, and upon investigation it was found that Slocum had set forth on another of the solitary voyages described in his book. He had sailed from New Bedford in his little boat, and was said to have been bound for South America. Word came back some time later that he had arrived in British Honduras. A further report, never substantiated, was that he had been seen toiling up the Amazon. This was the last that any one ever heard or saw of Slocum, though not till now has it been thought safe to assume that he is dead.

MOZART AND MARIE ANTOINETTE

By Katherine D. Cather

A delightful book for older children is Katherine D. Cather's "Boyhood Stories of Famous Men" (The Century Co., $1.25 net), with illustrations by Maurice L. Bower, describing in a thoroughly poetic way the early lives of such great artists and musicians as Titian, Andrea del Sarto, Murillo, Mendelssohn and others. The following selection is from the story of Mozart's boyhood:

The girl began, and wonderfully well she played. No one knew it better than Wolfgang, and as her white fingers danced along the strings, he listened in real admiration, while Maria Theresa thought with pride that few of her age could do as well. When she finished, the judges and the boy who was her competitor broke into genuine applause, and the Brandweiss smiled with gratification at her charge, very sure that, although Wolfgang had often played in public, he could not do as well. The countess had very decided opinions about things, and was particularly strong in her belief that low-born children ought not to be allowed to vie with princesses of the blood royal.

"Now, Master Mozart," the Archduchess Caroline said, "you take the harp, and see if you can do better."

Wolfgang moved to the instrument and swept his fingers across the strings. First came a few broken chords, and then an exquisite strain of melody, a folk-song of old Austria still to be heard at eventide in the fields around Salzburg, as the peasants come in from their toiling. Caroline sat with clasped hands and gleaming eyes. She had listened to that ballad many times, but never had it seemed so beautiful. The empress, very still, looked far out across the sweep of hill and plain that skirted the river, her face wonderfully tender as she listened to the gifted child. Even the punctilious countess forgot her prejudices, and looked at the boy with misty eyes, for the melody took her back to the far-off time when as a child on an old estate at Salzburg she had often sat with her mother and listened to peasant songs sweetening the twilight. Again she saw the flowers and trees of the well-remembered park, the hunting lodge and the copsewood just beyond, and heard the voice of her father, who had slept for years among Austria's honored dead.

But Wolfgang thought only of the music, and played as seldom a child has

KATHERINE D. CATHER
Author of "Boyhood Stories of Famous Men"

played, something stronger and finer than his will guiding his sensitive fingers along the strings.

The melody died away, and he turned to his listeners with a question in his eyes. He was so eager to win, yet he knew the young archduchess had done remarkably well.

But Marie Antoinette did not wait for the word of the judges. She ran to him in her big-hearted, impulsive way, and pinned the cross on his coat.

"You have beaten me," she said, "and the cross is yours! You have won it, Wolfgang, for I cannot play *half* as well as that!"

An attendant appeared just then and saluted the empress.

"Your Majesty," he announced, "his excellency, the Baron Kaunitz awaits your commands at the palace."

But Maria Theresa, mighty ruler of the Austrian land, seemed not to hear. She had forgotten all about affairs of state, and sat as one in a dream, charmed by the magical music of Mozart, as men and women are still charmed by it today.

THE LONG DAY

"The Long Day" (The Century Co., $1.20 net), the truthful, intimate life-story of a New York working-girl as told by herself, is one of the most interesting human documents published within recent years. Critics of all shades of opinion have concurred with Miss Agnes Repplier's opinion of the book as "vivid and engrossing." Here is a short passage describing a day in a box-factory:

The most exciting event of the day had occurred. Adrienne, one of the strippers, had just been carried away, unconscious, with two bleeding finger-stumps. In an unguarded moment the fingers had been cut off in her machine. Although their work does not allow them to stop a moment, her companions were all loud in sympathy for this misfortune, which is not rare. Little Jennie, the unfortunate girl's turner-in and fellow-worker for two years, wept bitterly as she wiped away the blood from the long, shining knife and prepared to take the place of her old superior, with its increased wage of five dollars and a half a week. The little girl had been making only three dollars and a quarter, and so, as Henrietta remarked, "It's a pretty bad accident that don't bring good to somebody."

"Did they take her away in a carriage?" Henrietta asked of Goldy Courtleigh, who had stopped a moment to rest at our table.

"Well I should say! What's the use of getting your fingers whacked off if you can't get a carriage-ride out of it?"

"Yes, and that's about the only way you'd ever squeeze a carriage-ride out of this company," commented Henrietta. "Now I've two lady-friends who work in mills where a sick headache and a fainting-spell touch the boss for a carriage-ride every time!"

The awakening thunder of the machinery burst gratefully on our ears. It meant that the last half of the weary day had begun. How my blistered hands ached now! How my swollen feet and ankles throbbed with pain! Every girl limped now as she crossed the floor with her towering burden, and the procession back and forth between machines and tables began all over again. Lifting and carrying and shoving; cornering and taping and lacing—it seemed as though the afternoon would never wear to an end. . . .

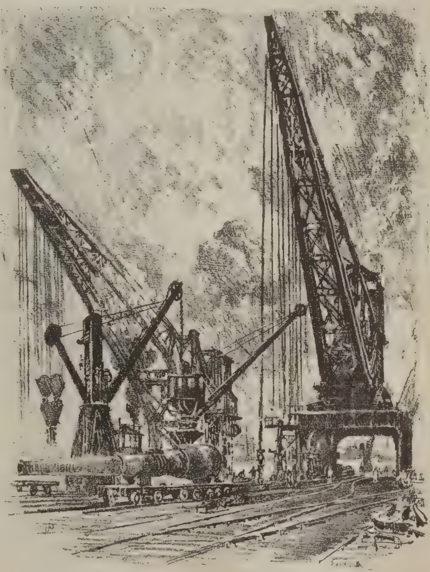
Blind and dizzy with fatigue, I peered down the long, dusty aisles of boxes toward the clock above Annie Kinzer's desk. It was only two. Every effort, human and mechanical, all over the great factory, was now strained almost to the breaking-point. How long can this agony last? How long can the roar and the rush and the throbbing pain continue until that nameless and unknown something snaps like an overstrained fiddle-string and brings relief?

The head foreman rushed through the aisles and bawled to us to "hustle for all we were worth," as customers were all demanding their goods.

"My God! ain't we hustling?" angrily shouted Rosie Sweeny, a pretty girl at the next table, who supplied most of the profanity for our end of the room. "God Almighty! how I hate Easter and Christmas-time! Oh, my legs is 'most breaking," and with that the overwrought girl burst into a passionate tirade against everybody, the foreman included, and all the while she never ceased to work.

THE CENTURY FOR FEBRUARY

The February CENTURY is the Midwinter Fiction Number; and in addition to an installment of Gertrude Hall's popular serial, "Aurora the Magnificent," the fiction will include five **short stories.** Most of them are by new writers. There could be no better demonstration of the fact that THE CENTURY welcomes fresh talent than the names of Thomas Beer, whose strong story of fraternal feeling, "The Brothers," opens the number; Gertrude Nafe, who contributes "One Hundred Dollars," a story of the fight against poverty; and Roger Wray, author of "An Episode." Sarah N. Cleghorn, who is represented by a dramatic little narrative, "Mr. Charles Raleigh Rawdon, Ma'am," has been known hitherto as a poet rather than as a fiction writer. Fanny Kemble Johnson, who contributes another genial adventure from the life of Roddy Ivor, is the only author of the five whose stories



One of Mr. Pennell's lithographs showing gun ready for shipment. From the February CENTURY are familiar to Century readers. Each of these five stories has the interest of the unexpected, and each adds to novelty, distinction and charm.

February Articles

The February issue will be notable also for the publication of a group of articles of more than ordinary importance:—

The railroad dilemma gives timely interest to Harold Kellock's brief paper, "Fair Play for the Railroads," a relentless study of the forty-nine varieties of railroad law now in force, with a recommendation for prompt Congressional action.

Even more important to Americans who look beyond the boundaries of their country is the third of Herbert Adams Gibbons's articles in his series on the problems of reconstruction in Europe. "Constantinople, Principle or Pawn?" is his title, and his article is a ringing appeal to the Allies to stand by the ideals which have gained them the sympathy of thoughtful Americans, and to refuse to surrender Constantinople to Russia. The question is a critical one for the future of the world, and it could not be more clearly put or more thrillingly answered than by Dr. Gibbons.

In view of the political upset in England (which, by the way, was a striking fulfillment of S. K. Ratcliffe's prophecy in the October Century), Arthur Gleason's article on "The Social Revolution in England" will stimulate a suddenly reawakened public interest. Mr. Gleason is a careful student of social problems both at home and abroad, and in this paper he gives us the result of his investigation beneath the surface of life in Great Britain to-day. His findings will astonish the conservative and give new hope to the radical.

Since the beginning of the war Americans have found themselves in peculiarly sympathetic relationship with France. Old ties have taken on new life, and the two great republics have become once more conscious of their sisterhood in ideals. Most Century readers therefore will anticipate with pleasure the appearance in the February number of "France and America, Partners," an appeal for international comradeship by Jules Bois, an editor of "Figaro." There is great wit in M. Bois' analysis of French and American traits and inspiration in the conclusion he draws with regard to our common destinies and our common future.

Theatre-goers especially will appreciate both the article in which Mrs. Fiske tells of her experience in making a commercial success of Ibsen's plays, and the scholarly discussion of Ibsen's work by his friend, George Brandes, the foremost critic in Europe.

Important Art Features

Two striking artistic features give the number unusual distinction: an article on wood-engraving by the greatest living exponent of the art, Timothy Cole, illustrated by no less than seven of his finest engravings; and a series of five vigorous and characteristic lithographs of the munitions works of England, by Joseph Pennell.

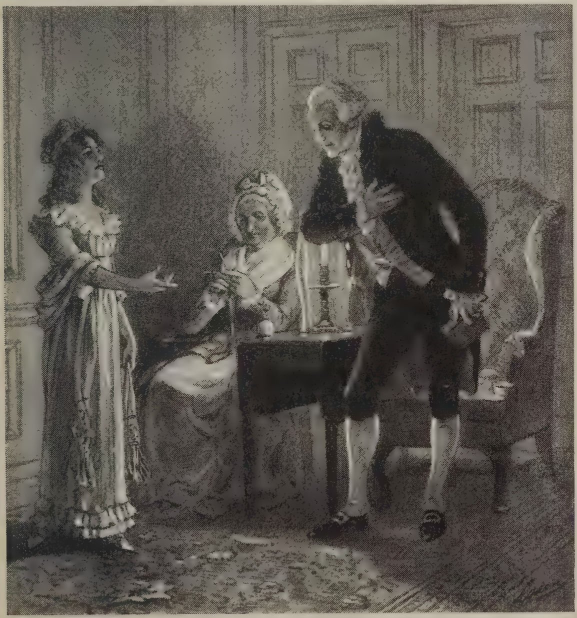
The issue is rounded out by an able article from Seymour Deming, entitled "This Distrust of Democracy"; by a notable array of poems, and by a group of contributions by E. L. McKinney, Frederick Lewis Allen, Christopher Morley, and Gluyas Williams in the pleasant pages of "In Lighter Vein."

ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE NOTES

In keeping with the February anniversary that most readily occurs to the American mind, the next number of St. Nicholas will appropriately open with an article on "Washington's Interest in Young People," written by that well-known authority H. A. Ogden, who also furnishes the illustrations. The sketch presents our great President in a most amiable and intimate light, from a new point of view, in fact, to those who have been inclined to regard him as a historical abstraction. He not only befriended, in many ways, the children of his relatives and friends, but was even known to repeat nursery rhymes for the amusement of a little maid he met in his journeyings.

Another feature appropriate to the winter season will be a stirring story entitled "With a Coil of Rope," describing a thrilling adventure of two boys in the Northwest, and the resourcefulness of one who, by a unique method, rescues his young companion from grave danger.

As an offset to the grim realities of this story, the February number will contain an altogether delightful adventure of a Persian cat, Fiammetta, told in such an amusing vein that it will be read as eagerly by fathers and mothers as by the children themselves. Some inimitable illustrations by Tony Sarg will add further to the attractiveness of the story.



Illustrating "Washington's Interest in Young People," by H. A. Ogden, in the February St. Nicholas

Under the title, "A Wise Man of the East," Mr. Montrose J. Moses will tell of the wonderful work of the school founded and conducted in India by Sir Rabindranath Tagore, the great poet now visiting in this country. The illustrations from actual photographs show that the Hindu students have been able to assimilate such Occidental inventions as glee clubs and football organizations.

In the February instalment the young heroine of "Understood Betsy," by Dorothy Canfield, continues to widen her experiences of farm life, finds herself a pupil at a country school, and enters on an intimate acquaintance with Shep, the farm dog. This latter incident is described in as delightful a bit of writing as anything that this gifted author has done.

The pleasure of ST. NICHOLAS readers in reading Mr. Albert Bigelow Paine's sketch of "The Great Upheaval" has been unavoidably postponed until February. But all ST. NICHOLAS readers will agree, we are sure, that it is well worth waiting for.

"A Maiden Crusader"

Miss Mary R. Parkman's remarkable series of present-day biographies will be continued in a sketch of the life of Frances E. Willard, "A Maiden Crusader," the sort of inspiring record that ST. NICHOLAS is always glad to offer in its pages.

Some of the magazine's young correspondents of the gentler sex have already written to tell of their pleasure in the serial "Under Boy Scout Colors," which the boys have doubtless appropriated as their own especial property. The February instalment will only add to the interest that every live reader must feel in the group of scouts introduced by Mr. Joseph B. Ames.

Mr. Tudor Jenks is to contribute a whimsical short story, "In Gnome Man's Land," amusingly illustrated by Reginald Birch. The work of this writer and artist in "The Pigmy Fleet" will be vividly recalled by some of the fathers and mothers of to-day who used to be ST. NICHOLAS boys and girls.

The various departments will maintain their high standards, "The Watch Tower" keeping the magazine's readers in touch with current events, "Nature and Science" bringing to their attention the interesting and wonderful discoveries of the day. The St. Nicholas League, as usual, brings forth surprisingly good contributions from League members everywhere. Indeed a certain rather old-fashioned gentleman of our acquaintance, who has not yet become conscious of the charm of *vers libre,* insists that the only place where he can be sure of finding good verse these days is in the pages of the St. Nicholas League. When we read such a remarkable poem as that which follows, written by a thirteen-year-old, Beatrice Caldwell, we see "there is much reason in his saying:"

A MARCHING SONG

By BEATRICE CALDWELL

Onward, still onward, the gray hosts come marching;
The bravest and noblest of France are afield,
Upholding tradition from Charlemagne downward,
When first bloomed the lilies that garland her shield.

Onward, still onward, all dusty and haggard;
Onward, still on to the grim battle-line;
Onward, still onward, the tricolor gleaming,
Here meet the hosts of the Rhone and the Rhine.

When the bugle rang clear over city and mountain,
Echoed in valley and rolled o'er the plain,
We answered as only her heroes can answer,
And the Marne has foretold that we die not in vain.

Onward, march onward! Each eye flashes fire;
Down from the Ardennes and up from the sea;
We appeal to the Highest—O Father of Nations!
Onward to victory, onward to Thee!

BOOKS AND THEIR MAKERS

Louis Untermeyer's collection of poems, "Challenge," has just gone into a third edition.

"The Sweetmeat Game," the San Francisco Chinatown one-act play which Ruth Comfort Mitchell included in her recent book, "The Night Court and Other Verse," has just been produced with marked success at the Palace Theatre, New York.

That the English departments of our colleges are beginning to recognize the existence of modern literature is indicated by the fact that a fifth large edition has just been required of Cunliffe and Lomer's "Writing of To-day," a collection of prose articles of all types by well-known living writers.

During January The Century Company will publish a work entitled "Why Men Fight," by the Hon. Bertrand Russell, the famous English philosopher. Mr. Russell has recently become widely known, aside from his philosophical work, as one of the very few eminent Europeans who have persistently stood out against the spirit of international hatred. Like Romain Rolland, he has suffered for his faith at the hands of his own people. His defense of the "conscientious objectors" to conscription has cost him his professorship at Cambridge University. He has also been heavily fined and has been refused a passport to come to America and accept an appointment at Harvard.

Needless to say, Mr. Russell's pacifism is not of the passive order. It consists in an ardent belief that the only way to prevent war is to bring against it counter-impulses not less instinctive, but in line with life's creative and purposive tendencies. This, in fact, is the theme of his new book, a book that is typical of the new movement in philosophy in its warm democratic spirit, its religious aim, its accessibility and charm of style, and its thrilling psychological realism. Mr. Russell discusses, with special reference to war and the human conditions that give birth to war, such social questions as marriage, the state, education and religion, and concludes with a practical discussion of what each one can do to forward the creative tendencies, and check the destructive tendencies, of life.

"THE FARMER'S YOKEL LAUGHED"
From Will Bradley's "Wonder Box Stories"

Although the Dutch entered the field of geographical exploration at a late date, the result of their labors as pioneers of the map was considerable, says Hendrik Willem van Loon, whose "Golden Book of the Dutch Navigators" retells the stories of the picturesque old mariners of Holland's imperial past. They found Spitzbergen and many new islands in the Arctic; they discovered a new route to the Pacific, shorter and less dangerous than the Straits of Magellan; they charted the Southern Pacific, and discovered Tasmania and New Zealand; settled Mauritius; established colonies in both Americas and South Africa, and opened windows into the mysterious empires of Japan and China. What is more remarkable in all this tale of enterprise, Mr. van Loon says, is that Holland, a small nation at best, was engaged during just that period in one of the most gigantic wars that was ever fought.

One of the amusing incidents recalled by Helen Nicolay's "Our Nation in the Building" is that of the first arrival of Jenny Lind in New York, carefully staged by her manager, P. T. Barnum. "Barnum," says Miss Nicolay, "offered a prize of two hundred dollars for an ode in her honor, which was won by a young man named Bayard Taylor. When her ship was nearing port he erected triumphal arches on the wharf. Guns announced her arrival off Sandy Hook, and he ostentatiously climbed aboard the 'Atlantic' to welcome her 'with a choice bouquet stuck in the bosom of his white vest.' Another man, ostensibly Barnum's business rival, was already at her side, presenting her with a bouquet three times as big; but he may have been part of the advertising scheme in disguise. At any rate, she smiled upon Barnum, and he mounted the box of her carriage, white waistcoat and all, and drove off with her in triumph through the crowd, a move which his autobiography confesses was a detail of his well-thought-out-plan."

The Century Company will shortly publish a little book by Charles M. Schwab entitled "Succeeding with What You Have," in which the famous steel master reveals the secret of his success, and describes the inner workings of the Bethlehem steel plant.

Herbert Bayard Swope, whose "Inside the German Empire" has just been issued by The Century Company, says that during his recent visit to Germany he met Captain von Papen, the former German military attaché here, who was sent home by our government. After six weeks on the firing line, Papen, according to Mr. Swope, was made chief of staff to General Schweinitz, holding the Grevillers-Warlencourt-Ligny line, and has proved himself an efficient officer. Mr. Swope reports that our other friend, Captain Boy-Ed, former naval attaché at Washington, is now chief intelligence officer at the admiralty in Berlin, and is as bitter toward America as Papen is friendly. He says also that Dr. Dernberg, the other propagandist who was returned to the Fatherland, is philosophical as regards his work in America, and without rancor over his treatment. He is living in Berlin, working on housing plans for the poor, but he has lost the confidence of his government.

NOTABLE NEW BOOKS

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WITH SERBIA INTO EXILE. By Fortier Jones. An American's adventures with the Serbian army during its retreat to the Adriatic. Illustrated from photographs. 8vo, 447 pages. Price $1.60 net.

(See inside of front cover)

"An important contribution to contemporaneous history."
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Inside the German Empire

By Herbert Bayard Swope

A record of observations and deductions in Germany during the latter months of 1916; the work of a trained American newspaper man who has just returned from the Kaiser's Empire, after being accorded during his visit unusual opportunities to see and study men and affairs.

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(Continued on inside of back cover)

THE CENTURION

FEBRUARY, 1917

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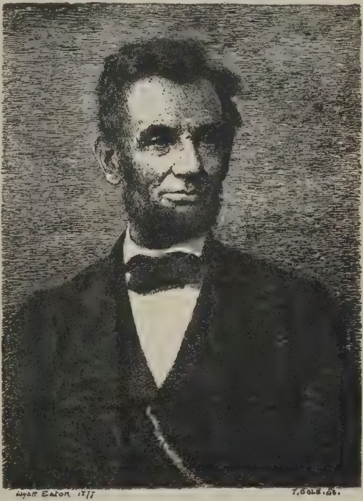
Notes on Lincolniana

When February comes around each year there is always a renewed interest in everything concerning Lincoln, and this leads us to speak of the remarkable collection of Century books on Lincoln, a list so remarkable that The Century Co. might well be called the official publishers of Lincolniana.

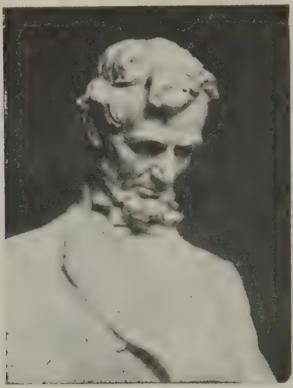
"Abraham Lincoln: a History"



The Wyatt Eaton Portrait of Lincoln
Engraved by Timothy Cole

Chief among these books, of course, is the great "Abraham Lincoln: a History," by his secretaries, John G. Nicolay and John Hay, the monumental ten-volume work that in all probability will always remain as the only full and authoritative record of the private life and public career of the great President. As everyone knows, the advantages enjoyed by the writers of this history were not only incomparably greater than those possessed by any predecessors, but they are also beyond the reach of any future historian. Messrs. Nicolay and Hay were Lincoln's private secretaries for many years and enjoyed his closest intimacy and confidence. One of them, and generally both, were on duty at Lincoln's side every day from 1860 to 1865. During all these years the authors cherished the idea of writing this history, and Lincoln himself, who was aware of their intention, encouraged and assisted them in their work. Some of his most precious manuscripts were given them by his own hand. For twenty years after Lincoln's death Nicolay and Hay gave most of their time to the collection and arrangement of the enormous amount of material at their disposal. All of Lincoln's papers were unreservedly placed in their hands by the Hon. Robert T. Lincoln, the only surviving member of the family, while the courtesy of many Secretaries of War gave them free and constant access to military reports.

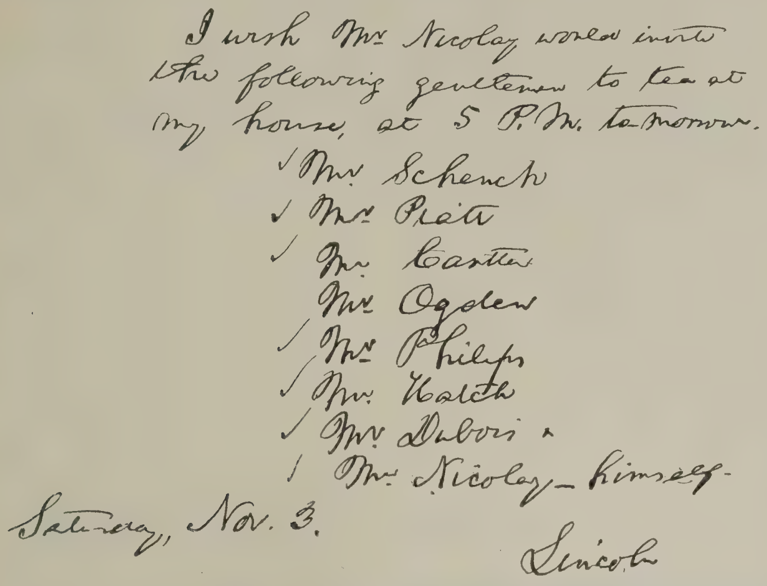
Invaluable and fascinating as this great book is, however, there are many readers who are dismayed by its mere size, and for them, fortunately, another life of Lincoln exists, not less authoritative but compact in one convenient volume. This is John G. Nicolay's "Abraham Lincoln: a Short History," in which one of the President's devoted secretaries condensed the story that he and Mr. Hay had written out at length. Based upon the great history also is "The Boys' Life of Abraham Lincoln," a vivid and inspiring narrative for all young Americans, by Mr. Nicolay's daughter, Miss Helen Nicolay.



Nor are these the only records for which Lincoln lovers are indebted to the Nicolay family. Miss Helen Nicolay's "Personal Traits of Abraham Lincoln" is a book of anecdotes mainly, but anecdotes to which no other writer has had access. When Miss Nicolay's father began collecting material for his great work he began also putting many memoranda into a series of envelopes marked "Personal Traits," meaning at the time to make use of the material in the work upon which he was engaged. In the end, however, he left this material unused, and it remained for Miss Helen Nicolay to work the rich accumulation of years into a volume.

"Lincoln the Lawyer"

Less general in its interest, perhaps, but still of extremely wide appeal is Frederick Trevor Hill's "Lincoln the Lawyer." Mr. Hill was long ago impressed by the fact that although Lincoln's practice as a lawyer extended over twenty-four years, his achievements as a statesman so transcended his legal accomplishments that little attention had ever been paid to this side of his life and work. Mr. Hill became convinced that Lincoln's legal training proved invaluable to him at critical moments during his presidency, and that it is possible he would never have been called to his high station had he not practiced at the bar. Accordingly, he set to work and made a profound study of this obscure phase of Lincoln's career, traveling over his old circuit in Illinois, discovering important records that other writers had overlooked, talking with old men who had known Lincoln personally in his capacity as lawyer, and piling up an immense mass of entirely new and carefully docu-



I wish Mr. Nicolay would invite
the following gentlemen to tea at
my house, at 5 P.M. to-morrow.
✓ Mr. Schenck
✓ Mr. Pratt
✓ Mr. Carter
Mr. Ogden
✓ Mr. Philips
✓ Mr. Hatch
✓ Mr. Dubois
✓ Mr. Nicolay—himself.
Saturday, Nov. 3.
Lincoln

A LINCOLN MEMORANDUM. From "Personal Traits of Abraham Lincoln"

mented Lincoln material which at least no lawyer ought to neglect.

Yet another Lincoln book, intensely interesting and rich in anecdote, is "Lincoln in the Telegraph Office," by David Homer Bates, who served from 1861-1866 as Manager of the War Department telegraph office and Cipher-Operator. During these years Lincoln came almost daily to the telegraph office, often several times during the day and night to get news at the earliest possible moment. It was not the Lincoln of the White House and of public life that the operators saw and talked with. It was the man Lincoln, bowed down with his heavy load of a nation's struggle, nerves often strained to snapping, but always the man of singularly appealing and lovable personality; and this is the Lincoln Mr. Bates has pictured in these pages, with interesting side-lights on McClellan, Secretary Stanton and others.

Lincoln's Writings

And then, too, of Lincoln's own writings The Century Co. publishes the official edition—the "Complete Works of Abraham Lincoln," in two volumes, as authorized by Robert T. Lincoln and edited by Messrs. Nicolay and Hay. A unique item, finally, is "Lincoln: Passages from His Speeches and Letters," with an introduction by Richard Watson Gilder, the little "thumbnail" collection of the most famous of Lincoln's utterances, those that display most notably the depth of his wisdom and the rare qualities of his style.

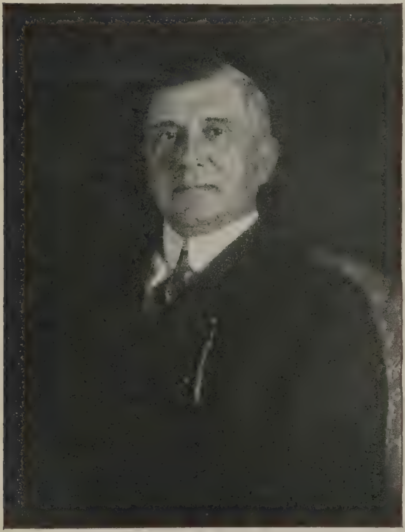
SUCCEEDING WITH WHAT YOU HAVE

By Charles M. Schwab

Charles M. Schwab, the famous steel magnate, has written a book, which is just out. It is called "Succeeding with What You Have," and The Century Co. publishes it at 50 cents. In this book Mr. Schwab tells the secret of his own success and describes the inner workings of the Bethlehem plant. Mr. Schwab says there is more opportunity in America than ever to rise in the world. He tells these stories to prove it:

When I took charge of the Carnegie works at Homestead there was a young chap employed there as water boy. A little later he became a clerk. I had a habit of going over the works at unusual hours, to see how everything was moving. I noticed that no matter what time I came around I would find the former water boy hard at work. I never learned when he slept.

Now, there seemed to be nothing remarkable about this fellow except his industry. The only way in which he attracted attention was by working longer hours and getting better results than any one else. It was not long before we needed an assistant superintendent. The ex-water boy got the job. When we established our great armor plate department there was not the slightest difference of opinion among the partners as to who should be manager. It was the youth with the penchant for overtime service.



CHARLES M. SCHWAB
Author of "Succeeding with What You Have"

To-day that ex-water boy, Alva C. Dinkey, is head of a great steel company, and very wealthy. His rise was predicated on his willingness to work as long as there was any work to be done.

If a young man entering industry were to ask me for advice, I would say: Don't be afraid of imperiling your health by giving a few extra hours to the company that pays your salary! Don't be reluctant about putting on overalls! Bare hands grip success better than kid gloves. Be thorough in all things, no matter how small or distasteful! The man who counts his hours and kicks about his salary is a self-elected failure.

It may be in seemingly unimportant things that a man expresses his passion for perfection, yet they will count heavily in the long run. When you go into your customary barber shop, you will wait for the man who gives you a little better shave, a little trimmer hair-cut. Business leaders are looking for the same things in their offices that you look for in the barber shop.

The real test of business greatness is in giving opportunity to others. Many business men fail in this because they are thinking only of personal glory.

Two Stories

Several years ago I was in conference with a New York banker when a newsboy entered the room to deliver a paper. After the boy had left the banker said to me:

"For two years that boy has been bringing me papers every week day. He comes exactly at the time I told him to come, three o'clock. He sells me a paper for just one cent, and neither asks nor expects more. Now a boy who will attend to his business in that fashion has got the right kind of stuff in him. He doesn't know it yet, but I'm going to put him in my bank, and you may be sure he will be heard from."

Andrew Carnegie first attracted attention by using his head to think with. It was when he was a telegraph operator on the Pennsylvania Railroad under Colonel Thomas A. Scott. One morning a series of wrecks tangled up the line. Colonel Scott was absent and young Carnegie could not locate him. Things looked bad.

Right then Carnegie disregarded one of the road's strictest rules and sent out a dozen telegrams signed with Colonel Scott's name, giving orders that would clear the blockade.

"Young man," said the superintendent a few hours later, "do you realize that you have broken this company's rules?"

"Well, Mr. Scott, aren't your tracks clear and your trains running?" asked the young telegrapher.

Colonel Scott's punishment was to make Carnegie his private secretary.

THE PRINCIPLE OF GROWTH

By Bertrand Russell

Undoubtedly one of the most important of the season's books is "Why Men Fight" (The Century Co., $1.50), in which Bertrand Russell, the famous English philosopher and pacifist, analyzes the hidden causes of war that lurk in human beings themselves and that are aggravated by the conditions of modern society. Mr. Russell's book, which has just appeared, is a milestone in the progress of the new realistic philosophy. It also points a new way of life for the individual. People who have never read a word of philosophy before will be thrilled by its message, and will find themselves unable to stop reading to the end, once they have read a page or two and fallen under the author's spell. In the following paragraphs Mr. Russell outlines what is perhaps the central point in his argument:

What integrates an individual life is a consistent creative purpose or unconscious direction. Instinct alone will not suffice to give unity to the life of a civilized man or woman: there must be some dominant object, an ambition, a desire for scientific or artistic creation, a religious principle, or strong and lasting affections. Unity of life is very difficult for a man or woman who has suffered a certain kind of defeat, the kind by which what should have been the dominant impulse is checked and made abortive.

Influence of Professional Life

Most professions inflict this kind of defeat upon a man at the very outset. If a man becomes a journalist, he probably has to write for a newspaper whose politics he dislikes; this kills his pride in work and his sense of independence. Most medical men find it very hard to succeed without humbug, by which whatever scientific conscience they may have had is destroyed. Politicians are obliged, not only to swallow the party program but to pretend to be saints, in order to conciliate religious supporters; hardly any man can enter Parliament without hypocrisy. In no profession is there any respect for the native pride without which a man cannot remain whole; the world ruthlessly crushes it out, because it implies independence, and men desire to enslave others more than they desire to be free themselves. Inward freedom is infinitely precious, and a society which will preserve it is immeasurably to be desired.

The principle of growth in a man is not crushed necessarily by preventing him from doing some definite thing, but it is often crushed by persuading him to do something else. The things that crush growth are those that produce a sense of impotence in the directions in which the vital impulse wishes to be effective. The worst things are those to which the will assents. Often, chiefly from failure of self-knowledge, a man's will is on a lower level than his impulse: his impulse is towards some kind of creation, while his will is towards a conventional career, with a sufficient income and the respect of his contemporaries. The stereotyped illustration is the artist who produces shoddy work to please the public. But something of the artist's definiteness of impulse exists in very many men who are not artists. Because the impulse is deep and dumb, because what is called common sense if often against it, because a young man can only follow it if he is willing to set up his own obscure feelings against the wisdom and prudent maxims of elders and friends, it happens in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred that the creative impulse, out of which a free and vigorous life might have sprung, is checked and thwarted at the very outset: the young man consents to become a tool, not an independent workman; a mere means to the fulfilment of others, not the artificer of what his own nature feels to be good. In the moment when he makes this act of consent something dies within him. He can never again become a whole man, never again have the undamaged self-respect, the upright pride, which might have kept him happy in his soul in spite of all outward troubles and difficulties—except, indeed, through conversion and a fundamental change in his way of life.

The Century Co. will publish in February a new novel by Eleanor Hallowell Abbott, author of "Molly Make-Believe," entitled "The Stingy Receiver." The chief characters are an invalid old lady with money, her doctor, and a very gay young person of the other sex from Norway.

GOETHALS OF PANAMA

By Farnham Bishop

A new, revised, and greatly enlarged edition has just been published of "Panama, Past and Present" (The Century Co., $1.00), by Farnham Bishop, son of the Secretary of the Isthmian Canal Commission. Mr. Bishop knows all about the Canal from the inside and has a brisk, entertaining way of imparting his information. This is what he has to say about General Goethals:

Every morning in the week General Goethals goes out on the line, not as his French predecessor did, in a private car drawn by a locomotive, but in a swift automobile mounted on flanged wheels, that looks like a taxicab disguised as a switch-engine. This motor-car is painted the regulation light yellow of Panama Railroad passenger-coaches, and you can scare a shirker out of a wet-season's growth by yelling, "Here comes the Yellow Peril!" But when the Yellow Peril—also known as the "Brain Wagon"—does come by, as likely as not it is empty; for the General frequently drops off to take a closer look at a steam-shovel, or a group of compressed-air drills, or a new drainage-ditch, or anything else that has attracted his interest. Presently he will come past, perched on top of a loaded dirt train, or walking at a good swinging pace over rough railroad ties and slippery fragments of splintered rock. In the afternoon he does his office work, and it is often late at night when he switches off the light over his desk.

The time to see General Goethals at his best is on Sunday morning, when he sits in his dingy office at Culebra to give justice to all who come and ask for it. It is a scene as simple and as impressive as that of the good King Haroun-al-Raschid hearing his people's troubles, and judging between them by the gate of Bagdad. Every man or woman who has a complaint of ill-treatment, or a suggestion for the improvement of the work, can walk in and tell it to the man at the top. Where else in the world could a laborer's wife, who is tired of getting tough meat from the butcher, say so to the head of a great business—a business so great that its monthly

"THE BRAIN WAGON." From "Panama Past and Present" pay-roll is over $2,000,000—and have him not only listen to her courteously, but also attend to the matter himself?

General Goethals considers it part of his duty to make sixty-five thousand men, women and children satisfied with their houses, the furniture and plumbing therein, their food as supplied by the commissary or served at the hotels and messes, their washing as done by the government laundry, their amusements at the baseball parks, club-houses and band concerts, their chapels and lodges, the railroad and steamship service, the electric light meters, the dentists, and even the icemen,—in the tropics at that. Everything, from the building and fortifying of the Canal, to explaining to Mrs. Jones why Mrs. Smith, whose husband gets twenty dollars less salary a month than hers, has received two more salt-cellars and an extra rocking-chair from the district quartermaster, rests on his shoulders, and he bears it all with a smile.

The Captain of a Team

He watches and cares for his men as a trainer cares for his athletes, he has coached and drilled them till the forty thousand move together with the smooth team-play of a champion team; and he has breathed into the whole great organization the fighting spirit of its captain. He has proved himself a born fighter and leader of men, not by the number of lives he has taken—for he has never been to war—but by the battles he has won against the desert and the jungle. He has not worn his uniform since he came to Panama.

HOW TO MAKE A BLACKING-BOX

By Louise Brigham

Louise Brigham's "Box Furniture" (The Century Co., $1.60) tells how anybody can make one hundred useful and durable articles for the home out of ordinary wooden boxes. Here is one of the simplest "recipes":

REQUIREMENTS:

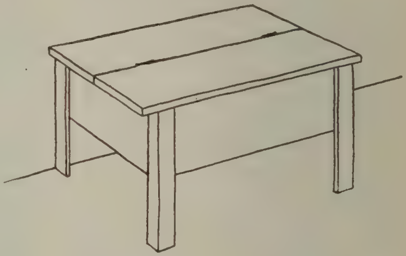
Body. 1 Butter box (about 5¾ inches deep, 13¾ in. wide, 14¼ in. long).

Top. Two pieces ½ in. thick, 1½ in. wider than one-half the outside width of the box, by 3 in. longer than the outside length of the box.

Legs. 4 Strips ⅜ in. thick, 1⅜ in. wide, by 7 in. longer than the outside depth of the box.

Sole Block. 1 Block 2 in. thick, shaped like the sole of a shoe.

Hardware. 2 1½ in. hinges (butts) and screws.



Make the legs 7 inches longer than the outside depth of the box. Remove the cover. Turn the box on end and nail on the legs. Stand it right side up on the legs; nail on one-half the cover, allowing it to project evenly on the side and ends. Hang the other half of cover, placing the hinges in the joint between each half cover. Cut the edges of each half cover to let the hinges in even. Nail the sole block on the under side of the hinged half of the cover, and turn this hinged half over on the fixed half when it is necessary to place the foot on the sole block.

SAINT FRANCIS AND THE TURTLE-DOVES

By Maurice Francis Egan

A very charming book that everyone should own is Maurice Francis Egan's "Everybody's Saint Francis" (The Century Co., $2.50), partly because it tells in a delightfully poetic way the story of one of the world's greatest heroes, and partly because it contains a large number of illustrations by the famous French artist Boutet de Monvel, eight of which are reproduced in full color. Here is a characteristic anecdote of the saint whom even animals loved:

ST. FRANCIS GIVES HIS CLOAK TO THE BEGGAR
One of Boutet de Monvel's illustrations in "Everybody's St. Francis"

Francis believed that God gave special grace to those who loved his little sisters and brothers, the birds and the beasts. Even Brother Fly, though Francis evidently did not look upon him as of the elect, like the lambs and the doves, was not to be called accursed. One day Francis met a youth of amiable appearance on his way to market with a number of turtle-doves in a cage. Now, Francis loved doves, they were so gentle and so affectionate, and had not the Madonna herself offered them in the temple?

"O buono giovane," he said, "give unto me these birds, which are in holy writ compared to chaste and humble souls, so that they may not fall into cruel hands and be killed."

And the young man, by the grace of God, gave the cage of doves to Francis. And then Francis looked into the youth's eyes and said sweetly:

"Little son, thou wilt later be a brother in this order, and serve Jesus Christ most graciously."

And so in time the good youth became one of the blessed order of Francis, and died in the grace of God, which Francis had sought for him because he enabled him to set the doves free. And to the doves he said:

"O my little pure doves, my little sisters, simple, innocent, chaste, why did you let yourselves be taken? See, I snatch you from death, and give nests to you, wherein you may increase and multiply, according to the commandment of the Creator."

Francis made nests for them at the Portiuncula, and without fear they lived with their families among the brethren, by whom they were fed. And after they had been fed, they would not go away until Francis had given them his blessing.

EARTHQUAKES IN MID-OCEAN

By Ernest Ingersoll

"The Book of the Ocean" (The Century Co., $1.50), by Ernest Ingersoll, is packed with curious and interesting information, and illustrations not less curious and interesting, about the great waters of the earth, their hidden life and the forces that control them. The following is a characteristic passage:

To say that a ship in mid-ocean might be destroyed by an earthquake seems paradoxical and absurd, yet it is true. Whenever a subterranean convulsion occurs beneath or at the edge of the sea, the water will be agitated in proportion to its force. Strike a tub of water a gentle tap and see how its liquid contents shiver and ripple. Watch a railway train running at the edge of a body of water, and observe how the water trembles under the percussion of the wheels upon the ground. Earthquake shocks give rise sometimes to great disturbances, either by a direct jar to the water, or by setting in motion waves whose rolling does damage, especially in confined harbors. Sometimes a port will be suddenly invaded by a wave, the cause of which was an earthquake, which rolls in upreared like a wall, and carries death and destruction in its course. . . .

Such catastrophes are not uncommon in volcanic districts, where the ocean retorts with terrible vengeance when it is struck by the land. That appalling explosion in 1883 of Krakatoa, in the Strait of Sunda, was followed on neighboring coasts by a series of vast billows that rolled inland, deluging a wide extent of shore, sweeping away over 150 villages, and crushing or drowning more than thirty thousand persons. Within a few years the coasts of northern Japan have been inundated repeatedly by earthquake waves with similar dire calamities, and they are likely to occur again.

The Earthquake and the Inkstand

Now and then earthquakes are felt even in the open sea, far from land. Thus, Captain Lecky, a scientific writer upon the sea, tells us that in one instance where he was present, the inkstand upon the captain's table was jerked upward against the ceiling, where it left an unmistakable record of the occurrence; and yet this vessel was steaming along in smooth water, many hundreds of fathoms deep. "The concussions," he says, "were so smart that passengers were shaken off their seats, and, of course, thought that the vessel had run ashore." All this disturbance was, nevertheless, only the result of a shock at the bottom; and when the non-elastic nature of water is considered, the severity of the jar is not surprising.

The Century Co. announces a forty-fifth edition of that perennial best-seller, "The Lady of the Decoration," Frances Little's story of the charming little Kentucky widow who goes to Japan to escape from the world that knows too well the tragedy of her wifehood and widowhood only to discover a new life which has all the time been waiting for her at home. "The Lady of the Decoration" was first published in 1906 and made the author famous at once.

LINCOLN AT HOME

By Helen Nicolay

One of the most delightful of all the Lincoln books is Helen Nicolay's "Personal Traits of Abraham Lincoln" (The Century Co., $2.00). Miss Nicolay, as the daughter of the war President's famous secretary and biographer, has had access to an immense amount of intimate material, and it is of this that her book is largely compiled. Here are a few of Miss Nicolay's jottings:

Although wanting in the language of gallantry, Lincoln was not incapable of turning a neat compliment. The artist Carpenter has told me of one that would have pressed Chesterfield hard. An enthusiastic lady gave the President an entirely superfluous bouquet. The situation was momentarily embarrassing, but "with no appearance of discomposure, he stooped down, took the flowers, and looking from them into the sparkling eyes and radiant face of the lady, said, with a gallantry I was unprepared for, "Really, madam, if you give them to *me,* and they are *mine,* I think I cannot possibly make so good a use of them as to present them to *you* in return!"

He was the most abstemious of men. Not that he remained on principle a total abstainer as he was during part of his early life; but he never cared for wines or liquors of any sort, and never used tobacco. Judge Lawrence Weldon once overheard Douglas trying to ridicule him on this point.

"What! You a temperance man?" Douglas asked.

"No," drawled Lincoln, with a smile. "I'm not a temperance man; but I'm temperate in this—to wit—I don't drink."

At table he ate sparingly, without seeming to know what he was eating. When Mrs. Lincoln was away he sometimes absentmindedly omitted the formality of dining altogether. To some visitors who apologized for sending in their cards at the dinner hour, he replied:

"It makes no difference. When my wife is away I just browse around."

Lincoln and the German Merchant

It was the company, not the meat, which interested him. Carl Schurz, for whom he had a strong liking, once asked leave to present his German brother-in-law, a young merchant from Hamburg. Mr. Lincoln told him to bring him the next day about lunch time, adding casually that there would be something to eat. Schurz had no little difficulty in quieting his guest's trepidation. His assertion that there would be no court etiquette or formality whatever was too wild for the foreigner's belief. When he found himself greeted like an old friend, and the three sat down alone to luncheon, he pulled himself out of his stupefaction, and answered entertainingly the many questions about Hamburg with which his host plied him. The meal ended in anecdotes and laughter; and as they left the White House the young German was vainly trying to find words in which to express his puzzled admiration for the man who had risen from peasant to ruler, and, with so much dignity, remained so unconscious of self.

SAILING ALONE AROUND THE WORLD

By Joshua Slocum

The recently reported disappearance of Captain Joshua Slocum, who had sailed away toward South America on another of his solitary voyages, renews interest in "Sailing Alone Around the World" (The Century Co., $1.20), his unique record of a unique experience. Captain Slocum, in the sloop "Spray," actually encircled the globe, his only companion the lively and humorous intellect that nature had endowed him with. Here is a specimen of his narrative:

The loneliness of my state wore off when the gale was high and I found much work to do. When fine weather returned, there came the sense of solitude, which I could not shake off. I used my voice often, at first giving some order about the affairs of a ship, for I had been told that from disuse I should lose my speech. At the meridian altitude of the sun I called aloud, "Eight bells," after the custom on a ship at sea. Again from my cabin I cried to an imaginary man at the helm, "How does she head, there?" and again, "Is she on her course?" But getting no reply, I was reminded the more palpably of my condition. My voice sounded hollow on the empty air, and I dropped the practice.

However, it was not long before the thought came to me that when I was a lad I used to sing; why not try that now, where it would disturb no one? My musical talent had never bred envy in others, but out on the Atlantic, to realize what it meant, you should have heard me sing. You should have seen the porpoises leap when I pitched my voice for the waves and the sea and all that was in it. Old turtles, with large eyes, poked their heads up out of the sea as I sang "Johnny Boker," and "We'll Pay Darby Doyl for his Boots," and the like. . . .

July 10, eight days at sea, the *Spray* was twelve hundred miles east of Cape Sable. One hundred and fifty miles a day for so small a vessel must be con-

"GOOD MORNING, MR. SUN!"
From "Sailing Alone Around the World"

sidered good sailing. It was the greatest run the *Spray* ever made before or since in so few days. On the evening of July 14, in better humor than ever before, all hands cried, "Sail ho!" The sail was a barkantine, three points on the weather bow, hull down. Then came the night. My ship was sailing along now without attention to the helm. The wind was south; she was heading east. Her sails were trimmed like the sails of the nautilus. They drew steadily all night. I went frequently on deck, but found all well. A merry breeze kept on from the south. Early in the morning of the 15th the *Spray* was close aboard the stranger, which proved to be *La Vaguisa* of Vigo, twenty-three days from Philadelphia, bound for Vigo. A lookout from his masthead had spied the *Spray* the evening before. The captain, when I came near enough, threw a line to me and sent a bottle of wine across slung by the neck, and very good wine it was. He also sent his card, which bore the name of Juan Gantes. I think he was a good man, as Spaniards go. But when I asked him to report me "all well" (the *Spray* passing him in a lively manner), he hauled his shoulders much above his head; and when his mate, who knew of my expedition, told him that I was alone, he crossed himself and made for his cabin. I did not see him again. By sundown he was as far astern as he had been ahead the evening before.

PEACE

By Louis Untermeyer

Louis Untermeyer's collection of poems, "Challenge" (The Century Co., $1.00), has just reached its third edition, which shows that the general public is inclined to agree with Professor Erskine's recent prophecy that Mr. Untermeyer may well become, as his art develops, "the most truly poetic interpreter of our day." The sonnet that follows is peculiarly appropriate just now when all the world is talking of peace:

"At Peace?" The world has never been at peace—
Its wars are never-ending; there is naught
In all its battles like these everwrought
And storming hours with their dark increase.
The cities roar; in every street one sees
Women and children, battle-wounded, caught.—
No slaves, no shattered hosts have ever fought
So bitterly, so hopeless of release. . . .
Well, if it must be war, take up the sword,
Facing the world with grim and savage glee;
And, with the courage of a Faith restored,
Strike till the darkness falters, and we see
That liberty is no mere gaudy word,
And peace no slothful, placid mockery.

THE CHARACTER OF BISMARCK

By Andrew D. White

Have you read Andrew D. White's "Seven Great Statesmen" (The Century Co., $3.00)? It contains full-length biographical studies of the all-important masters of statecraft who built modern Europe. One of them is Bismarck, with whom Mr. White himself was at one time on terms of friendship, and whose character he has studied in the light of a very wide experience of men and books. Here is an interesting passage:

As we look back over Bismarck's whole career there looms up before us his historic personality,—huge, portentous, like some vast figure hewn from the living rock in India or on the upper Nile.

His Dominant Ideas

In this figure appear various strata: mediaeval ideas of feudal rule and duty, Frederician conceptions of the absolute monarch as a state servant, devotion to Prussian supremacy and German unity, German liberal ideas implying reliance on the entire people, American republican ideas necessitating local government and a conferation,—*laissez faire,* protectionism, absolutism, socialism, conservatism, radicalism. Veinings also appear,—permeating all strata alike: distrust of Rousseau sentimentalism and Manchester liberalism, contempt for marplots, hatred for demagogues,—degenerating frequently into dislike of constitutionalism, and even into scorn for rational freedom.

His physical qualities combined to give him Titanic force: his huge body, his brain (found after his death to be greater than that of any known contemporary), his easy dominion over the world about him, as a horseman, a hunter, a forester, a born leader of men.

Looking next into his intellectual qualities, we recall first his insight,—his skill in discerning at once the central fact in any situation or combination—the germ of victory. And we note next his foresight,—the power of seeing how principles are to work themselves out or can be made to work themselves out.

Insight and Foresight

It was this insight and foresight which, during the Crimean War, led him to oppose the general German tendency to take sides with the western powers against Russia, and which enabled him later to secure the neutrality of Russia in the Prussian war with France: these too were the qualities which in the Danish war led him to resist the Emperor, the ruling classes, and the German nation in their partiality for "the Augustenburger" and which enabled him to secure Schleswig-Holstein with the harbor of Kiel for Prussia and thereby to give a new stimulus to German patriotism,—the qualities which, when he had brought Austria to the feet of Prussia, led him to resist and conquer the Prussian king, army, and people in all their passion for a revengeful triumph, and enabled him to secure the acquiescence of Austria in the great war with France,—the qualities which led him during the entire war with France to resist everything likely to draw Germany aside from its one purpose—the establishment of its nationality.

MAKING MAPLE SUGAR

By Grant Showerman

Great has been the success, among discriminating readers, of Grant Showerman's "A Country Chronicle" (The Century Co., $1.50), in which many critics have discerned the characteristics of an American Chekhov. Mr. Showerman describes our old American country life exactly as it registered itself on his own eyes when he was a boy of ten, and there is hardly a reader who, in turning his pages, will not find himself living again in a world of sights and sounds that he has all but forgotten. One opens the book anywhere and finds things like this:

I pat the snow down all over. My father dips into the syrup, and puts a little on the snow. It melts a little hole, and sinks in out of sight.

My father picks at the syrup in the hole with the point of the spoon. He says: "No, t' ain't thick enough yet."

We wait quite a while longer. The bubbles in the pan get slower and slower, as if they were sticky. There are more big bubbles than before, and bigger puffs of steam when they break. The fine, warm sugary smell is everywhere.

My father says: "Well, le's try again now."

I bring the basin. My father puts some more on. It begins to melt the snow, but it is thicker, and it doesn't run into the snow at all. The edges of the syrup shrivel up a little. They look brownish yellow, and almost as clear as glass. When it gets that way, we call it wax. I know just how it's going to taste.

My father picks at the wax with his spoon. It sticks to the spoon, and comes out. He rolls it together a little, and it sticks again. He lifts it up. It leaves a nice little hole in the snow where it was. The hole has sharp edges, and they are a little bit brownish.

One of George Wright's illustrations in "A Country Chronicle"

My father reaches the spoon toward my mouth. The wax is fine and brown, but clear, too. He holds it up high, and watches me.

My mother begins to laugh. She says: "See how his eyes shine!"

My father says: "Open your mouth!"

I open it wide, and he puts the sugar

in. I bring my teeth together, and he pulls the spoon away. He has to pull hard, and I almost fall over toward him.

The sugar is fine and sweet, and so sticky that at first I can hardly get my teeth apart. Then it gets soft and smooth.

My father says: "It'll do now, sure's you live! Come on, le's set it off."

The Sugar Begins to Grain

They set the pan down on the papers again. My mother gets me a little syrup in a saucer, and says: "You can be eating this on the snow, if you want to, while your pa is waiting for it to cool."

My father stirs the syrup back and forth in the pan with a long spoon After a while it begins to be not quite so clear. When he scrapes along the edges, there is a little of it beginning to flake and harden. He says: "I don't think it'll be long now before it grains."

My mother says: "Be careful and don't stir it *too* much! You know you don't want it to look very white."

She says to me: "Now we'll butter the tins for him. They're all clean and ready."

My mother brings the tins from the buttery. Tip calls it the "pantry." I always make fun of him. He says "dining-room" for kitchen, too, sometimes, just like the folks from town.

The tins are small, and fit into one another, so you can pick up a whole lot of them at once. I get them apart. My mother fixes two little rags with butter, and we rub the insides of the tins. That is so the sugar will come out easy after it is cool and hard.

Some of the tins are shallow, with smooth rims and bottom, and some are a little deeper and crinkled all around. We have them all ready, and my father pours them full of the hot sugar. He knows how to dip so the long spoon will just fill one tin. . . .

My father sets one of the crinkly tins off to one side. He says: "There! That one'll be for you. I s'pose you'll have to have at least one, wont you?"

I say: "Can I have one for Tip, too?"

My father says: "Yes, I s'pose Tip'll have to have one."

I say: "He likes the crinkly ones, too."

My father sets another of the crinkly ones out.

My mother says: "Of course Spot'll want a couple, you know. He'll want to treat his sweetheart."

My father says: *"Oh* pshaw!" But he sets out two more tins.

My mother says to me: "Ain't it about your bedtime now?"

I can smell sugar away up stairs, after I am in bed.

It is interesting to note that, according to Herbert Adams Gibbons, in "The New Map of Africa," General Lyautey, the new French Minister of War, received his training as a colonial commander, being placed while still a colonel in charge of the forces whose task it was to make the Algerian border secure against raids from Morocco. Subsequently General Lyautey served as Resident-general at Fez, but be became most celebrated before the war as the man who had so succeeded in pacifying Morocco and preparing the ground for economic development that he was able to send a large part of his colonial army to France in August, 1914, including troops that had been his enemies a year before.

THE TWO ENGLANDS

By Roland Hugins

"The Possible Peace" (The Century Co., $1.25), by Roland Hugins of Cornell University, contains much stimulating discussion of the possibilities of a permanent peace after the world war—and of the difficulties that bar the way. For example the following:

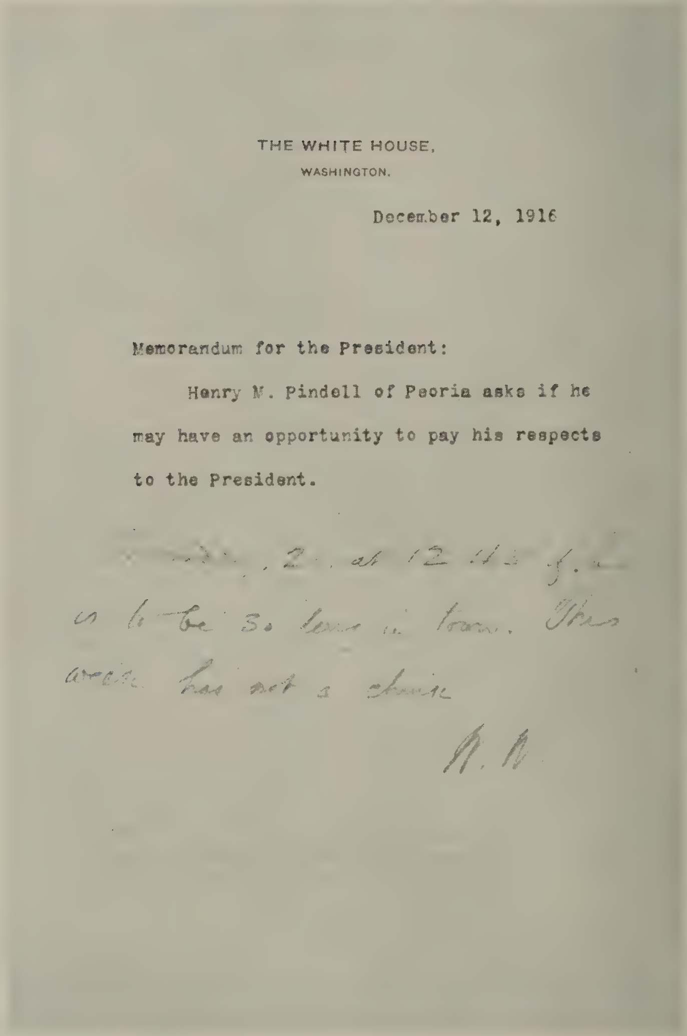
There are two Englands. They are both very old, and they live side by side in the same island, sometimes consciously in opposition, sometimes curiously blended.

One is the England the world has learned to admire. It is the land of parliamentary self-government and personal freedom, the home of liberty wedded to order, the safe refuge of the exiles from despotism and of the defeated from all State revolutions. It is the country of manners and traditions, of dignified and ample living; the soil of ideas and ideals, the breeder of men. This is the England that abolished slavery in her possessions at the cost of forty million pounds, that instituted and maintained free trade, that supported Liberal revolt in Italy and Greece, that gave home rule to her English-speaking colonies. This is the England that has produced a rich literature, that has created a civilization which vies in tone and interest with any that has ever existed, that has embodied its strength and virtue in concrete deeds of statecraft.

The Baser England

But there is another England, of baser metal and purpose, an England selfish, greedy, callous, and above all hypocritical. This England too has expressed itself in concrete deeds. It drove its American colonies into revolt, it fought two wars to suppress their spirit of self-government, it did all it dared to break the back of the Union during the War of the Rebellion, and it still cherishes an ill-concealed dislike for things American. For centuries it has held Ireland under the heel of land monopoly, and has stamped out with bloody inhumanity every Irish aspiration for economic and political liberty. It followed the British South Africa Company into the Boer War, and won that struggle by herding Boer women and children into concentration camps where they died like flies. It forced opium on China, and it shipped whisky (and Bibles!) to its wards, the adolescent races. It betrayed Persia. . . .

This England has not stood for the *status quo;* she has stood for one thing only: unceasing British expansion. In recent years she has taken Egypt, the Soudan, the South African Republics, Burmah, Zululand, Rhodesia, Nigeria, Uganda. She was rapidly piecing out the "all red" route. She has been acquiring colonies at a rate Germany would have been happy to emulate. The British Empire before the war covered 12,832,484 square miles (of which 7,226,000 square miles are controlled by the five daughter-nations, and 5,606,484 square miles, composed largely of the richest tropical land on the globe, are governed directly from London). The German Empire was 1,236,000 square miles. And yet Great Britain has everywhere and by every means hindered German expansion.



THE WHITE HOUSE,
WASHINGTON.

December 12, 1916

Memorandum for the President:

Henry M. Pindell of Peoria asks if he may have an opportunity to pay his respects to the President.

[illegible], 2, at 12.45 p. [illegible]
is to be so long in town. This
week has not a chance

W. W.

A typical memorandum prepared for the President by one of his secretaries, with Mr. Wilson's pencilled rejoinder below.

[From "The President and His Day's Work", by David Lawrence, in the March CENTURY.]

CENTURY MAGAZINE NOTES

The most striking feature of the March CENTURY is a story—and more than a story. "From the Life: Sir Watson Tyler" is something new. Harvey O'Higgins has long been wishing to write a series of articles on various public characters in this country, bringing out the characteristic motives which have guided them through the crises of their careers. The form that his studies finally took was that of a series of stories—"unwritten pages from 'Who's Who'"—with a composite character for the hero of each. Sir Watson Tyler, the subject of the first portrait, is a successful Canadian business man, and Mr. O'Higgins reveals him on that momentous day when he was transformed from a boor, at whom his sisters delighted to poke fun, to the man who later was knighted for his services to the British Empire. The form of the story is utterly new and the character is drawn boldly and vividly. The publishers recommend this study of greatness in the making to all independent and adventurous minds.

Other Stories

The rest of the fiction is varied: there is "The Bunker Mouse," an exciting story of adventure in a storm at sea; "At the Gate" by Myla Jo Closser, a dog story of rare charm; and "Ironstone," a brilliant narrative by Phyllis Bottome, who wrote "The Dark Tower."

The articles in the March issue cover a wide field and are marked by freshness and vitality.

"The President and His Day's Work" by David Lawrence, who as Washington correspondent of the "New York Evening Post" has been in close touch with Mr. Wilson, is a study of the unparalleled burdens of the Executive. Mr. Lawrence tells what these burdens mean in human terms, and what it is like to be a virtual prisoner in the White House. The illustrations include reproductions of Mr. Wilson's shorthand notes for a speech, of part of his message to Congress as he originally typed it himself, etc.

Illustrating Harry A. Franck's "The Cloistered City"
In the March CENTURY

Everybody who is interested in municipal government or in the problem of national defense should be attracted to Henry Rood's article on "The New York Police." It is not generally realized that, if an enemy fleet bombarded Manhattan and razed the sky-scrapers, or if the municipal building or telephone service were crippled by a hostile force, or if an invasion or a great fire on Long Island poured a million refugees into New York, these emergencies would find the police prepared for instant action. Mr. Rood tells how this great work of preparation has been developed, and how Commissioner Woods has made over the New York policeman into a soldier of peace and a teacher of good citizenship. Of national importance also is Albert J. Nock's "Should We Fight for Prohibition?" a wise and candid judgment upon a question of growing importance.

No live periodical can ignore the European conflict. THE CENTURY contains this month two strong war articles: "War Debts and Future Peace" by Joseph E. Davies of the Federal Trade Commission, a sound and informing paper for business men; and "The Blundering in Greece" by T. Lothrop Stoddard, a condensed version of the whole dramatic story of Greece during the war, which most of us have had difficulty in piecing together from the jumbled and fragmentary reports that have slipped past the censor.

We are taken even further afield by Harry A. Franck, who in this issue describes Bogota, the capital of Colombia; and those who are acquainted with Mr. Franck's rugged style will know that it is no ordinary lukewarm travel article, but a vigorous and suggestive picture of the everyday life of a South American city. Another paper of interest to travelers is "Romantic Albania" by Demetra Vaka.

"Mrs. Fiske to the Actor-in-the-Making," a conversation recorded by Alexander Woollcott, is full of sensible advice and of the sort of criticism that makes theater-going more delightful; while in "Another Arabian Night" Simeon Strunsky illiminates another phase of the subject of American art—dramatic and otherwise—with his subtle humor.

The number also includes "This Distrust of Democracy," a declaration of radical faith by Seymour Deming; "The Story of the Eel," a bit of incredible natural history by Edwin Björkman; a further instalment of Gertrude Hall's "Aurora the Magnificent"; "New York in Winter," a series of photographs by James B. Carrington; several poems of characteristic CENTURY interest; and the usual generous allowance of amusement in the columns of "In Lighter Vein."

One of the chief causes of misunderstanding between this country and Germany, says Herbert Bayard Swope, in "Inside the German Empire," is found in the difficulty of communication. Post and cable intercourse have virtually ceased and only the limited service by wireless remains. "The American public, through the American papers," says Mr. Swope, "gets much more and truer news of Germany than Germany does of America. Most of the big American papers maintain men in Germany who get their news across, but few, perhaps not more than two or three, German papers, have staff members in America. As a result, German news of America comes from Rotterdam, after being picked out of the English papers in London. The English papers get their reports from New York, and frequently the English despatches on the American end of German situations have been garbled and misleading, and the republication in Germany does not serve to increase the friendliness of feeling."

ST. NICHOLAS FOR MARCH

The March St. Nicholas, with its articles on, and stories of, adventure, travel, social welfare, legend, biography, history, science, current events, and romance, will contain something for every conceivable type of young reader.

Mr. H. B. Hulbert's thrilling story, "A Conflict in the Dark," will be read with breathless interest. Its hero, a likable English boy trying to get home to do his "bit" in the Great War, proves his mettle by courage and resourcefulness in the face of appalling danger. The story is to be admirably illustrated with pictures by George Varian.

Another tale of courage and daring, also founded upon fact, will be that of the experience of a young locomotive fireman who wins his spurs in a race between an automobile and a runaway locomotive. "Norton Wins" is the work of Julien Josephson, and the illustration will be by Norman P. Rockwell.

"The Lafayette Rose"

The name of Lafayette is one that never fails to appeal to American hearts, and in these days, especially, it seems to draw closer the bonds between this country and our sister republic across the seas. A charming glimpse of Lafayette's return to America will be given by Helen Forbes in "The Lafayette Rose," beautifully illustrated by W. M. Berger.

A suggestive article and one that will be warmly welcomed by welfare workers everywhere, will be Mrs. Olive Hyde Foster's story of the work of a children's garden-club in a New York suburb, carried on by children brought from a crowded tenement district. The article will give some practical hints for the guidance of others who will wish to do likewise.

Illustrating "A Conflict in the Dark"
In the March St. Nicholas

Tellers of stories to children will be delighted with the Indian legend, clothed in musical verse, by Mrs. Karl Moon,—the legend of how the bobcat lost his tail. The poem will be accompanied by drawings and photographs by Mr. Moon, whose pictures of Indian life are widely known.

From this story of the past one may turn to the romance of the life of to-day in the brief but absorbing biography of "The Deep-sea Doctor: Wilfred Grenfell," written by Mary R. Parkman, this being supplemented by the description of a visit to the town in northern Newfoundland where Dr. Grenfell makes his home and where his main hospital is situated. For this interesting feature ST. NICHOLAS is indebted to one of Dr. Grenfell's fellow-workers, Miss Alice C. Kendall.

The instalments of the three serials, "Under Boy Scout Colors," "The Girl Next Door," and "Understood Betsy," grow in interest month by month, and while temporarily satisfying the curiosity of the reader still serve to whet his appetite for coming instalments.

The stories of Akbar the Emperor and Birbal, that prince of courtiers, retold in his inimitable way by Arthur Guiterman, will come to an end in the March number. They have been appearing in the magazine at varying intervals during the past two years, and that they have won wide favor is evinced by the number of letters that were received, clamoring for their resumption, when a longer period than usual elapsed between the instalments.

A real old-fashioned fairy-story that one delighted reader has compared favorably with the work of Andrew Lang is entitled "About the Spritesky and his True-Blue Scales," by Blanche Elizabeth Wade. It is full of those musical repetitions that endear the fairy-story to younger readers, while the very youngest will find the pages devoted to their special entertainment as delightful as ever. The usual departments, to which ST. NICHOLAS youngsters turn as to old friends, will not only be perhaps a little better than usual, but will also serve to make ST. NICHOLAS readers feel that they are really members of the big family circle that takes in the English-speaking world.

Will the civilization of the Middle West ultimately become like that of the East? Edward Alsworth Ross, the sociologist, doubts it, and gives the following reasons in his "Changing America:" "By its geographical position the Mississippi Valley escapes the temptation to look constantly across the water and model itself on Old-world, especially English, patterns. Screened in a measure from the sapping seductiveness of foreign example, it seems destined to be the most "American" part of our country. Moreover, growth in wealth, prestige, and political power will lend it courage to break away from Eastern example and dare to be itself. While from Western towns stream continually those who yield to the scenic, cultural, or social attractions of the East, there is a counterbalancing flow from the older region of persons who covet the freedom and unconventionality of the West. This interchange of misfits retards the assimilation of the two to each other. Finally, since the disappearance of the frontier, it is the East, not the West, that absorbs the bulk of our immigrants. The sinister phenomena that more and more crop up in the East from the presence of an enormous and growing number of raw aliens cannot but lower the prestige of the East in the rest of the country and lessen the willingness of other Americans to take it as a model."

BOOKS AND THEIR MAKERS

The Century Co. has taken over and will publish henceforth the "Collected Plays and Poems" of Cale Young Rice.

James W. Gerard, American Ambassador to Germany, contributes the following Foreword to Herbert Bayard Swope's "Inside the German Empire": "Throughout the world there is, and should be, deep interest in the conditions—economic, political, spiritual and military—under which Germany and her allies are sustaining themselves after more than two years of war. The facts and impressions contained in this book, gathered first-hand by the author, whose friendship I value and whose professional equipment I admire, form an important contribution to contemporaneous history, and possess a referential value for the future. No subject to-day is more vital or worthier of serious attention."

In "John Barleycorn," the book that has been called his "alcoholic autobiography," Jack London tells how quickly he achieved his reputation as a writer. "Critics have complained about the swift education one of my characters, Martin Eden, achieved," says London. "In three years, from a sailor with a common school education, I made a successful writer of him. The critics say this is impossible. Yet I was Martin Eden. At the end of three working years, two of which were spent in high school and the university and one spent at writing, and all three in studying immensely and intensely, I was publishing stories in magazines such as the Atlantic Monthly, was correcting proofs of my first book, was selling sociological articles to Cosmopolitan and McClure's, had declined an associate editorship proffered me by telegraph from New York City, and was getting ready to marry."

Captain Joshua Slocum, the famous solitary voyager who was reported as lost the other day, tells in his "Sailing Alone Around the World," an amusing story of the way in which he protected himself at night from marauding savages while in the neighborhood of Cape Horn. When he went to sleep Captain Slocum would sprinkle the deck with carpet tacks, taking particular care that not a few of them stood "business end" up. It is well known that one cannot step on a tack without saying something about it. A pretty good Christian would whistle; a savage will howl and claw the air; and that was just what happened, Slocum reports, about twelve o'clock one night. His vessel was boarded while he slept; but no

An illustration from "Partners of the Night" sooner had they stepped on deck than the savages, howling like a pack of hounds, jumped pellmell, some into their canoes and some into the sea, a great deal of free language escaping them as they went. Slocum says that he was never disturbed again, though he sprinkled his deck with tacks many nights thereafter.

Alexander Irvine, author of "My Lady of the Chimney Corner," after having spent twenty-eight years in this country, where he had gained a considerable reputation as lay preacher and social worker, has returned to Ireland "to fit in somewhere," as he puts it, and "do his bit." He is now working for the Y. M. C. A. as an evangelist among soldiers and sailors. It was Mr. Irvine, as many will remember, who initiated the "Church Forum" movement in this country by taking charge of the Sunday evening services of the Church of the Ascension on lower Fifth Avenue, New York. For three years he had the pleasure of seeing rich and poor, radicals and conservatives, attend the church, and afterwards sit together at the same table and discuss the problems that usually divide the working-man from the church. "My Lady of the Chimney Corner" is Mr. Irvine's tribute to his Irish mother.

Colonel Roosevelt's political influence may not be so great as it was, but his literary reputation shows no sign of waning. "Hero Tales from American History," for instance, written by the Colonel in collaboration with Senator Lodge, has just passed into a twenty-first large edition.

Patriotic devotion is not universal in war-stressed Germany despite appearances, if we are to believe Herbert Bayard Swope's "Inside the German Empire." "One of the curious things to be met with in Berlin and some of the other large cities are speak-easies where you can get meat on meatless days," says Mr. Swope. "It is almost as bad getting into them as trying to get into a blind tiger to get a drink in Philadelphia on Sunday. Meat is permitted only on five days in Germany and only for one meal on each of these days. The speak-easies will sell you meat with your meals at any time. They are given some fancy name to mislead the police in case of a raid. The names mislead the diners too, though perhaps that is just as well because it is to be feared that if the diners knew what they were really eating, they would not eat."

Gardner L. Harding, author of "Present-Day China," has received the following letter from Colonel Roosevelt:

"My dear Mr. Harding:—I had already dictated a refusal in answer to your letter; and then I picked up your book and read it, and I am so much impressed with it that I disregard the rule I have tried to make universal, and express my cordial appreciation; for inasmuch as your book did me good, I think it will do others good. You gave a glimpse into the soul of Chinese republicanism which I needed to have; and I am also particularly interested in what you described in connection with the Chinese women.

"Yours sincerely,
"Theodore Roosevelt."

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(Continued on inside of back cover)

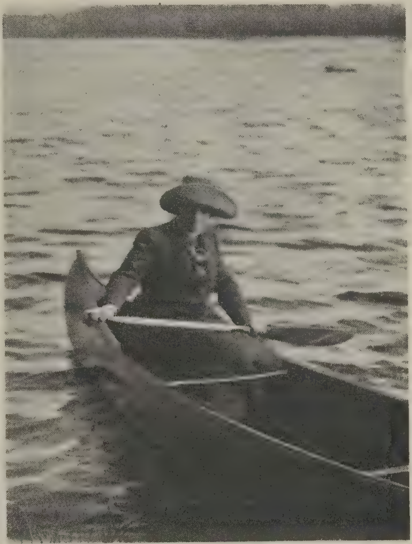
THE
CENTURION

MARCH, 1917

APPRECIATION

By Eleanor Hallowell Abbott

It is more blessed to give than to receive. Perhaps—but it is far more difficult to receive,—graciously,—than to give. Underlying the sparkling humor of Eleanor Hallowell Abbott's new novel, "The Stingy Receiver", (The Century Co., $1.00), is a plea for more consideration to those who give.



ELEANOR HALLOWELL ABBOTT
Author of "The Stingy Receiver"

"I am all through giving anything away!" Defiantly for an instant the woman challenged the Young Doctor's silence, then sank back into her pillows. "As far as my own personal satisfactions are concerned in the matter of giving, I have been pouring presents for seventeen years into a—bottomless pit. Never once, I mean," smiled the woman, "never once, yearning over the abyss as the gift went down—have I ever heard the entrancing thud that a gift ought to make when it lands on real appreciation. Never!"

"Well, you are a cynic!" conceded the Young Doctor.

"I admit it," said the woman "Yet even a cynic may be fair-minded. This is what I mean! When I stay in Paris three months, for instance, to collect a trousseau for the daughter of a man who—meant something to me once in my youth, and receive in due time from that girl a single page of gothic handwriting thanking me no matter how gushingly for my 'magnificent gift,'—I tell you I could fairly kill her for her stingy receiving! Not a word from her about hats, you understand? Not a comment on shoes! Not the vaguest, remotest mention of chiffon veils, silk stockings, evening gowns, street suits, mink furs, anything! Just the whole outfit,—trunk after trunk of 'em,—all lumped in together and dismissed perfectly casually under the lump word 'gift!' "

Nobody Gives "Gifts"

"And it wasn't just a 'gift' that I gave her, you understand?" said the woman with a sudden real twinge of emotion. "Almost nobody, you know, ever gives just a 'gift.' What I really gave her, of course, was three whole months of my taste, time, temperament! Three whole months of my wanting-to-give! Three whole months of a woman's dreams for a young girl! What I really gave her, of course, was the plaudits of her elders, the envies of all her girl chums, the new, unduplicatable pride and dignity of a consciously perfect equipment!"

"Yes, but you surely know that she appreciated the gift," deprecated the Young Doctor.

"Why, of course she appreciated the gift!" snapped the woman. "But what I'm trying to find is some one who'd appreciate the giver!

"Pleased? Why, of course, she was pleased! The only thing I'm fussing about is that she was too stingy to share her pleasure with me! The fire I worked so hard to light, lit all right, but simply refused to warm me! That's it! Why! Did she note by one single extra flourish of her pen that the lining of her opera cloak was like the petalling of a pink Killarney rose? When she lumped a dozen Paris hats into the one word 'nice' did she dream for one single instant that she had lulled my perfectly human hunger to know whether it was the red one or the green one or the gold which most became her ecstatic little face?"

A Grandfather's Prayer

"Worldly as I am," she smiled very faintly, "and worldly as my father and mother were before me, and their father and mother, doubtless, before them, there is one little prayer that I shall never forget,—and I found it, if the fact interests you, inscribed painstakingly in faded violet ink in the back of my grandfather's first check book, before,—evidently,—either wealth or worldliness had quite begun to set in. And this is the little prayer:

" 'If fortune and finance should so ordain that I may never be any kind of a giver, Heaven grant that *at least I may not be a stingy receiver* but share unstintedly with such benefactor as may favor me the exceeding happiness which his benefaction has most surely conferred upon me!' "

Once more the faint smile twisted into cynicism. "That's it," said the woman. "I'm tired of *stingy receivers*."

"The Adventures of the U-202," is remarkable for its involuntary revelation of German war psychology, as evidenced by its author, Baron Spiegel von und zu Peckelsheim. The book is the day by-day narrative, taken from the U-202's log-book of incidents during one of its hunting raids in the English Channel, told by the Captain-Lieutenant in charge. In one day are crowded as much revengeful delight, hatred and terror as most men experience in a life-time. Only twice is there exhibition of remorse or tenderness on the part of the Captain—once for some drowning horses, once for some sailing vessels.

IN THE WITCH-KETTLE

By Baron Spiegel von und zu Peckelsheim

Baron Spiegel von und zu Peckelsheim, Captain Lieutenant of the U-202 has written in "The Adventures of the U-202" (The Century Co., $1.00) a most remarkable personal narrative of the perils of submarine warfare to its seamen. The thrill of the hunter in pursuit of the hare; the wariness of the hare when the hounds are closing in, blind terror yet unswerving loyalty to their captain in the face of unseen dangers—such is life beneath the sea to its heroic followers, as illustrated in the following passages:

I called the entire crew together. "Boys," I said, "you know that we have many things unaccomplished. As yet we are only at the beginning of our task. To-day we are going to go through the so-called 'Witch-Kettle.' Others have gotten through before us. Consequently, we will also get through, if each one of you sticks to his post and does his duty as well as you all have done hitherto. This I expect from every man." . . .

Sighting the Mines

Suddenly we looked at one another and then quickly at the sea again. There they were! Heavens, what a bunch! In all directions as far as the eye could see were the devilish dark globes, washed with the breakers' snow-white foam. We were so overwhelmed by the sight of all these mines that we started to swear and kept it up for some time without any interruption.

"It's outrageous! It's unheard of! It's terrible! Such a mass! And such a people call themselves Christian seafarers—a bunch of murderers, that's what they are, who can put out such dirty traps!"

With reduced speed we went toward the caviar sandwich, as Peterson called the dark spotted surface before us. Now it was up to us skilfully to steer the boat between the irregularly spread mines and see carefully to it that we did not get into a blind alley. If only our boat did not hit one of those devilish things! It would be the end of us! But surely if we kept calm, we should get through all right. Certainly we would.

The Inconsiderate Enemy

To turn away from the mines at the right moment was almost impossible. We were running straight for a mine—the next second it was on top of us and passed only a few meters from the periscope. At the same time, on the other side, three mines clustered together in a group were floating past us. It was a hellish journey, and the destroyer was all the time waiting for us on the other side of the mine field, and compelled us to continue below the surface. He had no consideration for our difficulties.

Oh, how he would enjoy it if we suddenly went up in the air, surrounded by a cloud of smoke and fire! Good God! Now we are about to give him this joy, I had already shut my eyes and thought we were doomed—because one of the mines had just struck hard with a metallic clang against the periscope, a sound which I will never forget until I am in a better world.

WOMEN—AND PEACE

By Madeleine Z. Doty

To save human life—was the mission set for themselves by the women who gathered from every belligerent nation at the Women's International Hague Peace Conference. Miss Doty was one of the forty-four American women who risked the perilous crossing of the Atlantic to join in that protest against war. Her book, "Short Rations" (The Century Co., $1.50), which tells of life in war-stressed Germany, France and England, opens with a graphic account of this dramatic and inspiring meeting of the Women of the World.

We realized we had set forth on a mission. Of the sixty-two first cabin passengers forty-four were women delegates to The Hague. It was a goodly company assembled from many States—Oregon, California, Wisconsin, Iowa, Illinois, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, New Jersey, Washington, D. C., and New York. Though many had previously met, we were soon bound together by a common cause.

MADELEINE Z. DOTY
Author of "Short Rations"

New Canterbury Pilgrims

Each morning we assembled to discuss history and diplomacy, while the evenings were devoted to personal reminiscences. Like the Canterbury Pilgrims of old, each told his tale. Bit by bit through the Pilgrims' tales personalities grew distinct. The two most striking were Jane Addams and Mrs. Pethick Lawrence. They were totally unlike, but by very contrast vivified each other. Gentle, modest, clad in a dark silk dress, the light of her spirit shining in her tragic eyes, Miss Addams seemed hardly of the earth. To turn from her to Mrs. Lawrence was to turn to a burning flame. The Englishwoman in her Oriental dress of red and green was all passion and fire. She wanted to fight for peace; would go singing to death to rid the world of war. Both women were inspired by the same ideal.

Other members of the company were also distinctive. The little telephone operator until the night of her story remained undiscovered. Three years ago with a handful of girls she had organized a union, which now numbers ten thousand. In the early days the union won a fight for better conditions by arbitration. Out of that success sprang the powerful organization of to-day. If they could arbitrate, the telephone girls reasoned, Europe ought also to be able to arbitrate, so they sent forth their cherished leader. She, they felt, might bring peace to earth. Each member taxed herself with sixty cents monthly to pay for the trip. And the little telephone operator set gaily forth. Then there was a poetess who had written a poem called "Motherhood" which had been published and widely circulated by the Carnegie Peace Foundation. There was a woman doctor, who told us of the diseases that follow in the wake of war. There were three women lawyers, a Quaker preacher, numerous social workers, and several writers. . . .

At the Conference

As Jane Addams mounted the platform and the audience realized we had come, they broke into tumultuous applause. The place was crowded. People stood everywhere. Seventeen women sat on the platform, representing many different nations. The opening address was made by a Hollander, and the first speech delivered by a German.

From the beginning the object of the congress was made plain. It was not to stop war, but to protest against war and to lay plans for future peace. For the first time in history, a band of women from belligerent and neutral nations had organized. They had risen above war's hatred and grasped hands, as women and mothers.

It was a mixed company who attended the conference. The diversity was not in ideas, but in careers and temperaments. There were rich and poor, the cold reserved people of the North, and the fiery passionate people of the South. There were women lawyers and women dressmakers, artists and stenographers, reformers and journalists, and many just plain mothers. These had come together in spite of difficulties over mine-strewn seas and past frontier searches.

The Belgian Delegates

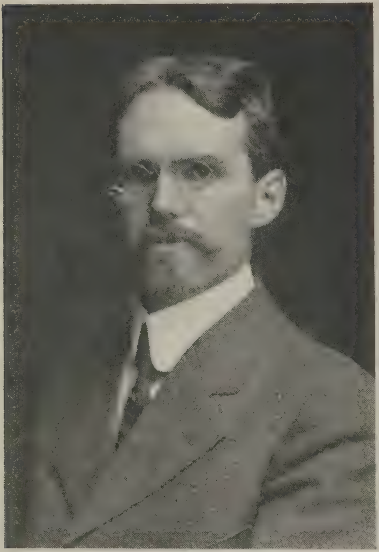
Perhaps the Belgian delegates made the most dramatic group. Their path had bristled with difficulties. They had had to get passports from the enemy. The sturdy, determined, and energetic Mademoiselle Hammer would not be denied. "We wish to attend a women's congress. It is important; you must let us pass," is what she said. Her courage won the day. At last after weary hours of waiting and travel the Belgians arrived triumphant. The word that they were in the hall spread like wild fire. They were invited to the platform. Up they went to fill the vacant chairs next to the German delegation. The house rose in excitement. Then it broke into frantic applause. Handkerchiefs and hats were waved madly and the air was filled with cries of "Bravo," for in spite of our diversity, one bond held all together—the belief in the sacredness of life.

What effect this meeting of women will have, who can tell? Idealistic, impractical, it may have been, but little it was not. While war rages, force reigns on earth and we forget it is ideas that made that force possible. But ideas can also create good-will. No thought sent out into the world dies. The future lies in our hands. It is for us to mold it.

BOARDING IN LUTHER'S HOME

By Arthur Cushman McGiffert

Among the books of especial interest this year, when all the Protestant world is joining to celebrate the four hundredth anniversary of the beginning of the Reformation, is Professor Arthur C. McGiffert's "Luther: the Man and His Work" (The Century Co., $3.00). We usually think of Luther as a vague abstraction, the symbol of great principles; Prof. McGiffert's biography portrays a very human, but withal, a very lovable man.



AUTHUR C. McGIFFERT
Author of "Martin Luther: The Man and his Work"

Among the regular members of his large household, besides a number of nephews and nieces and other poor relatives, were many university students. Following a custom common among the Wittenberg professors, Käthe began immediately after her marriage to take student boarders, and kept up the practice to the end of her life. It is to some of them we owe the interesting records of Luther's table-talk, through which we catch many fascinating glimpses of his home life. Beginning in a small way, early in the thirties, certain of them finally got into the habit of writing down, under his very eyes and while he was talking, the substance of his conversation. At times his dining-room must have presented the aspect of a class-room, with the auditors diligently transcribing the lecturer's words of wisdom. It might seem as if the effect would have been to take all spontaneity and naturalness out of his talk, but this was by no means the case. Even the most carefully edited collections are full of informal and unstudied expressions of opinion on every conceivable subject, grave and gay, serious and trivial, while some of the original records more recently recovered show that he talked as freely and unconsciously as if no faithful scribes were waiting upon his words. Often the talk, as we have it, sounds commonplace enough, but again it flashes with brilliance and reveals rare wisdom and insight.

The records of course have to be used with caution, for we cannot always be sure he was rightly understood or correctly reported, but frequently we run upon characteristic sayings which could have come from no one else, and which enrich and add to the vividness of our portrait of the man.

A Child of His Age

His conversation was apt to be much freer than would be at all admissible today. In that respect he was a child of his age, for high and low alike were less careful in speech then than now. To be sure, he was often coarser than even the loose standards of the day approved. His humor was broad rather than subtle and delicate, and to men of the type of Erasmus and Melanchthon it often seemed only buffoonery. To the end of his life he retained many of the characteristics of a peasant, and he wielded in talk, as in controversy, an ax rather than a Damascus blade. But with all his lack of refinement, he was essentially a wholesome and clean-minded man. Despite the many unquotable things he said and wrote to illustrate a point or enforce an argument or give sting to his polemic, there is surprisingly little vulgarity either in his table-talk or in his writings.

SHOPPING IN JAPAN

By Frances Little

"The Lady of the Decoration" was written by Frances Little shortly after the Russo-Japanese War and was first published in 1906. So universal is its appeal that the forty-fifth edition has recently gone to press. (The Century Co., $1.00.) It is the story of a missionary who carried her sense of humor with her to brighten the heathen and, incidentally, to cheer herself, a thousand miles from home.

Hiroshima is busy decorating for the New Year, and everything is gay with brilliant lanterns, plum blossoms and crimson berries. The little insignificant streets are changed into bowers of sweet smelling ferns and spicy pines, and the bamboo leaves sway to every breeze, while the waxen plum blossoms send out a perfume sweet as violets.

The shop-keepers and their families put on their gayest kimonos and their most enticing smiles and greet you with effusion.

The Honorable Price

On entering a shop you are asked if your honorable eyes will deign to look upon most unworthy goods. Please will you give this or that a little adoring look? The price? Ah! Its price is greatly enhanced since the august foreigner cast honorable eyes upon it. (Which is no joke!) Whether the article is bought or not, the smile, the bow, the compliment are the same. All this time the crowd around the door of the shop has been steadily increasing until daylight is shut out, for everyone is interested in your purchase from the man who hauls the dray up to the highest lady in the land. The shopkeeper is very patient with the crowd until it shuts out the light, then he invites them to carry their useless bodies to the river and throw them in.

Street Vendors

Once outside you see another crowd and as curiosity is the air, you crane your neck and try to get closer. The center of attraction is a man in spotless white cooking bean cake on a little hibachi. The air is cold and crisp, and the smell of the savory bean paste, piping hot, makes you hungry.

Next comes the fish man with a big flat basket on each end of a pole, and offers you a choice lot; long slippery eels, beautiful shrimp, as pink as the sunset, and juicy oysters whose shells have been scrubbed until they are gleaming white. Around the baskets are garlands of paper roses to hide from view the ugly rough edges of the straw.

FRANCES LITTLE
Author of "The Lady of the Decoration"

The candy shops tempt you to the last sen, and the toy shops are a perfect joy. Funny fat Japanese dolls and stuffed rabbits and cross-eyed tailless cats demand attention. Perhaps you will see a cheap American doll with blue eyes and yellow hair carefully exhibited under a glass case, and when you are wondering why they treasure this cheap toy, you happen to glance down and catch the worshipping gaze of a wistful, half starved child, and your point of view changes at once and you begin to understand the value of it, and to wish with all your heart that you could put an American dolly in the hands of every little Japanese girl on the Island! . . . Even if I am on the wrong side of the earth in body, I am not in spirit.

ROMANTICISM IN DUTCH ART

By Margaret Steele Anderson

"The Study of Modern Painting" (The Century Co., $2.00) is an interpretation of art from the standpoint that nationalism and racialism are its controlling factors. Miss Anderson finds German art unconsciously racial, French art not at all national but markedly racial, and English art racial to its hurt. What she considers the artistic impulse of Holland is shown in the passage below.

The Dutchman, like all other Northerners, the Englishman not excepted, has a deep and very rich vein of romanticism. It is the Southerner—the Italian, the Frenchman, the Spaniard—who has most of the classic blood. The Northern races, with their cold and even icy exterior, have hidden fires which far outflame the Southerner's. The Dutch landscape, like the landscape of every other country, is at times mere realism, mere faithful representation; but at times it is eminently romantic.

This same romantic quality we see in Matthew Maris, whose work is not wholly with landscape and who paints the figure as often as the scene of outdoor beauty. Maris lived part of his time in Dreamland, from whence he sent forth shapes as vague and as shadowy as Eugene Carriere's. These forms are at once elusive and monumental. His "Ox-Cart," for instance, is not *an* ox-cart or some *one* ox-cart but *the* ox-cart; it is all the simple, laborious, primitive vehicles of the world, symbolizing a simple, laborious, primitive life. So his "Dreamer" is not this dreamer or that, not Joseph nor Joan of Arc, but a Rodinesque figure which stands for the universal dream.

We have maintained in this book,

though the fact is self-evident and needs no statement, that the distinction of modern painting is its conquest of light, of atmosphere—and this is, indeed, the achievement of these painters. So far as the landscapists are concerned, it is their first reason for being. Of their broad northern dunes, of their meadows and brilliant tulip-fields, of their sparkling inlets and the great solemn stretches of their sea, these elements of light and air are the chief and most imperative. The Dutchman, by the very make-up of his landscape, must be the conqueror of the light and the air, for in the aspect of no other country do the two play such important parts. It is not surprising, therefore, that these men should show a modern knowledge; the nature of their subject is something which at once demands it and breeds it.

Among the men whom we have mentioned, then, this conquest is a foregone conclusion; to paint such scenes is to paint light and air, water and sky, and the thousand reflections involved in their commingling. James Maris, the oldest of the group, does it with the greatest brilliancy, Matthew Maris with the greatest glamour, Weissenbruch most spiritually, Anton Mauve with most tenderness and sweetness—but each one, in greater measure or less, is the master of atmospheric effects, of the wonderful mingling of light and air.

To consider these men and their achievement is to consider the larger part of modern Dutch painting.

OLD BLUE STAFFORDSHIRE PLATTER, SHOWING THE OLD BATTERY, NEW YORK.
Illustration from "The Lure of the Antique" by Walter A. Dyer

"THE BIG CATCH"
Illustrating "Captains Courageous" by Rudyard Kipling

LEARNING THE ROPES

By Rudyard Kipling

Swept off the deck of an ocean steamer, Harvey Cheyne, a spoiled darling of American millionaires, was picked up by a Gloucester fishing dory and made to work his way as second cabin boy. This passage from Rudyard Kipling's famous "Captains Courageous" (The Century Co., $1.50), describes one of the methods employed which changed an ill-bred, conceited youngster into a manly boy.

For an hour Long Jack walked his prey up and down, teaching, as he said, "things at the sea that ivry man must know, blind, drunk, or asleep." There is not much gear to a seventy-ton schooner with a stump-foremast, but Long Jack had a gift of expression. When he wished to draw Harvey's attention to the peak-halyards, he dug his knuckles into the back of the boy's neck and kept him at gaze for half a minute. He emphasized the difference between fore and aft generally by rubbing Harvey's nose along a few feet of the boom, and the lead of each rope was fixed in Harvey's mind by the end of the rope itself.

"Now, after all I've said, how'd you reef the foresail, Harve? Take your time answerin'."

"Haul that in," said Harvey, pointing to leeward.

"Fwhat? The North Atlantic?"

"No, the boom. Then run that rope you showed me back there—"

"That's no way," Tom Platt burst in.

"Quiet! He's larnin', an' has not the names good yet. Go on, Harve."

"Lower the sail, child! Lower!" said Tom Platt, in a professional agony.

"Oh, it's the reef-pennant. I'd hook the tackle on the reef-pennant, and then let down—"

"Lower the throat and peak halyards," Harvey went on. Those names stuck in his head.

"You've forgot to pass the tack-earing, but wid time and help ye'll larn. There's good and just reason for ivry rope aboard, or else't would be overboard. D'ye follow me? 'Tis dollars an' cents I'm puttin' into your pocket, ye skinny little supercargo, so that fwhin ye've filled out ye can ship from Boston to Cuba an' tell thim Long Jack larned you. Now I'll chase ye around a piece, callin' the ropes, an' you'll lay your hand on thim as I call."

He began, and Harvey, who was feeling rather tired, walked slowly to the rope named. A rope's end licked round his ribs, and nearly knocked the breath out of him.

"When you own a boat," said Tom Platt, with severe eyes, "you can walk. Till then, take all orders at the run. Once more—to make sure!"

Harvey was a singularly smart boy, the son of a very clever man and a very sensitive woman, with a fine resolute temper that systematic spoiling had nearly turned to mulish obstinacy. He looked at the other men, and saw that even Dan did not smile. It was evidently all in the day's work, though it hurt abominably; so he swallowed the hint with a gulp and a gasp and a grin. The same smartness that led him to take such advantage of his mother made him very sure that no one on the boat would stand the least nonsense. One learns a great deal from a mere tone. Long Jack called over half a dozen more ropes, and Harvey danced over the deck like an eel at ebb-tide, one eye on Tom Platt.

TRAVELING IN GERMANY

By Herbert Bayard Swope

"Life in Germany is not pleasant to-day," writes Mr. Swope, whose impressions obtained during several months' visit last summer to that beleaguered country The Century Co. has recently published ("Inside the German Empire," $2.00). The Philadelphia Ledger says: "Few accounts of the conditions of life and trend of national feeling have even approached in judicial judgment and absence of sensational treatment the excellent report now presented to the public in Mr. Swope's volume."

When an American undertakes a voyage to Germany the wheels of the imperial Government begin to revolve immediately upon his first application for a visé to his passport being made in this country. The first question to be answered concerns the applicant's character, so that Germany may feel sure he does not purpose to aid or abet her enemies; and the second, the actual need of the business that causes him to make the trip.

Germany insists that a fortnight intervene between the application for a visé and the beginning of the trip. This is to enable her officials to make the necessary investigations, and then to communicate the facts to Berlin and to the traveler's port of arrival.

In Copenhagen

All travel between America and Germany is through Copenhagen, Stockholm, or Rotterdam. The method employed in Copenhagen is typical of all. Armed with his passport, the traveler visits the pass bureau of the consul-general. As that official's office hours are limited, he probably has a wait of two days before his turn is reached. When his number is finally called he is cross-examined in detail to make certain that he is entitled to the papers in his possession, and after presenting six recent photographs of himself he is told to return in three days for instructions as to when he may proceed. This delay is to permit the consul to communicate with Berlin to learn if any objection has arisen to the entrance of the traveler. If none exists, he is told he may take the train at the expiration of another five days, the extra time being used to forward the duplicate passports and photographs and other records to Warnemunde, the port of entry, on the Baltic Sea.

Alles in Ordnung

Upon arrival at Warnemunde (the methods throughout the empire are standardized, and are the same at every other entrance point) the travelers are shunted into a long low wooden shed. Upon entering the place they are given numbers, and in return surrender their passports to brisk, keen-eyed, non-commissioned officers. Once in the room, the travelers are not permitted to leave except through one door, and that they pass only when their numbers are called. Barred windows and armed sentries prevent any trifling with this system. The numbers are called one by one, the traveler passes through into a second office, where he is questioned as to his identity and the photographs on the passports are verified.

While he is undergoing this questioning he is being overheard and carefully watched by numbers of the *geheimliche Polizei* (secret police), some of whom are in uniform and others of whom masquerade in civilian attire as new arrivals. If there is any error in his papers it is developed at this point, and he is at once turned about and sent back to Copenhagen. But if it is a case of *Alles in Ordnung* (everything in order), it is so reported, and he is submitted to the grand ordeal, that of search.

A German Search

And what a search it is! Unless one's credentials are exceptionally strong, one is stripped and one's mouth, ears, nose, and other parts of the body examined. One's fountain pen is emptied, every piece of paper taken away, including visiting-cards, and even match-boxes are confiscated. Finger rings, umbrellas, and canes are inspected. If bandages are worn, these must be stripped off, too. No distinction is drawn between men and women beyond the fact that women are of course examined before female inspectors.

The bodily search having been completed, that of the clothing is begun. Every article of apparel is felt over carefully and exposed to a strong light for fear there may be writing on the lining. If there is the slightest reason for suspicion, the travelers are given a sponge bath of water with a large admixture of citric acid, which has the effect of making apparent any writing on the body that may have been done with invisible ink.

GENERAL VON HINDENBURG
Illustration from "Inside the German Empire"

THE COMMERCIAL FALLACY

By Edward Alsworth Ross

Professor Ross of Wisconsin is one of the two or three most brilliant sociologists in this country, as all readers of "South of Panama," "The Changing Chinese," and "The Old World in the New" are aware. In "Changing America" (The Century Co., $1.25), he analyses what he calls the "subsurface tendencies" in our own commonwealth. Here is one of these tendencies:

"Come out to the ward meeting tonight and help us push for purer city water," I said once to my neighbor, a young furniture merchant. "Can't spare the time," was the reply; "too busy hustling for business." When, three months later, his little daughter was convalescing from a long and expensive illness of typhoid fever, it may have dawned upon him that some things need attention besides business!

Such a man is the last to recognize that business, if its claims be pressed too relentlessly, may cut away big non-economic values, that there are business profits that cost ten times their worth of salubrity or quiet or natural beauty or civic conscience. He sees business made lively in his town by the "wide open" policy; he is blind to the ruin of boys and the wreck of homes. He deprecates the great "clean-up" movement in government. "Oh, yes, our house is dirty, to be sure, but then sweeping raises such a dust, and dust is disturbing to business!" He grumbles at the anti-smoke ordinance that obliges manufacturers to spend a hundred dollars in suppressing smoke that would destroy a million dollars worth of comfort, and echoes the railroad president who says: "The smoke-laden air of every city is but a testimonial of the general prosperity of the country." He naturally sympathizes with the retort of the paper manufacturers to the cry for free paper: "If we could not have newspapers of the present size, style and price, without driving out our paper industry, which alternative would be better for the country—a larger wage-fund or smaller papers?"

EDWARD A. ROSS
Author of "Changing America"

Not Selfishness, Not Materialism

It is not a matter of *selfishness.* The commercialized man shows this bias when other men's profits—not his own profits—are at stake. Tell him of the forests of half a mountain state blighted by the arsenic fumes from giant smelters and he replies it would cut copper dividends to get rid of these fumes. To him the cost we impose on the railroads by obliging them to elevate their tracks is a tragic thing; but the racking anxiety of mothers who are obliged daily to send their children to school over grade crossings appeals to him not at all. Outside of office hours men of this type are as humane and public-spirited as other people. But their point of view makes them side with profits when humanity and public spirit stand in their way. They are victims of a fallacy.

Nor is commercialism the same thing as *materialism.* One need not be crass of soul to be smitten with this blindness. A man may take the demands of business as the Voice from Sinai, yet lay out his profits in stained glass, in public libraries or in sending the Gospel to the heathen.

My point is that there is a psychology of business which hinders its victims from seeing things in their true proportions. This is the more serious because the commercial view is spreading and threatens to become our national way of thinking.

CIVILIZATION AND PORTRAITURE

By James Lane Allen

The New York Times, in reviewing "A Cathedral City" (The Century Co., $1.00) writes: "In the books Mr. Allen has given us from time to time there is more than the mere story. There is always an expression of his particular feeling about life, his attitude to life. This expression is not dissociated from the story; . . . it is an outcome of the conflict of character and incident." The quotation below is the keynote of this story, in which the cathedral is the visible aspect of the inner, spiritual fact by which its characters live.

As ages pass, human life changes; its chief elements shift their relative places, some forcing their way to the front, others being pushed to the rear; and the great beacon-lights change correspondingly. Ancient ones go out, new ones appear; and the art of portraiture, which is the undying historian of the human countenance, is subject to this shifting law of the birth and death of its material.

The Primitive Face

Perhaps more ancient lights have died out of human faces than modern lights have been kindled to replace them. Do you understand why? The reason is this: throughout an immeasurable time the aim of nature was to make the human countenance as complete an instrument of expression as it could possibly be. Man, except for his gestures and wordless sounds, for ages had nothing else with which to speak; he must speak with his face. The face was all that. Ages more had to pass before spoken language began, and still more ages before written language began. Thus for an immeasurable time nature developed the face and multiplied its expressions to enable man to make himself understood. At last this development was checked; what we may call the natural occupation of the face culminated. Civilization began, and as soon as civilization began, the decline in natural expressiveness began with it. Gradually civilization supplanted primeval needs; it contrived other means for doing what the face alone had done frankly, marvelously. When you can print news on paper, you may cease to print news on the living countenance.

Concealing Emotions

How few faces does any one of us know that frankly radiate the great passions and moods of human nature! What little is left of this ancient tremendous drama in the poor pantomime of the stage? Search crowds, search the streets. See everywhere masked faces, telling as little as possible to those around them of what they glory in or what they suffer. Search modern portrait galleries. Do you find portraits of either men or women who radiate the overwhelming passions, the vital moods, of our galled and soaring nature? It is not a long time since the Middle Ages. In the stretch of history centuries shrink to nothing, and the Middle Ages are as the earlier hours of our own day. But has there not been a change even within that short time? Did not the medieval portrait-painters portray in their sitters great moods as no painter portrays them now? How many painters of to-day can find great moods in the faces of their sitters to portray?

FRENCH GENIUS IN MOROCCO

By Herbert Adams Gibbons

"The recent recognition by the United States of the French protectorate over Morocco, a measure which I have advocated, not only is a gracious expression of sympathy coming in the midst of a bitter struggle, but also sets the stamp of approval upon the splendid work of justice and progress accomplished by General Lyautey and the French colonial administration in Africa." So writes Herbert Adams Gibbons in a recent letter to a friend in New York City. The following passage from Mr. Gibbons's "The New Map of Africa" (The Century Co., $2.00) is a tribute to that fine type of colonial officer with whom Justice is the supreme law.

From 1901, when France determined to make her African Empire what it could become, the French attitude toward Morocco was logical and justifiable . . . What France asked for she had a right to expect—that the Sultan of Morocco should exercise effective control over the tribes that were threatening the security and disturbing the prosperity of Algeria and the Algerian hinterland, or refrain from opposing France in taking the necessary military measures to call the Moorish tribes to order. From the French point of view, the line of argument to justify a "violation" of the Moorish frontier was unanswerable. If Morocco meant a definite geographical territory, the Government of Morocco was responsible for what happened in that territory. If the Sultan answered that he was responsible only for the acts of the Makhzon, i.e., the submitted tribes, France was not attacking his sovereignty of his Government, when she punished unsubmitted tribes, i.e., the Siba, and occupied their territories. . . .

General Lyautey showed immediately a genius for doing the right thing that one is led by African colonial history to expect only of an Anglo-Saxon. General Moinier had fined Fez a million francs in punishment for the uprising. General Lyautey withdrew the edict. He put his finger immediately upon an injustice that was the principal cause of native hostility, just as it had been in Algeria,—the alienation of lands to French subjects and to natives who had been manifestly working for French political interests. He let it be known that France intended to do the square thing in every particular. There would be no injustice, no cruelty, no exploitation by the adventurers who followed the army. . . .

When Colonel Lyautey took charge of the frontier forces, the French attitude became energetic and unyielding. As just as he was strict, as judicious as he was energetic, as cool-headed as he was enthusiastic, Colonel Lyautey developed in his task diplomatic and military qualities that have brought him a seat in the French Academy, a generalship in the army, and the mission of making Morocco French.

Aside from two small military lines, there are as yet no railways in Morocco. The European War arrived too soon after the pacification to make possible a definite statement of how Morocco is thriving economically under French control. But the beginning is encouraging in every way, and is most flattering to the French authorities who have to cope with an international situation that presents many unsettled problems.

NEW DREAMS FOR OLD

By Cale Young Rice

"Trails Sunward" is a compilation of poems by Cale Young Rice, announced for publication on March 25th. (The Century Co., $1.25.) Mr. Rice has both quality and comprehensiveness, a combination, which, according to The New York Sun, "is a fair test of poetic power."

Is there no voice in the world to come
crying,
"New dreams for old!
New for old!"?
Many have long in my heart been lying,
Faded, weary, and cold.
All of them, all, would I give for a new
one.
(Is there no seeker
Of dreams that were?)
Nor would I ask if the new were a true
one:
Only for new dreams!
New for old!

For I am here, half way of my journey,
Here with the old!
All so old!
And the best heart with death is at
tourney,
If naught new it is told.
Will there no voice, then, come—or a
vision—
Come with the beauty
That ever blows
Out of the lands that are called Elysian?
I must have new dreams!
New for old!

"Hindenburg and Ludendorff. Never the one name without the other, never the one man without the other," says Herbert Bayard Swope in "Inside the German Empire."

"Ludendorff is Hindenburg's indispensable right-hand man. When Hindenburg took command on the front in mid-August, 1914, Ludendorff was rushed from Liege, where he had led the first brigade to enter the conquered city, in a special train all the way across Luxemburg and the Rhineland, across Hanover and the Mark of Brandenburg, to Hindenburg's headquarters on the eastern frontier. He became Hindenburg's Generalstabschef—chief of his general staff. Since then the two have been inseparable. When Hindenburg became chief of the great general staff, commanding all the armies of Germany—and as things stand to-day that comes near to meaning commanding all the combined German, Austro-Hungarian, Bulgarian, and Turkish armies—in September, Ludendorff went with him. There are those who say Ludendorff is Hindenburg's brain, and that Hindenburg's greatest successes have been planned by his silent, retiring assistant. Hindenburg, when in the mood, becomes talkative and chatty, and at such times he often attributes his success to his assistant. There is a perfect harmony between the two; Ludendorff plans and Hindenburg decides."

In the *Boston Transcript* of January seventh Mr. Edward O'Brien reviews and analyses the twenty-seven hundred short stories published during the last year in American magazines. And to THE CENTURY he accords first rank, not only for its high quality in content and technic but for its large number of stories possessing that spiritual sincerity which entitles them, in his opinion, to permanence in American literature.

Of the stories appearing during 1916 in THE CENTURY, sixteen Mr. O'Brien places in the first class, as excellent in form, technic and theme, and worthy to rank with accepted masters of American prose; seventeen he considers notable for style and subject matter and twelve as possessing either value. Five appear in his more limited list of fifty-two best stories of the year.

Among periodicals publishing ten or more stories distinctive in both technic and subject, THE CENTURY stands first, having a record number of thirty-two. Next to THE CENTURY stands *Harper's*, with twenty-eight, and *Scribner's* with twenty-seven. Again, among those magazines in which the stories add spiritual insight THE CENTURY heads the list with sixteen, to *Harper's* thirteen and *Scribner's* nine.

The Boston Transcript alone out of the thousand or more daily papers of the United States gives anything more than the most cursory attention to magazine stories, although these stories are often by well-known writers. All other newspapers wait until the story is taken out of the inexpensive magazine and placed between the dollar or more board covers as a Book. And Mr. O'Brien is, without doubt, the one man in the United States who can boast of having read twenty-seven hundred magazine stories within one year.

THE APRIL CENTURY

Phyllis Bottome was one of the discoveries of the year 1916. When "The Dark Tower" began to appear in THE CENTURY, not one reader in a hundred had ever heard of her, except as the author of one or two charming short stories. Her name commanded no public. The editors of THE CENTURY published "The Dark Tower" in the conviction that no other magazine would have ventured to do so on account of the tragic conclusion. Their faith in the taste of THE CENTURY public was vindicated. There was considerable outspoken adverse criticism of the serial, but the majority of the readers were whole-hearted in their enthusiasm.

These readers will be delighted to know that a new serial story by Miss Bottome, entitled "The Derelict," will begin in THE APRIL CENTURY. Not everybody will enjoy it; for neither in subject nor in treatment does it cater to the sentimental convention of the day. But it has the same bold characterization, the same epigrammatic brilliance which distinguished "The Dark Tower"; and it not only manifests a gift for satirical comedy hitherto unrevealed in Miss Bottome, but in other ways is a fuller, bigger, more mature piece of work. Not to follow "The Derelict" would be to miss a delightful and powerful story.

Articles of Interest

The most vitally important paper in the April issue, in view of the break with Germany, is that by an anonymous naval expert on "The Defense of Panama." The subject is one of great moment, and an article of such definite value to the cause of national defense should command wide attention. Of timely interest as well is "What Shall England Do?" by Arthur Gleason, a study of the industrial and social dilemma which confronts the United Kingdom—and which, by the way, has its counterpart in this country. Another of Herbert Adams Gibbons's wise and reliable discussions of the problems of reconstruction in Europe will take up "Europe and Islam" and the puzzle of small nationalities in the East. And for sheer effervescent entertainment there will be a chapter of reminiscence by Charles D. Stewart, author of "The

ARTHUR GLEASON AND WILL IRWIN
at the French Firing-Line

Fugitive Blacksmith." Mr. Stewart was once a performer in a dime museum and shared a boarding-house with the fat lady, the living skeleton, the giant, etc. "The Man Who Talked Backward" is the tale of his adventure.

The arts come in for more than usual attention. That the movies must be taken seriously as an art is the contention of Brian Hooker, who, in "Moving Pictures: A critical Prophecy," points out the path which their inevitable future development must take. The paper is plentifully illustrated. Mrs. Fiske brings her keen good sense to the question of a national theater—and answers it in an unexpected and unconventional way. "William M. Chase, the Man and the Artist" is the subject of a sympathetic paper by Katharine Roof. Frank Weitenkampf tells how an etching is made, and Roger Boutet de Monvel's genial little paper on "The Whims of Fashion" is charmingly illustrated by Anna Whelan Betts.

The short fiction includes a study of the crisis of a politician's career,—"From the Life: Thomas Wales Warren," by Harvey O'Higgins,—and tales by Jennette Lee and George T. Marsh. The verse includes a ringing ballad of the trenches by Gilbert Frankau, and "In Lighter Vein," with its light verse and keen satire, closes an issue of infinite variety.

THE SUBWAY

By Ruth Comfort Mitchell

Crowds pour down from the street and out of the locals,
A turbulent, tossing, rushing, surging stream, . . .
Harsh from the throat of the melting, grimy guard—
"Watch step—watch step—watch step — watch step—lively!"—
Like a neighbor's cracked, unceasing gramophone.
He wedges and fits and packs with swift precision,
Shoves and shoulders and crams and crushes them in,
And slides the door on the heaving, struggling bodies,
Cutting away the hapless overflowing,
As a pastry cook trims off the edge of a pie.
Crowds pour down from the street and out of the locals,
They push and pull and jostle and jam and swarm,
Tired people with fretful pallid faces,
Fighting their way in silence, tense and grim,
Obsessed, intent, unheeding, dogged and joyless,—
A fierce and virulent form of the verb To Go!—

—From *The Night Court and Other Verse* (The Century Co., $1.00).

ST. NICHOLAS FOR APRIL

About a year ago, the National Service School inaugurated at Chevy Chase, Maryland, the first training-camp for women in the history of the world; and St. Nicholas for April will contain two articles descriptive of this unique encampment. "Girls in Khaki," by Margaret Dadmun, and "The Soldier Girls of the National Service School," by Miriam Warren Hubbard, will describe the camp life as these writers experienced it last May.

It was all very thrilling, from the reveille call at six thirty,—"I can't get them up, I can't get them up, I can't get them up in the morning!" to the "Rah, Rah, Ray—U. S. A." cheer before retiring at nine thirty. One of the most interesting facts observed in the school was the joy with which every girl, many of them society butterflies unaccustomed to any kind of labor, delighted in the definite routine which mapped out every hour of their day. This first training camp for women has proved so satisfactory that it will be repeated and similar schools are being organized in all parts of the country—in Boston, New York, and Savannah.

"Under Boy Scout Colors," the exciting serial by Joseph Ames, continues, and in the April issue the scout cabin will become a reality. It is rumored that this story, intended primarily for St. Nicholas boys, is being read with equal interest by their sisters.

In that fine double series, "Heroes of To-day" and "Heroines of Service," which Mary R. Parkman is contributing to St. Nicholas, the April instalment will tell the life story of John Burroughs, one of America's gentlest heroes, and of Mary Lyon, the founder of Mt. Holyoke Seminary, and pioneer of the higher education of women.

The great naturalist, who rounds out his four-score years this March, has never cared for a life of travel and adventure. To him "home sights and sounds are best of all. . . . Why should I rush hither and yon to see things when I can see constellations from my own doorstep?"

Illustrating "Girls in Khaki" in the April St. Nicholas

"Anything that ought to be done can be done" was Mary Lyon's motto and her "will to do" was the power which created the first great institution of learning for women in the United States.

Miss Parkman's article will prove an inspiration to the women of to-day and to the girls who will become the women of to-morrow.

"The Adventures of Piang the Jungle Boy," by Florence Partello Stuart, is the first in a series of stories, each complete in itself, dealing with the life of a brave Moro boy. In this story the dangers encountered by him in the jungle for the sake of obtaining gold dust coveted by the white trader in exchange for a few gaudy trinkets to present to his mother are described with a sympathy and intimate understanding of the Philippines and its native races which will make these stories absorbingly interesting as well as informative.

"When Girls Go to Camp," by Anna Worthington Coale is the first of a delightful series of articles on this subject, which grows increasingly important with the first signs of spring. The movement from the cities toward the country during the warm months is becoming steadily more popular and cannot be too strongly commended.

"The Song of the Paddle," by John B. May is a longer poem than is customarily published by ST. NICHOLAS. Young people reading it will be affected by spring fever, for it fairly vibrates with the spirit of wild life and pine woods.

"Understood Betsy," by Dorothy Canfield, carries its young heroine into a real adventure, which brings out all her latent power of quick decision and takes her a long step forward on the path of self reliance. In the April instalment of "The Girl Next Door," the interesting serial story by Augusta Huiell Seaman, Cecily tells her newfound friends some of the things they are "dying to know." "Fire on Tamarack" tells the problems facing a young state forester who encounters antagonism of the country people round about.

The book chosen for the Books and Reading contest of April is "Kidnapped," by Robert Louis Stevenson. ST. NICHOLAS continues to offer prizes to its readers for the best letters not exceeding 500 words telling why the book is interesting. Other features of interest are "The Watch Tower," by Dr. S. L. Forman, "Nature and Science," the pages devoted to "Very Little Folk," "The St. Nicholas League," etc., etc.

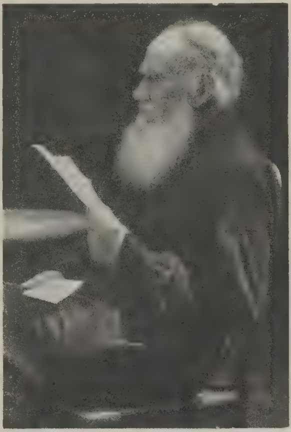
"In every civilized country two forces coöperate to produce war," writes Bertrand Russell, whose book "Why Men Fight" has passed into a second edition within a week of its publication. "In ordinary times some men—usually a small proportion of the population—are bellicose: they predict war, and obviously are not unhappy in the prospect. The problem to be solved, if the future of the world is to be less terrible than its present, is the problem of preventing nations from getting into the moods of England and Germany at the outbreak of the war. If either the English or the Germans were capable of thinking in terms of individual welfare rather than national pride, they would have seen that, at every moment during the war the wisest course would have been to conclude peace at once, on the best terms that could have been obtained."

BOOKS AND THEIR MAKERS

Andrew D. White, who perhaps has represented his country in more responsible foreign diplomatic positions than any other living American, has written the following letter to Roland Hugins, author of "The Possible Peace": "I have read your book 'The Possible Peace' with interest. It impresses me as vigorous and pungent, clear in thought and effective in style. There are passages in it to which I could not give my full consent, but, on the whole, I think you have presented the various aspects of the case remarkably well."

"To him that hath," etc. Charles M. Schwab, who last year refused some sixty million dollars for half interest in his Bethlehem steel holdings, saw his book, "Succeeding With What You Have," published in January by The Century Co., start out with a success that does not often attend an author's first book. Within three days of publication the first edition was exhausted, and the second edition is well on its way. It is reported that when the successful new author gets his first royalty check he is going to give a spread to fellow craftsmen some night at Polly's in Greenwich Village.

The present tour of Count Ilya Tolstoy through the United States, during which he is delivering lectures on the intimate life and ideals of his father, recalls the fact that in his "Reminiscences of Tolstoy" Count Ilya pictures the great novelist as a very delightful paterfamilias. Countless were the games and rhymes and humorous inventions with which he amused his children. For example the game of "Numidian Cavalry," which Count Ilya describes in this way: "We would all be sitting, perhaps in the zala, rather flat and quiet after the departure of some dull visitors. Up would jump my father from his chair, lifting one hand in the air, and run at full speed around the table at a hopping gallop. We all flew after him, hopping and waving our hands as he did. We would run round the room several times and sit down again panting in our chairs in quite a different frame of mind, gay and lively. The Numidian Cavalry had an excellent effect many and many a time. After that exercise all sorts of quarrels and wrongs were forgotten and tears dried with marvelous rapidity."



Illustrating "Reminiscences of Tolstoy"

How to come to terms with Japan is the great diplomatic problem of our generation, as great, if not greater, than the issue with Germany, says Gardner L. Harding, author of "Present-Day China." What terms can we offer? Mr. Harding has just given his answer to this question in a series of lectures delivered before the student bodies of more than twenty New England colleges, including, among others, Harvard, Yale, Smith, Amherst, Wesleyan, Brown, Simmons, Mass. Inst. of Technology, Mass. Agricultural College, American International College (Springfield), and also at Rutgers, Columbia, and the College of the City of New York. The gist of Mr. Harding's solution, which he has set forth at greater length in "Present-Day China," the only interpretation of Far Eastern problems in recent years by an American radical, is that there is only one enduring way by which the present deadly drift toward misunderstanding in the Pacific can be arrested and prevented in time. That is by adequately protecting China from the vast and sinister economic competition which may one day end in making her another battle-ground of world-rivalry, greater and more dreadful than that of the Balkan States and the Turkish Empire. It is by the encouragement of the Chinese toward the rehabilitation of their own country that this sinister drift can really be stayed.

Several of Palmer Cox's famous Brownie Books have returned to the press for reprinting, "The Brownies: Their Book" for its twenty-ninth edition; "Another Brownie Book" for the eighteenth; "'The Brownies Around the World" for the fourteenth, etc., etc.

During one of his earlier campaigns Francisco Villa had an American "movie" photographer, Burrud by name, attached to his staff, who spent a good deal of his time taking pictures of the excessively vain "general" himself. Sometimes, however, Burrud was called upon to undertake more strenuous operations. The following story, for instance, is told in Francis A. Collin's "The Camera Man": "Burrud was called outdoors unexpectedly at sunrise one morning, and directed to report with his camera at once to headquarters. When he arrived, coatless and breakfastless before Villa's tent, he was told that the General had decided to have some twenty prisoners shot and wanted a moving picture taken of the execution. The prisoners, most of them political merely, were to be butchered to make a moving picture scene. Burrud feigned to examine his camera closely, and then explained to the General that his films were bad and that it would be impossible to take the picture until a new supply had arrived. Villa was disgusted to miss the entertainment, but the camera man insisted that there was no use in making the exposure, and the picture and the execution were put off several days. By the time the next supply of films arrived, the General had fortunately changed his mind and the men were saved."

"Your sketches have been widely quoted here, both on account of their matter and their admirable style, and truly have had a very considerable effect on public opinion."—N. W. Massingham, of the *London Nation* to Madeleine Doty, author of "Short Rations," which appeared in part in the *New York Tribune*.

"The Crimson Sweater," by Ralph Henry Barbour, has recently returned to the press for its sixteenth reprinting. His success as a writer of boy's stories is explained by his statement: "I aim to make more of the characters than the stories. I usually map out my characters. Then I let them take care of themselves."

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(See inside of front cover)

By the author of "Molly Make-Believe"

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By ELEANOR HALLOWELL ABBOTT

THIS is a story of Mrs. Tome Gallien, a tremendously wealthy, keen-minded, sharp-tongued, bed-ridden woman, who is always sending unsolicited presents broadcast, and then is dissatisfied at the lack of warmth with which they are received; whose dearest wish is this: "That the last mail of the day may never leave me utterly letterless—and that I may always be expecting a package by express."

Also it tells the adventures of

Solvei Kjelland, who says herself that she is "young, and strong, and very laughing," and who has just come from Norway to America to learn about the Montessori method. But, by a joyful twist of fortune, she learns most about Mrs. Tome Gallien and her gifts.

Dr. Sam Kendrue, who is as tall and young and handsome as Solvei, as brunette as she is blonde, as grim as she is effervescent and vivid; and is poorer than almost anybody, for when he receives the mysterious gift of a grand piano he has to move out of his little office to let it in.

About these and some subordinate characters the author of "Molly Make-Believe" weaves another of those whimsical, sparkling, laughing romances that have endeared her to so many thousand readers.

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(Continued on inside of back cover)

THE
CENTURION

JULY, 1917

MARIA FEODOROVNA: A MODERN BORGIA

By Baroness Souiny

Baroness Souiny, widow of a Russian nobleman, a surgeon to the former court, knows Russia. To know Russia, the mysterious, the fearful, is to be of Russia, admitted to its freemasonry, which no outsider can penetrate. Americans will find her book, "Russia of Yesterday and To-morrow" (The Century Co., $2.00), of transcendent interest in its brilliant analysis of Russian character, that strange blend of Slav and Tatar, with its polished refinements which merely veneer the barbarian soul beneath. The passage below sketches the tragedy of the last of the Romanoff dynasty.

Gaiety did not mark the reign of Alexander III. Shadows of pale fear followed the heavy czar and obscured his life and that of Maria Feodorovna, the Danish princess. Her whole hope was in the future, and, with the atavism of queens who mixed poisons for their husbands, she dreamed of her own autocracy.

Plotting for Power

With the terrible ambition of ruling Russia, the czarina did not prevent her husband from heavy drinking. The giant's heart was weak.

Circumstances favored the hopes of Maria Feodorovna. Secretly she formed her party, the camarilla of Maria Feodorovna. Her sons were frail little boys with all kinds of inherited diseases. The czarevitch, the stubborn little Nicholas, was no obstacle to her. Her sons became men, and Alexander, notwithstanding his heart disease, lived longer than the physicians prophesied. Maria Feodorovna became restless.

BARONESS SOUINY
Author of "Russia of Yesterday and To-morrow"

All the czarina's schemes developed rapidly. Alexander's enormous body swelled and swelled. Day and night he sat in his big arm-chair, tortured by suffocation and worrying about Nicholas, who was so poor a czarevitch.

Maria Feodorovna smiled on the czarevitch's pseudo-court. She let her camarilla nourish and support his idea of marrying the dancer. Then, she was sure, his light as czar would never burn, and Michael, who was sick and good-natured, would be only too glad to leave the reins of the government in the hands of his mother.

The Czar's Counter-Plot

The ministers revealed to the czar the dangerous ideas of the czarevitch and the machinations of Maria Feodorovna's camarilla. He was still the czar, though the dying czar. He summoned Nicholas and forced on him his marriage to the Princess Alix of Hesse.

Alexander III expired. The pomp of the funeral was over. The czarina mother took up her residence at the Annitschkof Palace, the residence of the widows of the czars.

The czarina's hope was in the child she was expecting. Her first-born was a princess, and the poor czarina became timid before sinister fate. She saw herself and the czar drifting apart under the influence of the czarina-mother. Her second child, so anxiously longed for, came. Again a little girl.

A Royal Grandmother

The morning came when the sound of all the bells, followed by the twenty-one-gun salute, announced to all Russia the birth of an heir.

The czarina-mother, Maria Feodorovna, had to carry the child, the unwelcome grandson who annihilated all her efforts and her ambitions for her son Michael. She held the little bit of potential manhood in her arms, breathing on the babe wordless curses. Poor little boy so ardently longed for, and then persecuted at his entrance into the world!

The czarina trembled for her new happiness. Her little treasure had to be watched, and even then she was never sure which of all the nurses or ladies in waiting, bought by the czarina-mother, might betray her.

The camarilla never hesitated at assassination. Positively true is the story that one morning when the czarevitch was put into his bath, the czarina, in a neighboring room, heard the child utter a terrible scream, followed by helpless whining. She rushed into the nursery, to find the boy lying in his tub, with a blue face, and desperately struggling to get out of this death-bringing danger. The czarina snatched her son out of *ice water*. The terrible mistake was attributed to the nurse.

Terrorized

All that was not plotted by the anarchists the cruel, fantastic camarilla invented. The little freedoms of the young sovereigns were under terrible espionage. For every theatre party, for every entertainment, they provided cleverly arranged and dramatically discovered assassins.

The camarilla worked well. Terror crept through the palace, crept through the doors into the private rooms of the sovereigns. They fled from the capital to bury themselves in the solitude of Tsarsko-Sselo, nowhere sure that plots would not be forged in their closest entourage.

THE PANTHEON

By Charles L. Barstow

In a review of Charles L. Barstow's "Famous Buildings" (The Century Co., $1.00, "The Normal Instructor" wrote: "Not only the child, but the parent, will welcome this guide to correct judgment and taste . . . useful as a reference book for the home and school." The passage below, taken from the period of Greek architecture, is typical in its simplicity and completeness of treatment of the entire book.

The Pantheon is unique in Rome—in the world—as a building which has been in use for nearly 1800 years and still retains its old walls and vaulting. The bronze doors, though much restored, are originals. The doorway is 40 feet high and 20 feet wide, and the old bronze doors, the oldest and finest in Rome, are 26 feet 6 inches high, a bronze lattice filling the rest of the space. The interior is remarkable. All the light enters from the round hole in the dome which is about 28 feet in diameter. Yet this light is ample and, what is more important, it is perfectly evenly distributed. No lighting ever devised gave so fine an effect.

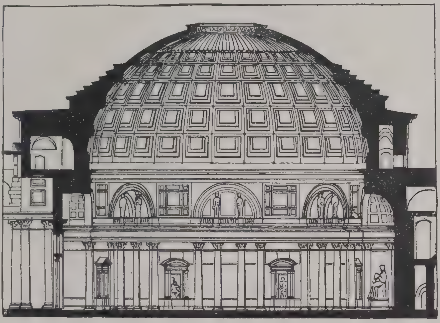


Illustration from "Famous Buildings"
By Charles L. Barstow

There are really two parts to the Pantheon, the circular part or rotunda and the portico. The portico was originally a part of a temple built by Agrippa, but was not put in its present place until some time after the great rotunda was built by Hadrian (117 A.D.). It is poorly joined to the main edifice. Notice the sixteen columns, which are of red and gray granite. The pitch of the roof of this portico is steeper than that of the Greek temples, and than other Roman ones. Place your thumb over the apex of the gable so as to produce the effect of lowering the gable and see if you do not think it improves the looks of the building. The name of Agrippa still shows on the front, but the sculptures of bronze, which once filled the pediment, have disappeared. Twelve superb granite Corinthian columns 50 feet high support the portico.

The rotunda is splendidly preserved; the interior has all the appearance of the original paneling of marble. It measures 145 feet in diameter internally, but the walls are 20 feet thick—to support the great dome that rises to a height of 140 feet. Around the rotunda are seven inches alternately rectangular and semi-circular, and fronted by Corinthian columns.

There is a quiet magnificence about this building which is unequaled. We visit many churches in a trip to Europe, and many galleries, and see many great buildings, but there is none that takes a stronger hold upon our feelings and our memory than the Pantheon.

OUT FROM THE WORLD OF TOUCH

By Helen Keller

In Helen Keller's "The World I Live In" (The Century Co., $1.20) is found one of the most marvelous documents in the history of human thought. It is the only existing original source developing the processes by which a blind deaf mute achieved a grasp on abstract subjects. With extraordinary fascination one follows the mind of Helen Keller as it grows from the gloom of the unillumined world in which she was born to the reflected sunlight of the half-lit world wherein she now lives.

Before my teacher came to me, I did not know that I am. I lived in a world that was a no-world. I cannot hope to describe adequately that unconscious, yet conscious time of nothingness. I did not know that I knew aught, or that I lived or acted or desired. I had neither will nor intellect. I was carried along to objects and acts by a certain blind natural impetus. I had a mind which caused me to feel anger, satisfaction, desire. These two facts led those about me to suppose that I willed and thought. I can remember all this, not because I knew that it was so, but because I have tactual memory.

Before I Learned to Think

I can remember that I never contracted my forehead in the act of thinking. I never viewed anything beforehand or chose it. I also recall tactually the fact that never in a start of the body or a heart-beat did I feel that I loved or cared for anything. My inner life, then, was a blank without past, present, or future, without hope or anticipation, without wonder or joy or faith.

I remember, also through touch, that I had a power of association. I felt tactual jars like the stamp of a foot, the opening of a window or its closing, the slam of a door. After repeatedly smelling rain and feeling the discomfort of wetness, I acted like those about me: I ran to shut the window. But that was not thought in any sense. It was the same kind of association that makes animals take shelter from the rain. From the same instinct of aping others, I folded the clothes that came from the laundry, and put mine away, fed the turkeys, sewed bead-eyes on my doll's face, and did many other things of which I have the tactual remembrance. When I wanted anything I liked,—ice-cream, for instance, of which I was very fond,—I had a delicious taste on my tongue (which, by the way, I never have now), and in my hand I felt the turning of the freezer. I made the sign, and my mother knew I wanted ice-cream.

Since I had no power of thought, I did not compare one mental state with another. So I was not conscious of any change or process going on in my brain when my teacher began to instruct me. I merely felt keen delight in obtaining more easily what I wanted by means of the finger motions she taught me. I thought only of objects, and only objects I wanted. It was the turning of the freezer on a larger scale. When I learned the meaning of "I" and "me" and found that I was something, I began to think. Then consciousness first existed for me. Thus it was not the sense of touch that brought me knowledge.

Nature—the world I could touch—was folded and filled with myself. I am inclined to believe those philosophers who declare that we know nothing but our own feelings and ideas. That is why, perhaps, many people know so little about what is beyond their short range of experience. They look within themselves—and find nothing! Therefore they conclude that there is nothing outside themselves either.

My dormant being had no idea of God or immortality, no fear of death.

Groping, uncertain, I at last found my identity, and after seeing my thoughts and feelings repeated in others, I gradually constructed my world of men and of God. As I read and study, I find that this is what the rest of the race has done. Man looks within himself and in time finds the measure and the meaning of the universe.

THE FIANNA FIREANN

By Margaret Skinnider

"I care not if my life has only the span of a night and a day if my deeds be spoken of by the men of Ireland." This was the spirit which inspired the children of Ireland, in the brave but futile rebellion of Easter week, 1916. In "Doing My Bit For Ireland" (The Century Co., $1.00), Margaret Skinnider gives a graphic personal account of the part played by the boys' organization, the Fianna Fireann.

Madam urged an Irish Boy Scout movement. She decided to do it herself with Pearse's coöperation. Madam had never done work of this sort, but that did not deter her. She studied both boys and tactics, and finally came to believe that to succeed the spirit of old Ireland must be invoked. Since it must be an organization that would do something for Irish spirit in Irish boys, she named it after the Fianna Fireann, a military organization during the reign of Cormac MacAirt, one of the old Irish heroes. With this name went instruction in Ireland's history in the days of her independence and great deeds, as well as instruction in scouting and shooting. The boys saved up their money for uniforms and equipment, and from the beginning were aware of themselves as an independent, self-respecting body. They have stood well the test of the revolution.

Dux Femina

The countess was one of the best shots in Ireland, and taught the boys how to shoot. After the rising, when we all had surrendered, there still was one house from which constant and effective firing went on for three days. At last a considerable force of British took it by storm. Imagine the surprise of the officer in command when he found that its only occupants were three boys, all under sixteen!

"Who taught you to shoot like that?" he asked them.

"The Countess Markievicz," came the answer.

"How often did she drill you?"

"Only on Sundays."

"And these great lumps of mine," exclaimed the officer in disgust, "are drilled twice a day and don't yet know their left foot from their right!"

Tommie

A Wearer of the Green

There were a good many of the Fianna boys in the college with us. As usual, their allegiance to Madam would not let them leave her. One of them, Tommie Keenan of Camden Row, was only twelve years old, but was invaluable. He would go out for food and medicine and, because he was so little, never attracted attention, though he wore his green Fianna shirt under his jacket. On Tuesday he came to the conclusion, perhaps with Madam's aid, that he ought to go home and tell his parents what he was doing. Commandant Mallin advised him just before he left to take off his green shirt and not wear it again for a while. It was a day or more before he returned, because his father had locked him in his room. We sympathized with the father, for that was just what we had expected him to do. But when a friend came along who promised to keep guard over Tommy if he was allowed to go for a walk, the boy's chance came. Eluding this friend, he ran the most roundabout way until he arrived.

Little Tommy Keenan of Camden Row had, so he thought, the good fortune to be put in prison with sixty of the Fianna when our men surrendered the College of Surgeons. But, much to their chagrin, at the end of two weeks the boys were released. Did they scurry away to grow up into better British subjects? Not at all!

Irish boys are showing their attitude, for at Padraic Pearse's school, conducted now by a brother of Thomas McDonagh, who taught there before the rising, there are several hundred boys on the waiting-list. The school never was as crowded before; the work that Pearse gave his life for, the inspiriting of Irish youth, is still going on.

Louisville, Kentucky, is far-famed for its sons and daughters who have won distinction as brilliant literary lights of to-day. Mrs. Fanny Caldwell Macaulay, better known to the reading public as Frances Little, has chosen Japan as the background for her charming love stories, "The House of the Misty Star," "The Lady of the Decoration," etc. Alice Hegan Rice wrote of her beloved Kentucky in the stories that made her famous, "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" and "Lovey Mary." Her husband, Cale Young Rice, ranks high among the living American poets. Margaret Anderson is the author of "The Study of Modern Painting," besides being widely known as lecturer, critic and editor. Eleanor Mercein Kelly wrote her first book last year, "Kildares of Storm," which won her instant recognition as the novelist of modern Kentucky. Mrs. Kelly, it is said, is at present hard at work on a new romance.

AN AERIAL ATTACK ON A SEAPLANE CARRIER

By Henry Woodhouse

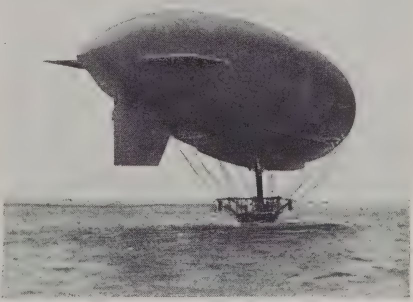
In the "Textbook of Naval Aeronautics" (The Century Co., $6.00), Henry Woodhouse has written a comprehensive library on aeronautics. Special chapters have been contributed by leading authorities, including Rear Admiral Fiske, Rear Admiral Peary, etc., presenting the latest official information on every department of naval aeronautics. The book contains a record of the conquest of the air as entertaining as the most thrilling fiction.

A vivid picture of a bombing attack upon a ship at sea has been given by Lieutenant François-Bernou, who was aboard the seaplane carrier *Ben-Ma-Chree* in the Saloniki campaign. The exact position of the ship has been deleted by the censor for obvious reasons, and a number of photographs taken aboard were skilfully mangled in fear of many valuable details reaching the enemy. Life aboard the mother ship would seem a very novel and thrilling experience to the layman, but familiarity soon breeds not contempt but indifference to the extraordinary activities which form its daily routine.

Danger a Commonplace

The fascinating spectacle of the aeroplanes rising from the mother ship for their perilous flights of reconnaissance or attack, or their arrival from long aero cruises and the work of swinging them inboard or outboard by powerful cranes, soon became a commonplace. As Lieutenant François-Bernou remarks, these sights, which have never before been witnessed in any war on land or sea, seemed no more unusual than the cranking of an automobile.

The French officer, being a newcomer, was alive to the extraordinary dramatic interest of these stirring days. Many of the flights were made for long distances above the Holy Land, and Lieutenant François-Bernou was impressed by the curious coincidence that the land of miracles should witness this twentieth-century miracle of flight. Day after day the seaplanes ventured forth from the shelter of the mother ship on many daring flights to spy the enemy's positions or direct the deadly fire from the sky upon troops or fortifications far inland, and after raids would return like homing pigeons, bringing in valuable reports.



The First U. S. Naval Dirigible
Illustration from "Textbook of Naval Aeronautics"

Bombing the Ben-Ma-Chree

One of the most dramatic incidents of the life aboard the seaplane carrier *Ben-Ma-Chree* came one day most unexpectedly. An aeroplane which had been out on a scouting trip was suddenly sighted, approaching at top speed, pursued by a German Fokker. The aeroplanes were flying at a high altitude. The French aircraft had managed to elude the enemy, and by a daring volplane landed safely on the water beside the mother ship. Everything was in readiness to retrieve the aeroplane, which was quickly hoisted on board. The German Fokker was not content to give up the chase and continued to fly above the *Ben-Ma-Chree* at a comparatively low altitude, dropping deadly bombs. Such an attack from the sky is extremely daunting. Any one of the bombs, which described black vertical lines against the sky, might bring instant disaster.

The bombing aeroplane succeeded in passing directly above the ship several times. Some of the bombs struck the water so near the vessel that the splash of the waves thrown up by the explosion wet the steamer's bridge. The entire crew stood manfully at their posts. The only hope of escaping lay in driving the ship full speed ahead in a series of mad zig-zags, a course which the aeroplane could not follow. The anti-aircraft guns at last succeeded in driving away the enemy, with what damage could not be known.

A Jockey in the Sky

After a thrilling experience of this kind, the French officer remarks, the men were almost overcome with sleep, so exhausting had the experience been both on mind and body. The pilot who had been chased in by the German Fokker was, by the way, a very interesting character. In less troublous times he had been a famous jockey, and his thrilling race against time for the mother ship was in a sense a familiar experience. Three days after this experience while on a very daring scouting and bombing trip, a shot from the enemy struck his motor, forcing him to descend, when he was made a prisoner by the Turks.

A GRANITE ILIAD

The patient, sturdy men who piled the stones
Have vanished, like the days, beyond the bounds
Of earth and mortal things.
From their humble, steadfast lives has sprung the greatness of my nation.
I am bone of their bone, breath of their breath,
Their courage is in my soul.
The wall is an Iliad of granite; it chants to me
Of pilgrims of the perilous deep,
Of fearless journeyings and old forgotten things.

From Helen Keller's "The Song of the Stone Wall"
(*The Century Co.*, $1.20)

THE MOUNTEBANK'S TRICK

By Adele Luehrmann

Mystery enveloped Marie Dupont. Who was this girl who knew no French, yet, taken unaware, answered in perfect Parisian? Why was Gavock so certain he had seen her before, yet unable to recollect either time or place? Adele Luehrmann's "The Curious Case of Marie Dupont" (The Century Co., $1.35) is one of the most baffling mystery stories ever written; in its unraveling the reader is transported from New York to Russia, Roumania, England, and France.

The music cut short the conversation. Gavock leaned forward in his seat, every muscle tense.

"Don't you like it?" he heard her say.

He parried deftly. "It's very good, isn't it? To me it seems amazingly good."

"You're right, Mr. Gavock, it is—amazing, because Miss Dupont says she has never had dancing lessons before this winter. Now I don't believe that, and Madame Adrienne doesn't believe it. Look at what she's doing now! That's a flying pirouette. Why, you have to learn that sort of thing when you're six—not twenty-six."

Illustrating "The Curious Case of Marie Dupont'
By Adele Luehrmann

"But why should she not tell the truth—"

An Age-old Gesture

His question was cut short by a sudden burst of applause which greeted the dancer as, having achieved two rapid repetitions of the flying pirouette, she came to a position of rest, smiling, her head thrown back, her arms thrust out, palms up.

It was a gesture ages old. No one in that audience but had seen it a hundred times. The bareback rider of the circus, the tumbler at a country fair, the magician of vaudeville, the *premiere danseuse* at the opera, their feats accomplished, smile at the audience, arms out, palms up. It is the mountebank's appeal for plaudits and an audience responds to it almost mechanically. Mechanically Gavock raised his hands to clap. Then he stopped short.

Why had the girl done such a thing? Where had she learned it? It was a professional's trick, and in such a place it was not fitting. Yet how charmingly she held the pose!

He was conscious that in the back of his head a new idea was groping.

Suddenly she changed her pose. She swayed now to one side, then to the other, in a long slow rhythm. The flame like colors of her gown gave her the appearance of a slender, waving torch.

Now again the dancer paused. Her arms swept slowly forward and grew tense; then with a swift movement she strained them backward as though pushing something from her. Her head sank back upon her shoulders, stretching the long line from chin to bosom. Thus poised she began to advance as in a stately march, but by movements of hidden muscles the brilliant draperies of her gown were kept swirling about her like wind-driven flames.

A Russian Impromptu

From Irma Niklova's violin haunting dissonances made up a strain that was like a dirge, wild and barbaric.

Now the stately advance was halted. Marie Dupont raised her head, her chin shot forward, her arms swept round upon a circle and sank, crossing themselves, upon her breast. Wide and expressionless her eyes stared out, her teeth showed in a mirthless smile. She began to execute some rapid sideward steps, her knees bent almost to a sitting posture, her feet darting out alternately from beneath her skirts.

"Russian!"

One heard the hissing of the word as it passed from lip to lip.

Another change. The dancer rose again to her full height, her lips closed to a thin line, her eyes narrowed to a black slit. And she entered on a dizzying whirl, to right, then left, in ever-increasing rapidity.

The violin of the Russian girl followed every movement, clinging like a shadow. Her bow swerved and trembled, faster, louder, wilder, leaping along the scale in intervals weird and harrowing to Western nerves. From the audience came a sound that was louder, more poignant than a rustle. It was as though, involuntarily, many moved, squirming.

Then, with the sharp, explosive noise of snapping sinew the music stopped. A violin string had broken.

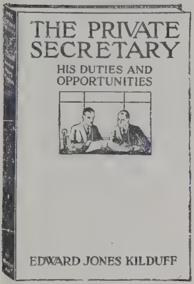
One thousand dollars was awarded to Herbert Bayard Swope as the Pulitzer prize for the best example of a reporter's work during the past year, the tests being "accuracy, terseness, and the accomplishment of some public good commanding public attention and respect." Mr. Swope's articles, which appeared in the *New York World,* were later incorporated into a book, entitled "Inside the German Empire," and published by The Century Co.

Stephen Whitman, author of "Children of Hope," has spent the winter in Universal, California. When this romance appeared last year, the Century Co. received a letter in which was stated: "In 'Children of Hope' you have a novel that any publisher should be exultant to have on his list, you have established a connection with an author who will come nearer to being the American George Meredith than anyone else in sight!"

THE GENIUS OF INITIATIVE

By Edward J. Kilduff

Tradition tells of a distinguished secretary to a distinguished official who, when asked to define the duties of a secretary, laconically replied, "I load the guns and he fires them." After reading the chapter on initiative in Edward J. Kilduff's "The Private Secretary" (The Century Co., $1.20), the position of the private secretary as distinguished from that of the mere stenographer is apparent.


THE PRIVATE SECRETARY
HIS DUTIES AND OPPORTUNITIES
EDWARD JONES KILDUFF

Initiative rests upon three things: imagination, reasoning ability, and energy of the will. The secretary should have the imagination to plan and to see what will result if his plan is put into operation; he must have a perspective of his work so that he can look ahead.

Moreover, he should possess the ability to reason out matters so that his plan of action will be based on good reasons. And lastly, he should have the energy of will to start the plan and push it through to the end.

Developing the Alter Ego

Initiative, in the active sense as applied to the private secretary, depends a great deal upon the association with and the knowledge of the character of the employer. The private secretary cannot very well go ahead and exercise his own initiative or judgment unless he first knows what the employer would like done in certain instances. Here again, it is seen that the private secretary is the *alter ego*—the other self—of his employer. He must pretty nearly know just what the ideas of the employer are on the question in hand and just how that employer, if he were there or if he were called upon to decide himself, would decide certain questions.

Cultivating the Initiatory Habit

Initiative is too often considered to be like genius—a gift which cannot be cultivated—a gift which is born in its possessor. No doubt some have more initiative than others, but that is no reason why the less gifted should despair of the development of that which they really possess to some degree. Some men have stronger muscles than others, but they have secured them usually through development. Every bright idea that comes to the secretary's mind should be transformed to action when the right time comes. If the secretary is deeply interested in his work, that interest will soon spur his initiatory powers. He will study the methods of other successful secretaries and adopt them bodily when he is himself unable to improve upon them. He will continually try to pick up better methods if he can. Then suddenly before the secretary realizes it he has the initiatory habit strongly fastened to him. After he has done that, he has made one of the longest strides toward success that it is possible for him to make.

Men are likely to lack initiative, not because they lack the courage to make a decision, but because they do not possess the judgment which is necessary to decide matters correctly. If they have made one bad mistake and have been severely censured for it, they very rarely try to exercise their judgment next time. They lose confidence in themselves and in their judgment of matters.

Why Women Lack Initiative

Judgment and experience are the foundations upon which initiative rests. Hence men who find themselves weak in initiative should strive to secure the experience and reasoning power which will enable them to decide and plan correctly. They should learn to reason carefully.

Women are likely to lack initiative because they are by nature of a rather timid disposition. They are afraid to make a decision, for they fear that it may not be the right one. Women usually have the necessary judgment and the taste in matters which would come under their jurisdiction, but they fear to assume the responsibility that such a decision would bring upon them. Women private secretaries, if they overcome their natural timidity, will be found to possess initiatory powers.

THE DOUGLAS SQUIRREL

By John Muir

To observe truly, to feel truly, and to write truly are the three requirements of the nature-writer. John Muir has them all. Besides he possesses the rare gift of projecting his own personality upon the pages of his book. No squirrel is more alert or more at home in his own woods than the author of "Mountains of California" (The Century Co., $1.50), and in every chapter the whiff of the high Sierras is redolent.

The Douglas Squirrel is by far the most interesting and influential of the California *sciuridae*. Go where you will throughout the woods of the Sierra Nevada, you everywhere find this little squirrel the master-existence.

Nature's Forester

Nature has made him master-forester and committed most of her coniferous crops to his paws. Probably over fifty per cent. of all the cones ripened on the Sierra are cut off and handled by the Douglas alone, and of those of the big trees perhaps ninety per cent. pass through his hands; the greater portion is of course stored away for food to last during the winter and spring, but some of them are tucked separately into loosely covered holes, where some of the seeds germinate and become trees.

From the nose to the root of the tail he measures about eight inches; and his tail, which he so effectively uses in interpreting his feelings, is about six inches in length. He wears dark bluish-gray over the back and half-way down the sides, bright buff on the belly, with a stripe of dark gray, nearly black, separating the upper and under colors; this dividing stripe, however, is not very sharply defined. He has long black whiskers, which give him a rather fierce look when observed closely, strong claws, sharp as fish-hooks, and the brightest of bright eyes, full of telling speculation.

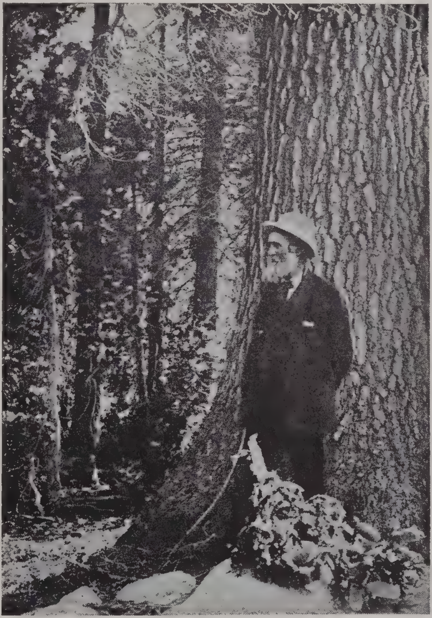
A King's River Indian told me that they call him "pillillooeet," which, rapidly pronounced with the first syllable heavily accented, is not unlike the lusty exclamation he utters on his way up a tree when excited. Most mountaineers in California call him the Pine Squirrel; and when I asked an old trapper whether he knew our little forester, he replied with brightening countenance: "Oh, yes, of course I know him; everybody knows him. When I'm huntin' in the woods, I often find out where the deer are by his barkin' at 'em. I call 'em Lightnin' Squirrels, because they're so mighty quick and peert."

One calm Indian-summer morning, when the nuts were ripe, I was camped in the upper pinewoods of the south fork of the San Joaquin, where the squirrels seemed to be about as plentiful as the ripe burs. In a few moments down came the Douglas. The breakfast-burs he had cut off had rolled on the gently sloping ground into a clump of ceanothus bushes, but he seemed to know exactly where they were, for he found them at once, apparently without searching for them. They were more than twice as heavy as himself, but he managed to drag them up to the foot of the tree from which he had cut them.

The Squirrel and the Hymn

Breakfast done, I whistled a tune for him before he went to work, curious to see how he would be affected by it. He had not seen me all this while; but the instant I began to whistle he darted up the tree nearest to him, and came out on a small dead limb opposite me, and composed himself to listen. Other squirrels, hearing the strange sounds, came around on all sides, also chipmunks and birds.

By this time my performance must have lasted nearly half an hour. I sang or whistled "Bonnie Doon," "Lass o'Gowrie," "O'er the Water to Charlie," "Bonnie Woods o' Cragie Lee," etc., all of which seemed to be listened to with bright interest, my first Douglas sitting patiently through it all, with his telling eyes fixed upon me until I ventured to give the "Old Hundredth," when he screamed his Indian name, Pillillooeet, turned tail, and darted with ludicrous haste up the tree out of sight, his voice and actions in the case leaving a somewhat profane impression.



JOHN MUIR

Author of "Mountains of California"

IRWIN RUSSELL: POET OF THE SOUTH

By F. L. Pattee

Like many of the world's wayward geniuses—Keats, Shelley, Burns—Irwin Russell, the poet of the ante-bellum negro, found himself unable to cope with the hurly-burly of the every-day world. A new edition of his poems, "Christmas Night in the Quarters," will be published in the fall. The following paragraphs from Professor F. L. Pattee's "History of American Literature Since 1870" (The Century Co., $2.00) describe the brief, unhappy life of the ill-fated genius to whom Harris, Page, and Gordon acknowledge their debt.

The life of Russell is associated with four cities: Port Gibson, Mississippi, where he was born in 1853; St. Louis, where he spent the earlier years of his life and where later he completed the course at the Jesuit University; Port Gibson again, where he studied law and was admitted to the bar; New York City, of which he was a resident from January until July, 1879; and New Orleans, where he died in December of the same year. His life was fitful and restless. He did little with his profession, turning from it to learn the printer's trade, and then, after a few listless months, drifting into other things. He had dreams of California and wandered on foot in its direction as far as Texas; he attempted to run away to sea, and he spent much time on the river boats making jovial friends of the captains and the pilots. His banjo assured him of a welcome whereever he might go.

A Poet's Poets

The writing of poetry was never to him a serious occupation. He composed with abandon when the mood was on him, he seldom revised, and he cared little for the finished product save as it might please his friends. One finds many evidences in his work that he learned his art from Burns, whom he considered the greatest poet the world had ever produced. He had saturated himself too, with the English balladists and the genuine old poets of the early periods. The poetry of his own time angered him. He maintained that his own inspiration had come not at all from other poets, but from actual contact with the material that he made use of.

Whoever was pioneer, the author of "Christmas Night in the Quarters" was the one who first caught the attention of the reading public and exerted the greatest influence upon the period. He undoubtedly was the leading pioneer. Page and Gordon dedicated their *Befo' de War* "To Irwin Russell, who awoke the first echo," and Joel Chandler Harris, manifestly an authority, declared that "Irwin Russell was among the first—if not the very first—of Southern writers to appreciate the literary possibilities of the negro character, and of the unique relations existing between the two races before the war."

Belated Success

In the last year of his life Russell, encouraged by the reception of his magazine poems, went to New York to make literature his profession. Bunner, the editor of *Puck,* and Gilder and Robert Underwood Johnson of the *Century* staff, and others recognized his ability, and gave him every encouragement possible.

Success came too late. His friends were powerless to control his wayward genius. His frail constitution gave way. From a bed of fever he arose still half delirious, staggered to the docks, engaged to work his way on a New Orleans boat as a coal heaver, and in New Orleans secured a position on the *Times.* But the end was near. To a member of the *Times* staff he opened his heart in words that might have come from Poe:

> It has been the romance of a weak young man threaded in with the pure love of a mother, a beautiful girl who hoped to be my wife, and friends, who believed in my future. I have watched them lose heart, lose faith, and again and again I have been so stung and startled that I have resolved to save myself in spite of myself. . . . I never shall.

He died a few weeks later.

WHO ATE THE SALAD?

By Alice Duer Miller

The passage quoted below does not answer the question. To discover, you must read just before and just after in Alice Duer Miller's delightful summer romance, "Come Out of the Kitchen" (The Century Co., $1.25). Most of the readers, especially if they have ever cooked under such unique circumstances, will sympathize with Jane-Ellen.

At ten, Mrs. Falkener came swimming down the stairs, all suavity and brightness. A new attack upon the cook had been planned.

"Come, Burton," she said, "aren't you ever going to offer to show me the kitchen? You know that to an old-fashioned housekeeper like myself, it is the most interesting part of the whole house."

Such interest, Crane felt inclined to answer, was not confined to old-fashioned housekeepers.

"Tuck could tell us all about it," he said slyly.

Tucker pretended not to hear, and presently Crane rang the bell.

"Tell the cook, Smithfield," he said, "that Mrs. Falkener and I are coming down to inspect the kitchen in about ten minutes."

When Smithfield had gone, Mrs. Falkener shook her finger at Crane.

"That was a mistake, my dear Burton," she said, "a great mistake. Take them unaware whenever you can; it is the only way to protect ourselves against the unscrupulous members of their class. Well, shall we be off?"

"Coming with us, Solon?"

"No, I'm not," returned Tucker crossly.

"Didn't mean to offend you," Crane answered. "I thought you liked kitchens, too."

Downstairs, they found the kitchen empty. Jane-Ellen was standing just outside the door watching Willoughby.

"You silly dear," she said caressingly.

It was Willoughby who first saw Crane. With a vivid recollection of the previous evening's feast, the cat ran to him and bumped his nose repeatedly against Crane's legs in token of fealty and gratitude. Burton felt unduly flattered. He lifted Willoughby, who instantly made himself very soft and heavy in his arms and showed every disposition to settle down and go to sleep.

Mrs. Falkener looked at him sentimentally.

"How all animals take to you, Burton, at first sight!" she said.

Crane replaced Willoughby slowly on the ground, while Jane-Ellen turned her head away for an instant. Mrs. Falkener went on:

Kitchens and Desires

"What a nice, bright kitchen you have, Jane-Ellen. A good range, though old-fashioned. How bright you keep your copper. That's right." She was across the room and her back was turned. Crane and the cook stood looking at each other. "How charming, how interesting!" Mrs. Falkener continued. "And you would not believe me when I said that the kitchen was the most interesting part of the house."

"I did not disagree with that," said Crane, still looking at Jane-Ellen.

"Oh, my dear boy, you would never have come down if I had not made you."

"One doesn't always do what one wants to do," said Crane.

Mrs. Falkener turned. The kitchen had revealed none of the enormities she had expected—not even a man hidden in the kitchen closet, the door of which she had hopefully opened; but one chance still remained. The ice-box! In her time she had known many incriminating ice-boxes. She called loudly to be taken to it.

"It's this way, madame," said the cook.

A Test of Economy

Mrs. Falkener drew Crane aside.

"That," she said, "is the very best way to judge a cook's economical powers. See how much she saves of the dishes that come from the upstairs table. Now, last night I happened to notice that the chicken salad went downstairs almost untouched."

For the first time in years, Burton found himself coloring.

"Oh, really?" he stammered. "I had an idea that we had eaten quite a lot of it."

"No," returned Mrs. Falkener firmly, "no, a good dish went down. Let us go and see."

Illustrating "Come Out of the Kitchen"
By Alice Duer Miller

Crane glanced at Jane-Ellen. He thought she had overheard.

They reached the ice-box; the cook lifted the lid, and Mrs. Falkener looked in. The first sight that greeted her eyes was the platter that had borne the salad she had liked so much. It was almost empty.

The Cook's Revenge

"Why, Jane-Ellen," she said, "where is all the rest of that excellent salad?"

At this question, Jane-Ellen, who was standing beside the chest, gave the lid a slight downward impulsion, so that it suddenly closed with a loud, heavy report, within half an inch of Mrs. Falkener's nose.

That lady turned to Burton.

"Burton," she said, with the majesty of which she was at times capable, "I leave it to you to decide whether or not this impossible young woman did that on purpose," and so saying she swept away up the stairs, like a goddess reascending Olympus.

"Look here, Jane-Ellen," said Crane, "I don't stand for that."

"Ordinary occasions call for more solemnity than elsewhere," writes Elizabeth Robins Pennell, of the Cathedral of Rheims in "French Cathedrals" (The Century Co., $6.00), illustrated by Joseph Pennell. On feast days there is great pomp, and elaborate music, and gorgeous vestments. The procession through the nave of canons in scarlet and purple, the scarlet no canons save those of Rheims are privileged to wear, and priests in glittering robes, and acolytes in white surplices, amid incense and solemn chants and flaming candles, awakens for you all your old associations with Rheims, as nothing else in the cathedral can. You seem then to be watching that larger procession; the procession of kings, one after the other, journeying from Paris to be crowned, as later they were to journey to St. Denis to be buried; and in this old pageant banners float and wave through the clouds of incense, the clang of armor breaks upon the sacred chant as the kings and queens, the knights and ladies of the court pass, everywhere gold gleams and silks shine in the lights from the burning windows above and the flaming candles below. It is the irony of history that in this spectacle of royalty at Rheims, this review of kings from Clovis to the last crowned Bourbon, not one figure to-day stands out so vividly as that of the little peasant girl, Joan of Arc. She begged the *Roi de Bourges,* whom she had made King of France, to permit her to lay aside her armor and go back in peace to her flocks and pastures. They seem to have felt this at Rheims, for hers is the statue they have set up in front of the cathedral, where all men can see it, while the kings stand meekly in a row, well out of the way, under the niches of their high gallery below the towers.

"Ain't he an awful size?"
Illustration from Ernest Thompson Seton's "Biography of a Grizzly"

"What are you," a would-be biographer once asked Ernest Thompson Seton, "an artist, a naturalist, a scientist, a writer, or what?" The reply came quickly: "I don't know. I don't care. I long since gave up trying to find out. I go quietly along my borderland way, giving to the world the best I can produce without troubling myself to classify or name it."

THE AUGUST CENTURY

Phyllis Bottome begins her second long serial in the August CENTURY. "The Dark Tower" and "The Derelict" have already made her work well-known to a large American audience. She writes with charming intelligence and a command over both comedy and tragedy. Her insight is keen. In "The Second Fiddle" diverse and clearly-drawn types of modern English life are set against the background of the Great War. The struggle between the characters of the story is directly affected by it, but the main issue is a personal one. Miss Bottome has a happy faculty for inimitable phrases. The surface of her work sparkles. But underneath the sparkle move the profound and tortuous tides of life itself. These tides Miss Bottome controls by means of a large and noble sympathy.

Food in War-time

From the start of the Great War America has had one of her greatest representatives right upon the firing line. Now all the world knows and acclaims Herbert C. Hoover. On October 22, 1914, the American Commission for Relief in Belgium was formally launched. Hoover, at first, "pledged his own credit and that of his associates to an extent that makes them gasp when they pause to think of it now." But from the beginning there was "never a moment of security, never a moment when the breakdown of the whole work did not seem more or less imminent for one reason or another. And all the burdens were borne by one man." So runs Hugh Gibson's account of "Herbert C. Hoover," Mr. Gibson being, during the first two years of the war, first secretary of our legation in Brussels, and now attached to the State Department in Washington. It is a dynamic article.

Frederic C. Howe, the Commissioner of Immigration at the Port of New York, presents an interesting article on our food supply in "The Problem of the American Farmer." "To-day," he says, "the population of the United States is only thirty for each square mile. In Belgium it rises to 671 a square mile, etc."—all other figures being at least six times as high as those of America. The immigrant does not take advantage of his farming opportunities—but this, says Commissioner Howe, only "reflects the attitude of the American people. They are abandoning

STACY AUMONIER
Whose "Them Others" will appear in the August CENTURY

the farm." What is the matter with farming? One explanation is found in the rapid increase of tenant-farming, which Mr. Howe believes disastrous. "Forty per cent. of our farmers are tenants. Along with this, the public domain of the nation is gone. There is no more free land. Land values have gone up in consequence." There are other causes discussed. This breakdown of agriculture, the author believes, is not peculiar to America. Australia, Canada, and other countries have also felt it. America has not yet recognized the facts. When the war is over, it is safe to assume that most of the countries of Europe will turn their attention to the intensive cultivation of the land." What then must America do? Professor J. Russell Smith, of the University of Pennsylvania, supplements this paper with a timely plea for town boys under military age to secure farming experience in camps or on farms, during the summer, and so become national assets.

Ourselves, France, Russia, and Others

Two especially timely contributions are "How We Can Help France," by Herbert Adams Gibbons, and "Confessions of a Munition maker," as reported by Donald Wilhelm. Mr. Gibbons, an old and valued adviser to all Century readers, discusses our recent neutrality as viewed by the French, America as France's co-worker, not her benefactor. With shrewd judgment he analyzes our neophytism and self-consciousness, he counsels us as one who loves both countries with all his soul. The story Donald Wilhelm tells for his unrevealed Munition-maker is full of flashing anecdotes. Many deal with the Russian inspection of munitions—a serious problem not without its high-lights of humor. And here is how O'Gara, one of the superintendents, felt about the pellet machine. Three years ago the doctor had told him that he would die of heart-trouble. He is working still.

> "October 20. O'Gara reported today that after he moved the pellet-machine out to a building of its own it had exploded three times in as many hours. He said:
>
> "'Well, Bob, it let go once and banged me up against the sidewall. I didn't mind that. I'd just got it started when it let go again, banging me up against the wall and hurting the back of my head. Budd looked in through the safety window. He said, "O'Gara, what's the matter with Maude now?" And then it let fly again. Well, Bob, it not only burned Budd's face and shoulders, but it blew me through the wall. That made me sore.'"

Other articles are an explanation of the attitude of the Scandinavian countries and Holland toward the Allied cause, by Hendrik Willem van Loon of Cornell, who visited this territory as correspondent for the Century; and the story of the Ukrainian race of "Little Russia" told by T. Lothrop Stoddard. The latter feels it doubtful whether the new Russian government will advocate full autonomy for the Ukraine along with Finland and Poland. Yet, for seven hundred years the Ukrainian people has suffered such political, religious, and economic persecution as makes a bagatelle of Poland's century of subjection and Finland's struggle of twenty years.

Century Fiction

Six stories make up the August fiction, ranging all the way from the delightful fooling of "Dinarzade's Three Weeks," by Gelett Burgess—which yet contains some real wisdom—to the poignant "Them Others," a remarkable piece of war realism by Stacy Aumonier. Laurence Housman shows, with a magic touch, how a prison-cell may be metamorphosed into a palace in his "Inside-out" account of Bunder-Runder, the Jailbird. Harry Esty Dounce, a new writer, makes a brilliant first appearance in the Century with his psycho-analytic "The Garden of Prosperine." Roland Pertwee's "Red and White," a masterpiece on the theme of innocence, and "Free," a dramatic tale by Wilbur Daniel Steele, complete the list.

For Dessert-Verse and "In Lighter Vein"

The Century tries to set a good table even in these days of short rations, and it does not believe in neglecting the dessert. Poetry may, perhaps, be compared to the liqueur. In the August number appears a posthumous poem by Swinburne, "Recollections," also "The Proposal," by Mary Carolyn Davies, and "The Lamentation of the Lonely," by John Roland. Shorter verse is by Helen Hoyt, Maxwell Bodenheim, and Dorothy B. Leonard. Margaret Armstrong opens "In Lighter Vein" with a discussion of DeVries' theory of Mutations. Does it sound dry? Well it isn't! You didn't know that the elephant's nose was ever "small and pink and retroussé," did you? Then there is an explanation of the parrot's use of billingsgate and what kept the kangaroo from voting for birth-control. Chester Dennis and Deems Taylor follow with entirely separate, but equally delectable, lyrics, and W. R. Burlingame again connives with W. E. Hill at the now-famous "Hall of Infamy." Lastly, Corinne Rockwell Swain tells what happened to the poet who read all the magazine advertisements. . . . The language is a good deal like Esperanto—as spoken by a desperado!

ST. NICHOLAS FOR AUGUST

The Midsummer St. Nicholas will contain appropriate out-of-door stories and poems which will delight the hearts of its readers, even of those who must stay at home.

Pro Patria!

The new department devoted to American boys and girls in their relation to the Great War will continue in the August St. Nicholas. "For Country and For Liberty," which was inaugurated too late for announcement in last month's Centurion, has as its object to suggest to St. Nicholas readers those ways by which boys and girls may effectively serve their country during war time. As the war continues St. Nicholas hopes to offer definite opportunities to the young people for government service.

Black Box Sportsmen

"Where the Sunsets of All the Yesterdays are Found" is the story of the Yellowstone which Olin D. Wheeler will contribute to the August ST. NICHOLAS. This article is unique in its way, since it subordinates the spectacular geological wonders of the Park to deal with the no less wonderful but less well known animal life there. The article is illustrated with photographs of these tame wild-animals, who have learned that camera shooting is harmless and have never heard a gun.

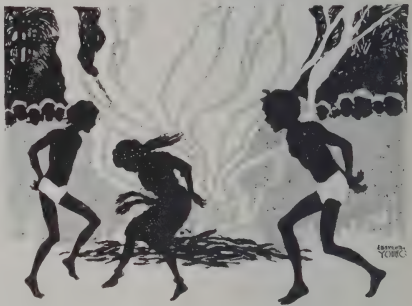
Sustaining a Name

In the August ST. NICHOLAS the "Hero of To-day" by Mary R. Parkman is "The Prophet-Engineer: George Washington Goethals." When a boy has a name like George Washington Goethals he must have something out of the ordinary about him to let it pass with his companions on the playground. As a schoolboy and student in West Point, Goethals built up a reputation for common sense and thoroughness, two qualities indispensable to the future "Man of Panama," chief engineer of one of the greatest engineering feats of today.

Stories Humorous and Thrilling

A story of especial interest is "East End Road," by George C. Lane, in which a girl is given opportunity to prove both her courage and ingenuity and save a ship from foundering in a storm.

"The Adventures of Piang, the Moro Boy," the serial by Florence Partello Stuart, will tell in the August ST. NICHOLAS of the Moro boy's contest with a giant python. Mrs. Stuart's stories are based on original research during her stay in the Philippines and the story in this number is the most thrilling which has so far appeared.



Illustrating the August ST. NICHOLAS

Green apples have a reputation to sustain. They have knocked many a strong man out. But their method of attack was unusual in "The Burglar and the Green Apples," which Frank B. Elser will contribute to the August ST. NICHOLAS.

All the mysteries lie unravelled in the story of "The Girl Next Door," Augusta Seaman's popular story, which concludes in the August ST. NICHOLAS. "Under Boy Scout Colors," by Joseph Ames, continues. Mr. Ames' story, which will appear in book form in the fall, is approved by the Boy Scouts of America. The prize is still the subject of baffling struggle and the excitement increases with the approaching boat race in Allen French's story of "The Golden Eagle."

The results of the reading contest will be announced and several of the criticisms of "Kidnapped" will be printed in Hildegarde Hawthorne's department of "Books and Reading."

The usual pages will be devoted to ten departments—"Nature and Science," Dr. S. E. Forman's "The Watch Tower," St. Nicholas League, Very Little Folks, the Letter Box, etc., etc.

BOOKS AND THEIR MAKERS

Eliza Ruhamah Scidmore, who has spent more than thirty years in Japan and the Orient, is the author of "As the Hague Ordains," "China, The Long-lived Empire," etc. In "Java, the Garden of the East," Miss Scidmore tells a story which is an all too dreadful reminder of "The Murders in the Rue Morgue." Tea was being taken on the porch of a Dutch matron. The lady took a banana and called, "Peter, Peter!" There was a rustle and crash of boughs overhead, and a great ape, nearly the size of a man, swung from one tree branch to another, snatched the banana, and bounded back into the tree where it peered cunningly at the visitors while it ate. After that, Miss Scidmore states that every rustle in the shrubbery made them jump, umbrellas were kept at hand for defense, and solemn compact was made that no one should be left unguarded.

Maxim Gorky, author of "My Childhood" and its sequel, "In the World," the latter to appear this month, although an ardent advocate of peace, is desirous of no separate nor dishonorable peace. His only reply to the Bulgarian minister's offer of separate peace proposals to Russia is to expose the entire communication and to denounce it as at once "base and stupid." Rizow, the Bulgarian diplomat, had suggested that Gorky appoint a meeting place in Sweden and acknowledge the despatch by the signature Alexei or Max. Gorky's only reply to this proposal has been its publication.

Railroad Construction in South America
Illustration from "British Exploits in South America"
By W. H. Koebel

Eleanor Hallowell Abbott, author of many best-sellers, among them "Molly Make-Believe" and "The Stingy Receiver," is an advocate of the "back-to-the farms" movement. She and her husband are at present farming in Wilton, New Hampshire, and are more interested in the forecasts of the weather man than in the reviews which the daily mails bring in from Romeike.

For those who wish to fly in the service of their country, a new book appearing this month, called a "Textbook of Naval Aeronautics," will prove invaluable as a book for study and reference. Its author, Henry Woodhouse, is a member of the Board of Governors of the Aero Club of America and of the National Aerial Coast Patrol Commission. He takes up the subject of aviation in its every phase—aerial strategy, the possibilities of the torpedo-plane, aerial gunnery, etc. etc.—and presents in convenient form the latest official information concerning the aerial defenses of the fifteen naval districts, the administration of naval aeronautic stations, and the course of instruction required for the air service by the United States Navy.

The Century Co. announces a new romance by Alice Duer Miller, whose amusing comedy-novel, "Come Out of the Kitchen," scored such a success last year. "Ladies Must Live" tells of the attempts by a young man, wealthy and handsome, to escape the attentions of two ladies, both fair, and neither wealthy. Both of these fair suitoresses frankly show themselves mercenary, hard-hearted and unscrupulous. The prey is caught; but in her pursuit, the one crowned with success has, at the same time, reformed herself.

"Inside the British Isles," by Arthur Gleason, has been placed upon the list for purchase for the crews' libraries of U. S. naval vessels. Mr. Gleason has been termed "the obverse of a historian, an industrious and tireless investigator, a believer in conference, and a practised synthesist capable of assembling and concentrating valuable results of sustained inquiry." Despite its authoritative character, the book is written essentially for the lay reader and is a familiar presentation of the tremendous problems facing England at the close of the war.

In Charles L. Barstow's "Famous Sculpture" (The Century Co., $1.00), the story is told of the first honors accorded to Bertel Thorvaldsen, the great Danish sculptor. Young Bertel was not an apt student at school, and his teacher placed him in the lowest class, thinking to himself that he would be likely to stay there. There was a distribution of prizes at the Fine Arts Academy, and a certain young Thorvaldsen received the silver medal. Next morning, the teacher read about it in the newspaper. Of course, it could not be the dunce, he thought, but it might be some relative whom he could hold up to the lad as an example of industry. So, when Bertel came in, the chaplain, as he was called, said: "Thorvaldsen, is it a brother of yours who has just taken a prize at the Academy?" "It is myself, Herr Chaplain," was the reply, and the modest lad was covered with confusion. The teacher gazed at him in astonishment. Then he said in a very different voice: "Herr Thorvaldsen, please pass up to the first class." This was felt to be a great honor to Bertel,—not only sending him to the first class, but calling him "Herr." "Herr" means "Master," and though the boys always used it in speaking to their teachers, the teachers, rarely, if ever, applied it to one of the scholars. Thorvaldsen said afterward that none of the distinctions he enjoyed in later years gave him quite as much pleasure as this first one.

NOTABLE NEW BOOKS

Sold by All Booksellers

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(See inside of front cover)

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(*Continued on inside of back cover*)

THE
CENTURION

AUGUST, 1917

WHERE WEST MEETS EAST

By Herbert Adams Gibbons

Perhaps the highest compliment given Herbert Adams Gibbons by any book reviewer is the statement in the Boston Herald that "though Mr. Gibbons is outspoken in both praise and blame it is impossible to discover on which side his sympathies are enlisted." Mr. Gibbons is not a neutral; he is pro-Ally, but he never permits his loyalty to the Entente cause to blind him to hard facts. In his new book, "The Reconstruction of Poland and the Near East" (The Century Co., $1.00), he defends, with uncompromising vigor, the position of the weaker European nations and demonstrates wherein Allied nations must change their policies if they would maintain their high idealism in the present war.

Poland is the best example of the wisdom of the buffer-state theory. Russia and Germany, the largest and most powerful states in Europe, have been endeavoring to expand each in the direction of the other. The partition of Poland was long held to be the bond that kept peace between them, for they were partners in crime. But their common frontier eventually brought them into conflict.

Panslavism and the War

German statesmen and publicists have frequently told me since the beginning of the war that the underlying as well as the direct cause of the present conflict was the ever-present nightmare of the Panslavic "Westward-ho!" and that the Germans were fighting for European civilization against "Asiatic" invasion. On the other hand, Russian polemicists claim that the Teutonic *Drang nach Osten* is the basic cause of the war, from the point of view of their particular national interest. If this be true, as far as the issue between Germany and Russia is concerned, why not restore Poland to her traditional historic past as the defender of Slavs against Teutons, and the outpost of Occidental Europe against invasion from the East?

The Poles are neither pro-German nor pro-Russian, nor are they weak. In numbers, in brains, in vitality, in wealth, in unity of spirit, they are stronger today than ever in their history, and as an independent nation would very rapidly become the seventh "Great Power" of Europe.

The Poles were once as enlightened and cultivated a people as any in Europe. They have come back to their former place in Galicia. In Posnania they have confounded every effort of German *Kultur* and *organization* to assimilate them, and in the face of Prussian Landtag, Prussian officials, and Prussian schoolmasters, they have gained in lands, in wealth, and in knowledge of their own language and literature since 1898. In Russian Poland economic and political handicaps have brought an increasing degree of superiority in wealth and culture to their oppressors.

Oppression and Patriotism

"Are you a patriot?" said Napoleon in 1810 to John Sniadecki, rector of the University of Vilna.

"Sire," answered the Rector, "from my birth I have learned to love my country, and her misfortunes have only strengthened the love I bear for her."

When a Pole Lies

There are more Poles to-day in the world than ever before, and their fecundity is unrivaled. Their national feeling was never deeper-rooted and more intelligent. If a Pole tells you he is in favor of autonomy under Germany or Russia or Austria, he is lying for expediency's sake, or he is a Jew, or he has some narrow, selfish business interest stronger than patriotism. The Poles want only one thing, and that is independence. In this are they not like every other nation worth its salt? Would you not despise them if they did not long for that which you yourself hold to be the most precious thing in the world?

If all booksellers were as alive as the Book Department of Hochschild, Kohn & Co., Baltimore, publishers' trade would flourish and authors' royalties increase miraculously. Its manager, Joseph J. Estabrook, quoted in Publishers' Weekly, describes the methods by which sales are induced. "Everyone remembers that delightful book, 'Dear Enemy,' by Jean Webster, published about two years ago. On April 10th, the salesman called on us and offered this book among his May publications. I decided that we would take one hundred copies, and, while we were checking up his catalog of old titles, I asked one of my assistants to show the new books to each one of our clerks. When he returned them he said that all were very enthusiastic about 'Dear Enemy.' I asked this clerk how many we could sell and he replied: 'Why, I will take fifty advance orders myself.' Right there we increased our orders to two hundred and fifty copies. A little later in the day all our clerks were called together and told of the possibilities of selling this book in advance of publication. We determined to take one hundred orders before May 15th, and it was decided to give a prize to each clerk who took twenty-five or more orders. I was more than pleased with their efforts, as we had taken up to Saturday night one hundred and twenty-eight orders for 'Dear Enemy.' Forty-six of these represented the efforts of our youngest clerk, a boy of nineteen, who had been engaged in the book business three years and who had been selling only a year or so." THE CENTURY Co. is proud of this excellent record.

THE TORPEDOPLANE

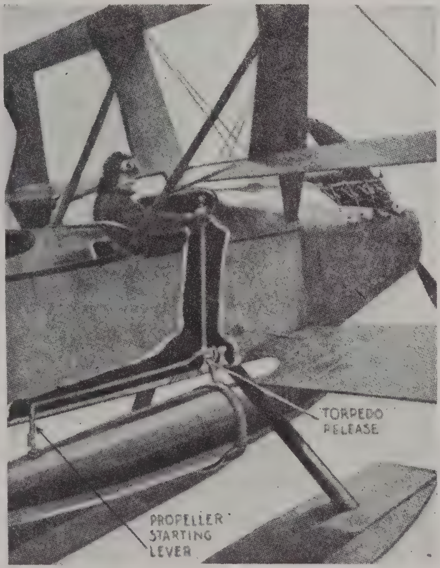
By Henry Woodhouse

Henry Woodhouse has recently written a new book which is the last word on the subject of naval flying. "The Text Book of Naval Aeronautics" (The Century Co., $6.00) is prepared as text book for the many aviators who will volunteer to man the large number of air ships which the Government will erect to carry on the war. No detail, either of achievements in the air, or of methods in flying, is omitted. In the passage quoted below Mr. Woodhouse points out the value to the United States of developing this new method of modern warfare, the torpedoplane.

That the torpedoplane will become an important factor in naval warfare in the near future, many people have no doubt. It is a scheme whereby the regular Whitehead auto torpedo may be launched from an aeroplane as effectively as it is launched from a destroyer.

Dropping Torpedoes

The scheme which I submit for your consideration and is herewith illustrated needs little explanation. The aviator approaches his target from a great distance and high up in the air; and when, say, six or seven miles away, he volplanes toward the water, runs above the surface of the water a short distance, heading toward his target, and when ready simply pulls a lever. The action of pulling the lever releases the torpedo under the aeroplane, and at the same time throws back the starting lever, with the result that the torpedo falls in the water in exactly the same way as if it had been dropped from a destroyer, instead of an aeroplane.



Torpedo mounted on seaplane
Illustration from "Naval Aeronautics"

I received private information from Europe about a year ago that a lieutenant in the British Navy made four flights over the land into the Sea of Marmora in an aeroplane under which a Whitehead torpedo was secured, and sank four Turkish vessels, using a 14-inch torpedo, each of 731 pounds. For this service, he was given the Distinguished Service Order. A short time ago, I got a verification of this news from a wholly different source, and I also received further information, which is of absolute reliability, that one of the belligerent countries is taking means to use this plan on a large scale.

I have talked about the scheme to many naval officers and many aviators. The naval officers agree with me that it would be very difficult indeed for the guns of a ship to hit a torpedoplane, for the reason that accurate firing of guns from a rolling ship at an aeroplane, especially if that aeroplane is neither overhead nor on the surface of the water, is almost impossible. It is a much more difficult matter than firing at aeroplanes overhead from a stationary platform on land.

Inexpensive Defense

We cannot hope to catch up to any of the leading powers in ship or submarine-building, as their output is enormous compared to ours and their experience greater. They have outdistanced us in naval preparedness, especially in the air, for some of them have as many as 10,000 aviators, while we have not yet 200 in the Army and Navy combined. We are far behind, but I believe that our national security could be brought up to quite a hopeful condition by establishing say fifty torpedoplanes at each of the ten important naval districts, and on aeroplane mother ships, which would go with the fleet. Such an act would give us a quickly made and inexpensive weapon for defense.

I have talked about this to many naval officers and aviators. They all say that it is a good scheme, and it is pointed out that torpedoplanes on either side during the Jutland sea battle would have given tremendous advantage over the other side. Many also say that our navy should adopt this device and immediately put it into service. But there it ends—and until very recently it looked as though this invention would never be tried. But I have been advised that the Aero Club of America and the National Aerial Coast Patrol Commission are making plans for developing the torpedoplane in a practical way. As these patriotic organizations always carry out everything they undertake, I feel confident that we will have torpedoplanes for our coast defense in the near future.

When Margaret Skinnider's portrayal of Ireland's tragic episode of Easter, 1916, appeared in "Doing My Bit for Ireland" (The Century Co., $1.00), the *Philadelphia Evening Telegraph* wrote: "Miss Skinnider's opinions read much as American opinion might have read in 1776 . . . A revelation of the fiery soul of the Irish revolution."

"Every evening," says this ardent patriot, who three times was wounded in the cause of the rebellion, "fighting would quiet down, and boys and men—about a hundred, through recruits who had joined us—would gather in the largest lecture-hall to sing under the leadership of Jo Connolly, whose brother Sean had fallen the first day in front of Dublin Castle. I can hear them even now, singing this chant, written by the countess and set to some Polish revolutionary air:

"Armed for the battle,
Kneel we before Thee,
Bless Thou our banners,
God of the brave!
'Ireland is living'—
Shout we triumphant,
'Ireland is waking—
Hands grasp the sword!'"

GRANDMOTHER'S SECRET CHARITIES

By Maxim Gorky

"In the World" (The Century Co., $2.00) is the second autobiographical volume of the great Russian realist. When "My Childhood" appeared in English translation last year, the New York Tribune wrote: "To know the Russian peasant woman is to understand the meaning of the reverent phrase 'Holy Russia.' And Maxim Gorky proves it in that unforgettable portrait of his grandmother in 'My Childhood,' undoubtedly the greatest work he has yet written. The portrait of his grandmother has the values of a Rembrandt."

When grandmother went into her room to get the samovar ready she told me:

"Grandfather is fairly ruined now. And this because we have not helped the poor or had compassion on the unfortunate. God has said to Himself, 'Why should I do good to the Kashirins?' and so He has taken everything from us."

Looking round, she went on:

"I have been trying to soften the heart of the Lord toward us a little, so that He may not press too hardly on the old man, and I have begun to give a little in charity, secretly and at night, from what I have earned. You can come with me to-day if you like."

Midnight Alms Giving

About midnight grandmother tenderly awoke me.

"Are you coming? If you do something for other people, your hand will soon be well."

She took my arm and led me in the dark, as if I had been blind. It was a black, damp night, the wind blew continuously, making the river flow more swiftly and blowing the cold sand against my legs. Grandmother cautiously approached the darkened windows of the poor little houses, crossed herself three times, laid a five-copeck piece and three cracknel biscuits on the window-sills, and crossed herself again. Glancing up into the starless sky, she whispered:

"Holy Queen of Heaven, help these people! We are all sinners in thy sight, Mother dear."

Too Late for the Devil

The farther we went from home, the more dense and more intense the darkness and silence became. The night sky was pitch black, unfathomable, as if the moon and stars had disappeared forever. A dog sprang out from somewhere and growled at us. His eyes gleamed in the darkness, and I cravenly pressed close to grandmother.

"It is all right," she said; "it is only a dog. It is too late for the devil; the cocks have already begun to crow."

Enticing the dog to her, she stroked it and admonished it:

"Look here, doggie, you must not frighten my grandson."

The dog rubbed itself against my legs, and the three of us went on. Twelve times did grandmother place "secret alms" on a window-sill. It began to grow light: gray houses appeared out of the darkness; the belfry of Napolni Church rose up white like a piece of sugar; the brick wall of the cemetery seemed to become transparent.

"The old woman is tired," said grandmother, "it is time we went home. When the women wake up they will find that Our Lady has provided a little for their children. When there is never enough, a very little comes in useful. Olesha, our people live so poorly and no one troubles about them!

"That's how it is. But we ought to live for one another, while God is for us all. I am glad to have you with me again."

And I, too, was calmly happy, feeling in a confused way that I had taken part in something which I should never forget. Close to me shivered the brown dog, with its bare muzzle and kind eyes which seemed to be begging forgiveness.

"Will it live with us?"

"What? It can, if it likes. Here, I will give it a cracknel biscuit. I have two left. Let us sit down on this bench. I am so tired."

We sat down on a bench by a gate, and the dog lay at our feet, eating the dry cracknel.

I leaned against the warm body of grandmother and fell asleep.

"NEW" WOMEN IN ANCIENT ROME

By Guglielmo Ferrero

That the modern American woman with her so-called fads and isms had her prototype in the ancient Roman matron, extolled throughout the centuries, is frequently overlooked by those anti-feminists who regret that "woman, once man's superior, is now his equal." Witness the passage below taken from Guglielmo Ferrero's "The Women of the Caesars" (The Century Co., $2.00).

When Rome became the master state of the Mediterranean world, and especially during the last century of the republic, woman had already acquired legal and economic independence, the condition necessary for social and moral equality. As to marriage, the affianced pair could at that time choose between two different legal family régimes: Marriage with *manus,* the older form, in which all the goods of the wife passed to the ownership of the husband, so that she could no longer possess anything in her own name; or marriage without *manus,* in which only the dower became the property of the husband, and the wife remained mistress of all her other belongings and all that she might acquire. Except in some cases, and for special reasons, by common consent, marriages were contracted in the latter form; so that at that time married women directly and openly had gained economic independence.

Moreover, in the home the woman was mistress, at the side of and on equality with her husband. She received and enjoyed the friends of her husband, was present with them at festivals and banquets in the houses of families with whom she had friendly relations.

She might go out freely; this she did generally in a litter. She was never excluded from theaters. She could frequent public places and have recourse directly to the magistrates. We have record of the assembling and of demonstrations made by the richest women of Rome in the Forum and other public places, to obtain laws and other provisions from the magistrates, like that famous demonstration of women that Livy describes as having occurred in the year 195 B. C., to secure the abolition of the Oppian Law against luxury.

There was at the close of the republic little disparity in legal condition between the man and the woman. To this almost complete legal equality there was united an analogous moral and social equality. The Romans never had the idea that between the *mundus muliebris* and that of men they must put up barricades, either material or moral. They never willed, for example, to divide women from men by placing between them the ditch of ignorance. To be sure, the Roman dames of high society were for a long time little instructed, but this was because the men distrusted Greek culture.

The Roman Blue-Stocking

When literature, science, and Hellenic philosophy were admitted into the great Roman families as desired and welcome guests, neither the authority, nor the egoism, nor yet the prejudices of the men, sought to deprive women of the joy, the comfort, the light, that might come to them from these new studies. We know that many ladies in the last two centuries of the republic not only learned to dance and to sing—common feminine studies, these—but even learned Greek, loved literature, and dabbled in philosophy.

At all times there were at Rome women much interested in public affairs. The fortunes of the powerful families, their glory, their dominance, their wealth, depended on the vicissitudes of politics and of war. The heads of these families were all statesmen, diplomats, warriors; the more intelligent and cultivated the wife, and the fonder she was of her husband, the intenser the absorption with which she must have followed the fortunes of politics, domestic and foreign; for with these were bound up many family interests, and often even the life of her husband.

Illustration from "The Women of the Caesars"

AN UTOPIAN IRELAND

By Arthur Gleason

Few people realize—so quietly does the leaven of coöperation work toward its ultimate end of industrial revolution—that the coöperative idea has been successfully applied in many countries. "Inside the British Isles" (The Century Co., $2.00) devotes one chapter to a consideration of the Irish problem, and to what Arthur Gleason considers a possible solution at the termination of the war.

The social and economic service of coöperation is this: it enables farmers to own and use modern machinery, to buy feeding material, manures, and seeds, and to construct fertilizer plants at low cost, standard quality, and on large scale. It gives control over markets, and slowly improves the transportation facilities. You will see in a single village the coöperative societies supplying seeds, manures, and machinery to the farmers, establishing credits, marketing eggs gathered by the women, running a station to improve the breed of poultry, conducting a knitting industry; and selling groceries and provisions.

Needed—More Money

There comes a limit of saturation, and coöperation has probably sucked up as many peasants as its present capacity admits. The creation of machinery and fertilizer must be undertaken on a larger scale. In short, production must be increased by the application of capital. Can that capital be found? Will it be by Irish parliamentary grant, by Irish taxation, or by foreign investment, or will the coöperators themselves be willing to lay aside a percentage of their profit for the purpose of extending the movement till it has embraced all Ireland? A solution must be found, for a movement either grows or dies.

Only higher production, through better land, machinery, and coöperation, can solve the wage of the farm-hand. The laborers will never be half so numerous as farmers, for Ireland is "a country of small holdings, where the farmer and his family are themselves laborers." The coöperative ownership of expensive machinery will increasingly lead to the communal employment of the laborer as a skilled mechanic by the coöperative community..

A Goal to be Won

If the belief of the coöperators comes true, that in half a century the whole business of rural Ireland (and that is eighty per cent. of Ireland) will be done coöperatively, then we have the solution for the present scarcity of labor.

There is no quick way through the tangle. The Irish question can be solved only by the people themselves. Can they create a good life for their community? Can they conduct a clean government? Can they release productive power in the nation, so that pauperism and ignorance and dissension will decrease? Can they lift clear of their past, forget injustice and misery, and establish a coöperative commonwealth? With the coming of autonomy Ireland will begin to face her real problem.

THE PROPHET'S ROBE

By Alan Sullivan

Clad in working jeans and carrying his dinner-pail, the one time exquisite Kenneth Landon studied life in his fiancée's large factory. In the passage quoted below from Alan Sullivan's "The Inner Door" (The Century Co., $1.35), the young man faces the crisis of his life, when, called by his own people to return to the circle to which he was born, he finds heart and conscience rebuking him as traitor to his new companions.

For days Kenneth had been feeling strangely like a deserter. He was about to leave all this forever, but the fact that it was to be exchanged for comfort and ease only endowed it with an intense pathos, with supremely human attributes which, he decided, were irreplaceable.

Sohmer, too, seemed touched. He now radiated a massive tenderness that tinged his words with quiet affection. Kenneth, listening, perceived the profundity of the giant's belief.

Like a Tree's Growth

"You will go on and prosper, yes, but for too much you must not expect. It will be hard, very hard sometimes, and there will not come help from where you look, but all men who are in earnest lonely must be also. This thing we both want is like a tree, not a volcano. One cannot in any way see it grow, but it grows nevertheless. And so in it the work of any one man is not to be found by itself, but all men satisfied must be to have it seem that their work is lost. So it will be for you and then this you will remember, with other things. It is hard," he added with intense meaning, "for the man who has much, also to do much."

"Why do you say that?"

"From the beginning it was so," answered Sohmer evenly.

Worthy of His Hire

"You hope," continued Sohmer, "to do much for labor, yes! But the laborer will not in the world take his right place till the labor itself has uplifted him; then all people will be glad. While the man does the work of a brute, so long will he of a brute the pay receive. It is the world's way, and so long will there be strikes, and riots, yes, and perhaps for a little while labor will win. But victor it will not stay, because it is hot. To-day it is the cold men that win—not so many mistakes do they make."

"Again, think," went on Sohmer, "to-day it is science, not labor, that rules, the science of the machine that does the thinking for, yes, so many millions. The machine cannot feel, but, by and by perhaps—it must be so—science human will become, and from the machine it will turn, because for that it can do no more, and to life and happiness it will devote itself."

"You believe this," said Kenneth abruptly.

Overpaid?

"I must," was the quiet answer, "and that is why when labor mistakes makes, I am not downcast. They are the mistakes of those who have nothing. It is hard for the worker a change to achieve. His soul is too weary, and since it the error is not of the spirit but of the brain, the

ALAN SULLIVAN
Author of "The Inner Door"

world will mend it—and forgive. It is elsewhere that the change must begin; I mean on top. Let them at home commence, and say not that the worker is dirty and perhaps underpaid but ask of themselves—I—am I overpaid for what I do? And if so, why is it? And I tell you that, of the imagination and the eye there are vices worse than those of the hand and body. It is between slime and dirt the difference. Why must you surprised be at a man who after he is forty earns every year less and less, while his brother more and more has collected? Such a man no time has to be clean, and no peace has in which to think. You remember, yes, what Erickson said about having some little left over. So, I have spoken too much." He broke off, his eyes half-closed, peering intently at visions the young man could not grasp. His expression was exalted.

"No, go on," said Kenneth with trembling earnestness. He had perceived that mountains were moved by men like this. "You don't know what it all means to me."

"It is then more than you saw in the factory?" Sohmer's glance was wistful.

"Yes, and no; I cannot tell. You're putting into words the things I have tried to see. I will always remember, always. And the end of this turmoil will be what? Revolution?"

Evolution, Not Revolution, the Goal

Sohmer slowly shook his gigantic head. "No, not that; life is too naked and we for each other are too well prepared. It is not what is taken that counts, but that which is given. It must be evolution, in which of men not only the words but also the hearts outspoken are. To-day the world is tired, and our rest not rest is at all, but for another struggle only a preparation. But some day there will come the one thing that the world has not yet tried, and yet waiting it has been for so long."

"And that is?"

"God," breathed Sohmer with thrilling emphasis.

Again silence fell. . . . A great hand lifted gently and was laid on his shoulder.

"You will do much, my friend. Youth you have and courage, and to you many doors have been opened."

"But not all?" Kenneth was strangely moved.

"There is still one, the inner door."

"And shall I know it?"

"Above the lintel a mark will be," said Sohmer quietly.

PREPARING THE SPEECH EXTEMPORE

By James A. Winans

Is it honest to prepare the improvised speech? James Albert Winans, professor of public speaking at Cornell University, defends preparation as not only justifiable but essential to effective oratory. In the following passage from his "Public Speaking" (The Century Co., $1.60) he indicates some of the methods by which the unexpected speech may to some extent be prepared.

"But So and So does not make an outline. He told me just before he spoke that he did not know what he was going to say." Chesterton tells somewhere of a gardener who heard his master declaiming, out in the shrubbery, "Mr. Speaker, had I for one moment thought of the possibility that you would call upon me this evening—" Chesterton adds, "It takes a long time to prepare an impromptu."

Faults of the Unprepared

Beecher, who believed the extemporaneous method best for most occasions, warned young speakers against "the temptation to slovenliness in workmanship, to careless and inaccurate statement, to repetition, to violation of good taste." The tendency to slovenliness is very marked. The extemporizer is likely to seize the first word that comes to mind, whether it is just the right word to express his meaning or not. He tends to use one word instead of its synonyms, which would more exactly express shades of meaning. Then, feeling that he has not exactly expressed his idea, he goes on repeating in many words and becomes verbose. Often he sits down with the consciousness that he has not said what he meant. Again, he may quite forget to say what he wishes most to say. Afterward he has the humiliation of remembering this, or of learning from others that he has been misunderstood because of careless statements or omissions.

Memorizing in Part

Most troublesome to the extemporizer, perhaps, are the rash, unconsidered, or silly ideas that pop into the mind and out of the mouth. These may come to us in our thinking at any time, but when we compose deliberately we weed them out. They may be no worse than inane or a clog to the thought, or they may be damaging. Wise and friendly reporters may leave them out; but the mischief may be done. Opponents may snap them up and publish them far and wide, —whether far and wide refers to a village, a state, a nation, or the world.

Very often speakers combine the methods of committing to memory and of extemporizing. Certain passages which are particularly difficult or important, as a candidate's statements of policy, or his pledges, are fixed in memory; and also passages in which particularly good expression is desired. The method decreases somewhat one's freedom, for he must lead up to these passages, and sometimes a poor effect is produced by the contrast between them and extemporaneous parts. There may be lack of harmony in tone or style.

TRUFFLE-SMELLERS

By Henri Fabre

Whatever civilization may have added through the power of thought, man has paid the penalty by loss of the power of sensation. Henri Fabre's epic of the insects, "Social Life in the Insect World" (The Century Co., $3.00) tells of marvelous powers which even the smallest of live creatures possesses and of which man is uncognizant. The passage below is one example of canine intelligence triumphant over human. Caterpillars also have the faculty of discovering this underground delicacy.

How enviable, in how many cases, is the superiority of the beasts! It makes us realize the insufficiency of our impressions, and the very indifferent efficacy of our sense-organs; it proclaims realities which amaze us, so far are they beyond our own attributes.

HENRI FABRE
The "Homer of the Insects"

Those who have never seen a dog seeking truffles have missed one of the finest achievements of the olfactory sense. Absorbed in his duties, the animal goes forward, scenting the wind, at a moderate pace. He stops, questions the soil with his nostrils, and, without excitement scratches the earth a few times with one paw. "There it is, master!" his eyes seem to say: "there it is! On the faith of a dog, there are truffles here!"

He says truly. The master digs at the point indicated. If the spade goes astray the dog corrects the digger, sniffing at the bottom of the hole. Have no fear that stones and roots will confuse him; in spite of depth and obstacles, the truffle will be found. A dog's nose cannot lie.

I have referred to the dog's specialty as a subtle sense of smell. That is certainly what I mean, if you will understand by that that the nasal passages of the animal are the seat of the perceptive organ; but is the thing perceived always a simple smell in the vulgar acceptation of the term—an effluvium such as our own senses perceive? I have certain reasons for doubting this, which I will proceed to relate.

On various occasions I have had the good fortune to accompany a truffle-dog of first-class capacities on his rounds. Certainly there was not much outside show about him, this artist that I so desired to see at work; a dog of doubtful breed, placid and meditative; uncouth, ungroomed, and quite inadmissible to the intimacies of the hearthrug. Talent and poverty are often mated.

His master, a celebrated *rabassier* of the village, being convinced that my object was not to steal his professional secrets, and so sooner or later to set up in business as a competitor, admitted me of his company, a favor of which he was not prodigal. From the moment of his regarding me not as an apprentice, but merely as a curious spectator, who drew and wrote subterranean vegetable affairs, but had no wish to carry to market my bagful of these glories of the Christmas goose, the excellent man lent himself generously to my designs.

Secret Smells

I came back from my outings with the conviction that the truffle-finding nose has some better guide than odor such as we with our sense-organs conceive it. It must perceive effluvia of another order as well; entirely mysterious to us, and therefore not utilized. Light has its dark rays—rays without effect upon our retinas, but not apparently on all. Why should not the domain of smell have its secret emanations, unknown to our senses and perceptible to a different sense-organ?

If the scent of the dog leaves us perplexed in the sense that we cannot possibly say precisely, cannot even suspect what it is that the dog perceives, at least it is clear that it would be erroneous to refer everything to human standards. The world of sensations is far larger than the limits of our own sensibility. What numbers of facts relating to the interplay of natural forces must escape us for want of sufficiently sensitive organs!

THE UBIQUITOUS AMERICAN ABROAD

By Theodore Dreiser

The American in Europe is an object of so much scathing opprobrium that sometimes even the American wonders if, perchance, the caricatures drawn of him may contain some element of truth. Theodore Dreiser, an author whose frankness is disconcerting to the conventional mind, relates in his "Traveler at Forty" (The Century Co., $2.00) his unpalatable encounters with his sight-seeing compatriots.

I could never come in to the breakfast table either there, or at Rome, or in Venice, or Milan, without encountering a large company of that peculiarly American brand of sightseers, not enormously rich, of no great dignity, but comfortable and above all enormously pleased with themselves. I could never look at any of this tribe, comfortably clothed, very pursy and fussy, without thinking what a far cry it is from the temperament which makes for art or great originality to the temperament which makes for normality—the great, so-called sane, conservative mass. God spare me! I'll admit that for general purposes, the value of breeding, trading, rearing of children in comfort, producing the living atmosphere of life in which we "find" ourselves and from which art, by the grace of great public occasions may rise, people of this type are essential. But seen individually, dissociated from great background masses, they are—but let me not go wild. Viewed from the artistic angle, the stress of great occasions, great emotion, great necessities, they fall into such pigmy weaknesses, almost ridiculous. Here abroad they come so regularly, Pa and Ma. Pa infrequently, and a little vague-looking from overwork and limited vision of soul; Ma not infrequently, a little superior, vain, stuffy, envious, dull and hard. The one idea of a pair like this, particularly of the mother, is the getting her children (if there be any) properly married, the girls particularly, and in this phase of family politics Pa has obviously little to say. Their appearance abroad, accompanied by Henry, and George Junior, and Mary, and Anabel, is for—I scarcely know what. It is so plain on the face of it that no single one of them has the least inkling of what he is seeing. I sat in a carriage with two of them in Rome, viewing the ruins of the Via Appia, and when we reached the tomb of Caecilia Metella I heard:

"Oh, yes. There it is. What was *she,* anyhow? He was a Roman general, I think, and *she* was his wife. His house was next door and he built this tomb here so she would be near him. Isn't it wonderful? Such a nice idea!"

It was amazing to see them strutting in and out, their good clothes rustling, an automobile in waiting, noisily puffing the while they gather aimless "impressions" wherewith to browbeat their neighbors. George and Henry and Mary and Anabel, protesting half the time or in open rebellion, are duly led to see the things which have been the most enthusiastically recommended, be they palaces or restaurants.

I often wondered what it was these people got out of their trip abroad. If you told them the true story of Antinous, whose head I saw them occasionally admiring; or forced upon them the true details of the Borgias, the Sforzas, the Medici, or even the historical development of Art, they would fly in horror. They have no room in their little crania for anything save their own notions.

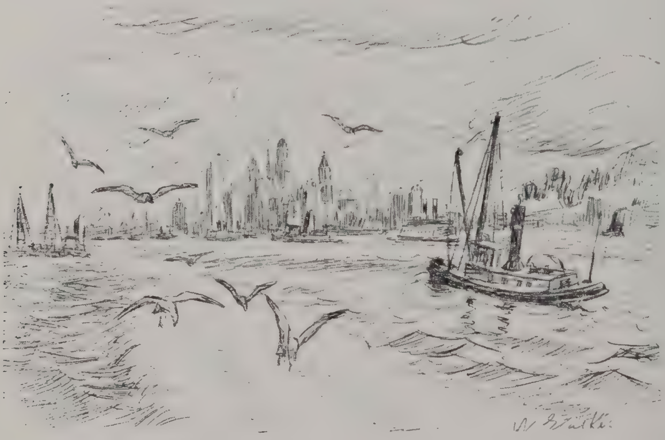


Illustration from "A Traveler at Forty"

A JOY-RIDE ON AN ALLIGATOR

By W. H. Koebel

"British Exploits in South America" (The Century Co., $4.50) has the double advantages of being at once authoritative and thoroughly entertaining. W. H. Koebel, who himself is an explorer with the temperament which he defines below as essential to a tropical naturalist, writes with keen enjoyment the story of the Englishman's unusual jaunting-car.

It is only the possessor of rather a special temperament who can take up with success the calling of naturalist in a tropical country. There are certain qualities essential to the life, and he who does not possess them might as well dig his grave as soon as he enters the forest and so save himself further trouble; because he will want it soon enough.

Without a doubt the first of these qualities is enthusiasm. Decidedly enthusiasm here includes fearlessness, unceasing optimism, limitless patience, the keen power of observation.

An All-Round Sport

In no one have these various qualities been more marked than in Charles Waterton, the first notable British naturalist to tread the tropical forests of South America. He was in the first place an all-round sportsman; he possessed a keen sense of humor, a wide knowledge of the classics, and a peculiarly genial temperament.

Of his daring encounters, the most famous is that with the alligator, but since very little has been heard of Waterton's feats of late I will take upon myself to repeat it here. An alligator had been caught by the Indians on a baited hook. The Indians proposed to make an end of the monster by sending a flight of arrows into it, but Waterton was determined to bring it ashore alive so that its hide might not be injured.

A Little Tower of Babel

"I then," relates Waterton, "mustered all hands for the last time before the battle. We were, four South American savages, two Negroes from Africa, a Creole from Trinidad, and myself a white man from Yorkshire. In fact, a little tower of Babel group, in dress, no dress, address, and language."

The Indians were terrified at the idea of so rash an undertaking, but as usual Waterton had his way. He explained that no one but himself need come into contact with the saurian. This explanation dispelled the reluctance on the part of his assistants, whose faces showed unmistakable relief.

Then Waterton, having finally exhorted his motley army, went down to the water's edge to be the first to welcome the alligator on land. The quaint group of his assistants began to pull on the rope, and presently the great jaws of the creature made their appearance. Waterton himself confesses that he saw enough not to fall in love at first sight. But he urged his assistants to keep on pulling, while he himself waited to see if the beast would make for him.

The alligator was too alarmed to attempt anything of the kind. So Waterton, moved to one of his wildest freaks, decided that he would become the aggressor. He made a run at the alligator, leaped into the air, and alighted on the animal's back. Then, before the alligator had time to resent it, he seized its forelegs, and twisted them over its back. After that, seated astride the creature, and hanging on to its forelegs as a bridle, he awaited developments.

Fine for the Observer

They were not long in occurring. The alligator plunged and heaved in all directions, lashing furiously with its powerful tail. Waterton observes that it must have been a fine sight for an unoccupied spectator. This was evidently the opinion of the four Indians, the two Negroes, and the Creole, for they cheered and applauded so frenziedly that they forgot all about hauling on to the rope, and for a moment or two there seemed an uncomfortable possibility of Waterton and the alligator disappearing backwards into the water.

But in the end the alligator was drawn up safely, Waterton still keeping his seat on his strange buck-jumper with a success that none but a really good horseman could have hoped for. "It was the first and last time," he says, "I was ever on a cayman's back. Should it be asked how I managed to keep my seat, I would answer—I hunted some years with Lord Darlington's foxhounds."

PEACE

I have chosen: there is peace . . .
Long I wrestled: that was war . . .
Long I struggled between many courses, timid and baffled:
Now I have chosen: peace has come . . .

I may be unwise, I may be wrong:
That I have chosen may lead to the gate of destruction:
All the great work may go down.

But now the fragments of me, each one pushing his own way,
Rush together in binding union,
And in one rhythm,
And to one music
I march, one man:
Here is strength, and here is calmness:
I have chosen: peace has come.

—From James Oppenheim's "War and Laughter."—The Century Co., $1.25.

SPORTSMEN IN THE SKY

By Francis A. Collins

Francis A. Collins, although he writes for boys, is equally entertaining and instructive to readers of every age. His two earlier books on aeroplanes, "The Boys' Book of Model Aeroplanes" and "The Second Boys' Book of Model Aeroplanes" describe the making and flying of models. The following passage, taken from his latest book, "The Air Man" (The Century Co., $1.30), sets forth a novel use for these huge mechanical birds.

Illustration from "The Air Man"

The aero-sportsman will find hunting in the sky the most thrilling sport in the world. Instead of lying in ambush for winged game, the airman pursues his prey aloft, at a superior speed.

While pursuing the fleetest animals in the open the air-sportsman again can sight his game at a distance and pursue it without encountering obstacles. The wilder the game, the more cleverly it struggles to elude pursuit, the better is the sport.

A speed of over one hundred miles an hour gives an enormous advantage to the sportsman of the air. A duck or eagle, even when flying with the wind, can scarcely do half as well, while a rabbit or deer is, of course, hopelessly outclassed. Once sighted by an air-huntsman, the latter's chance of escape lies in doubling on its tracks, or in darting from side to side more quickly than the air-pilot can manœuver his craft. In a straight flight the hunter is likely to overrun his quarry, leaving it so far behind that it may escape.

Shockingly Tame

The aeroplane is so unfamiliar to all forms of wild game aground and aloft that it fails to frighten them. It is common for birds to regard the strange visitor with curiosity, and actually circle about or pursue it without the slightest timidity. Many kinds of wild game which would seek to escape at the first sight of an ordinary hunter, have not yet learned to look aloft for possible danger. The air man, gun in hand, can stand in the cockpit of his aeroplane and choose his own range.

The first aero-hunting in America was enjoyed by Hubert Latham, the French air man. A hunting party of this kind consists of at least two persons, the pilot and a marksman. The superior speed of the aeroplane over the fleetest birds was recently illustrated when an air man overtook an eagle at such a pace that one of the wire braces struck and killed the bird, cutting it nearly in two. It calls for a cool hand and steady eye to hit a mark while traveling at a speed of perhaps two miles a minute. The champion wing-shot of the future must establish new standards of skill and daring.

Bullets From the Sky

One very exciting form of sport is to chase wild rabbits or coyotes over open country with an aeroplane. In searching for game, the air-huntsmen enjoy a great advantage, since they can sail quickly over hills and valleys, easily covering a mile a minute, while escaping all the drudgery of the chase. A party of three air men recently enjoyed a typical experience of this kind in the San Fernando Valley in California. Arrived at the hunting ground, the aeroplane scouted about at a leisurely mile-a-minute pace, while one of the party searched the ground directly beneath with a strong glass. The first game sighted was two coyotes chasing a cover of quail. All were entirely unconscious of the danger threatened from above. To avoid frightening the game by the whir of the propellers, the engines were shut off and the aeroplane volplaned down until the hunter was scarcely three hundred feet above the ground. The first shot killed one of the coyotes. The second coyote was so bewildered by this unexpected attack that it made no attempt to escape and was brought down by the next shot.

Araucanian Witch Doctors at Work
Illustration from "British Exploits in South America'

THE SEPTEMBER CENTURY

"Acting for the Camera," by Virginia Tracy, to appear in the September Century, tells with the gayety of this accomplished novelist the "atmosphere" of the film craft.

"Ice Navigation," by Rear-Admiral Robert E. Peary, will appear in this number. The actual technique of the great adventurer will be set forth by him—ice navigation and sledge methods, problems of equipment and natural resources—with a simplicity and graphic detail which will be of absorbing interest to the layman.

In the September Century Dorothy Canfield's "Observations of French Schools" offers amazing opportunities for thought to the American educator.

War, Its Present, Past and Future

In "The First Convoy," Nelson Collins, a cadet officer, gives a vivid, intimate account of the trip to Europe of the first of our enlisted men. In diary form, the author analyzes their reasons for enlisting, their attitude toward the Great War, etc. The article will appear in the September Century.

Among other articles which the September Century will contain on the war is "Food or Famine?" by J. Russell Smith, a second contribution to The Century by this well-known economist on the importance in the war of America's part as the produce market of the world.

J. B. W. Gardiner's article in the September Century, "The Third Year of the War," recapitulates the events of the past year of war and prophesies its future duration. "Blood is Thicker than Water" is Brigadier-General George Richard's recollections of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers, which will appear in the September Century. The Royal Welsh Fusiliers has a record of distinguished service covering more than two centuries, and Brigadier-General Richard outlines briefly some of its heroic moments as well as recalling his own experiences with them before Tientsin and before the Marne.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL GEORGE RICHARD
Whose "Blood is Thicker Than Water" will appear in the September "Century"

Fiction

As background, "Molly McGuire, No. 14" has the Virginia Military Institute, the "West Point" of the South. In these present days of mobilization, Frederick Stuart Green's spirited rendering of the unquestioning loyalty which binds the cadets forever to their Institute will appeal to the most deeply rooted emotions of every true American.

Jane, to whom Ruth Comfort Mitchell has introduced CENTURY readers in previous numbers, will appear in September. "Jane Meets An Extremely Civil Engineer" down in Mexico. The consequences will make you chuckle to yourself for at least a month.

Other stories in the September CENTURY are Phyllis Bottome's "The Second Fiddle," which continues the story of how Stella endeavored to save Julian from the despair-demon of enforced idleness; and Erle J. Johnston's story, "The Man With Eyes in His Back." This is Mr. Johnston's first appearance in THE CENTURY, but our readers will be glad it is not to be his last.

Count Ilya Tolstoy will contribute to the September CENTURY, "The Evolution of Liberty in Russia." The son of the great Lyof Tolstoy is eminently fitted to speak of Russia's final and actual uprising. He turns upon the situation the light of his father's wisdom and of the world's hope.

Internationalism To-morrow

In the September CENTURY, David Jayne Hill will write the fourth of his interpretative papers on post-bellum Europe, "The Vision of a Commonwealth." So long as governments insist upon the right of a strong state to subjugate or to exploit against its interest a weaker state, there will be no international harmony, is Mr. Hill's opinion, and he states that the one thing lacking is the organization of international justice. "Respect for treaties," writes Mr. Hill, "the rights of the small states, the rule of the law, the abandonment of conquests, the right of a people to choose its affiliations, the ultimate extinction of militarism as a system, the submission of justifiable differences to a competent tribunal, the responsibility of states to the society of states—these are the essential terms of a durable peace. If this can be attained, there will indeed be a new Europe."

Our Poets and Artists

Poetry in the September CENTURY includes "Morning and I," by James Oppenheim, whose volume of verse, "War and Laughter," was published by THE CENTURY Co. last year; "Summer, 1917," by B. Preston Clark, Jr.; "Old Houses," by Alice Corbin, and "The Kiss," by Ruth Fitch.

One of the features of especial interest in the September CENTURY is the unusually fortunate art department. THE CENTURY opens with "The Gate of the City," a frontispiece in color by W. E. Beauley, who recently exhibited it with marked success. Prefacing "Molly McGuire No. 14" is a photograph of the painting by B. West Clinedinst, entitled "Cadets of the Virginia Military Institute at the Battle of Newmarket." Other illustrators are John R. Flanagan, a new CENTURY artist, who decorates "Molly McGuire No. 14," Oscar Howard, and W. E. Hill, of "Hall of Infamy" fame, etc. Nine drawings made for the CENTURY by Lester G. Hornby will appear in the September number. They are called "Quaint Provincetown" and represent characteristic scenes and characters in the old New England whaling port. Mr. Hornby's illustrations of New York in the January number will be remembered by CENTURY readers.

ST. NICHOLAS FOR SEPTEMBER

Kindness is popularly supposed to be its own reward, but the little niece who was the recipient of "Aunt Honoria's Legacy" in Helen Young's story to appear in the September St. Nicholas, discovered that it brought other blessings in its train. Had she not been good to the crabbed old parrot, Napoleon, left her by her aunt's will, she would never have been shown by him the secret of the second bequest, an old mahogany secretary.

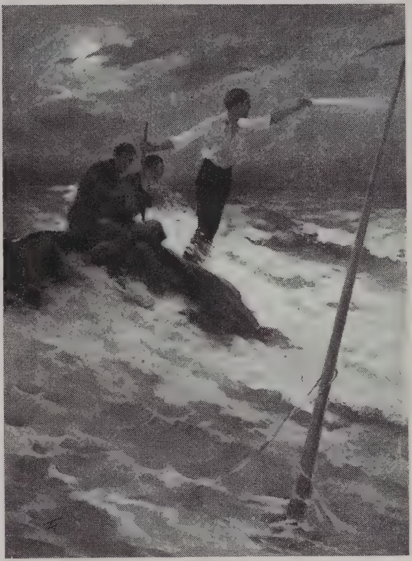
The Serials

In the September St. Nicholas Florence Partello Stuart tells another thrilling adventure in which Piang plays an important part. "The Bichara" tells of political intrigues against the governor which Piang thwarts despite almost unsurmountable obstructions.

Julia Brown's charming old-fashioned fairy story, "The Three Threads," will appear in the September St. Nicholas. In this instalment of "The Golden Eagle," by Allen French, the boys get into serious trouble and the girls start to the rescue. Dale and Rannie, two prominent characters in Joseph Ames' serial, "Under Boy Scout Colors," in the September issue, find their dearest wishes come true.

War and Warriors

The department "For Country and For Liberty" will continue, under the direction of Robert F. Wilson. The editors of St. Nicholas trust that this new department is inspiring all its young readers to do their share in actual achievements toward helping the nation in these stressful days.



Illustrating the September St. Nicholas

"Queen of the Sea," by Commodore Orton P. Jackson and Captain Frank E. Evans, describes the evolution of battle cruisers from their first small beginnings, scarcely larger than a modern seagoing tug, to their present position as largest and fastest of all war ships, costing over twenty millions of dollars.

"B-bon jour, Monsieur l-le Marechal

"B-bon jour Monsieur l-le Marechal, v-veux-tu accepter ce petit bouquet de moi?" So six-year old Kennedy greeted the great general, whom afterward he described as looking "just like any other man." His brother George was more deeply impressed with the honor, however. The September St. Nicholas will publish "Shaking Hands With Marshal Joffre," by George P. Ludlam, who actually did it and describes how he felt.

"Along the Trout Stream," by Robert S. Lemmon, the publication of which was postponed for editorial reasons, will appear in the September ST. NICHOLAS. Amateurs of the gentle sport of angling will find many valuable suggestions on tackle, bait, and other subjects dear to the fisherman's heart.

The Reading Contest

As the next subject for the "Books and Reading" contest Hildegarde Hawthorne will offer "Kim," Rudyard Kipling's famous Indian tale. In the September number she will sketch the main facts regarding book and author, and for the benefit of those who have not previously entered the contests, she will outline the rules to be observed.

"Summer's End," by Clara Platt Meadowcroft, will close the delightful Griflet and Prince Beaumain series in ST. NICHOLAS.

Dr. S. E. Forman will review the events of the past month in "The Watch Tower" of the September ST. NICHOLAS; in the "Nature and Science" pages the youngest aviator in the government service, Lieutenant Nicholas Senu Ballou, aged 18, will write on aviation; the customary pages will be given to "Very Little Folks," "The Letter Box," etc.

To have "eaten around the clock" with the prominent men of England is a distinction not attained by every American. Arthur Gleason, whose "Inside the British Isles" surveys the economic, social and political conditions of Great Britain in the light of the transforming agency of war, has breakfasted with Lloyd George, lunched with Lord Eustace Percy, tea-d with G. K. Chesterton and dined with H. A. Fisher, Minister of Education. He has met radicals and conservatives, militant suffragettes and poets. He has walked and wheeled up and down England, from York to Liverpool, from Lincoln to London, from Bristol to Ilfracoombe. This method of learning public opinion, through popular psychology as well as through the controlling forces in a nation, makes the author of "Inside the British Isles" a careful diagnostician of the tremendous transformations evolving from the war in conservative England.

Alan Sullivan, author of "The Inner Door," which the Century Co. has just published, sets his story against a background of the never ceasing conflict between Labor and Capital. In laying the action of the story in a large factory Mr. Sullivan is writing of conditions of which he has had practical experience. For ten years he acted as chief engineer for a large industrial works in Toronto. Here he had exceptional opportunities for studying many types, the best as well as the worst, in the labor world, among whom he made many enduring friendships.

The Century Co. announces that the "Century Readings for a Course in English Literature," edited by Professor J. W. Cunliffe, of Columbia University, has gone into its ninth reprinting. This latest edition has been printed on Bible paper.

BOOKS AND THEIR MAKERS

"Advanced Civics," by Samuel E. Forman, has proved so widely popular as a text book of patriotism and good citizenship that during the twelve years since its publication it has passed into twenty-one editions. No one understands better than Dr. Forman that American government is flesh and blood, as well as bones, the embodiment of that immortal spirit which through the centuries has transmitted the birthright of civil liberty to Americans. Dr. Forman's books teach that excellent lesson for young people that there is no royal road to good citizenship, which can be reached "only by the rough path of duty."

"It is vastly more important to learn how to *keep* well than to *get* well," Dr. Henry Dwight Chapin is said to point out in his new book, "Health First," which The Century Co. will publish August 17th. This, however, involves a knowledge of correct habits of living in every period of life, and includes such commonplace topics as proper eating, sleeping, exercise, and mental poise. In "Health First," Dr. Chapin is said to popularize a "First Aid to the Well," so that people may know how to keep strong. It will repay consideration in results of conserved vigor that otherwise might have been dissipated. The subject of preparedness is just now in the air. Preparedness for life certainly requires as its first requisite the possession of sound health.

Comparing the German attitude toward its police and the law with that of the English, Raymond B. Fosdick, in "European Police Systems" comments: "The Englishman wants to mind his own business, to look to his own safety, to guard his own rights, to use his own judgment—in a word, to be let alone. The German point of view, on the other hand, may fairly be called paternalistic. So far from resenting it, the German seems to require constant direction; without it he gives the appearance of being unable to take care of himself. To these symbols of order (*Verboten* signs) the law-abiding German invariably and instinctively submits. One gets the impression that the Englishman's respect for law is more basic, more a matter of principle than that of the German." Mr. Fosdick, who has recently been elected Chairman of the new Federal Commission on Training Camps, spent several years investigating police organizations in Great Britain, France, Germany, Austria-Hungary, Italy, Holland, and Belgium. His new work, as a Chairman of the Commission, will deal with the coördinating of various welfare agencies among the soldiers and acquainting the Secretary of War with social conditions as they exist in the training camps.

Julian Street, author of "Abroad at Home," in which he and Wallace Morgan "discovered" the United States, is an inveterate humorist. A certain dignified butler in a country mansion will not soon forget the telegrams sent by Mr. Street to a prominent magazine editor. They reached the house by telephone, of course, a fact on which Mr. Street had counted, and they read as follows: "Are you still safe?" "Have you disclosed your identity?" "Take care: they are on the trail!" Once however, the joker became the victim, when, like the famous equestrian, Mr. Winkle of Pickwickian fame, he attempted to mount a thoroughbred. "Nevvah you feah, suh," the groom assured him, "Ah knowed the minute Ah saw yo' laigs 't you was a *horse* man. Yassuh! Ah says, 'Dat gemman's certain'y been 'n de cava'ry wid dem fine crooked laigs of his'n.'" Other experiences of these two American travelers will appear this fall in a companion volume to "Abroad at Home." The second tour, the book of which will be entitled "American Adventures," was through the South and Mr. Street's account, although filled with amusing incidents, is said to be strongly appreciative of Southern life as it appears to a dyed-in-the-wool Yankee.

In Maxim Gorky's forthcoming book, "In the World," he is said to tell the story of his first love and its tragic conclusion. Gorky was about fourteen at the time, and not wishing to be behind the older boys, he fell in love with a Miss Ptitzen, the daughter of an important official. "I do not remember how I declared my feelings," he writes, "but I know that the affair ended badly. On the stagnant green water of the Zveyzdin Pond floated a plank, and I proposed to give the young lady a ride on it. She agreed. I brought the log to the bank; it held me alone quite well. But when the gorgeously dressed young lady, all ribbons and lace, graciously stepped on the other end, and I proudly pushed off with a stick, the accursed log rolled away from under us and my young lady went head over heels into the water. I threw myself in knightly fashion after her, and swiftly brought her to shore. Fright and the green mire of the pond had quite destroyed her beauty! Shaking her wet fist at me threateningly, she cried: 'You threw me in the water on purpose!' And refusing to believe in the sincerity of my protestations, from that time she treated me as an enemy."

The Century Co. announces that Bertrand Russell's "Why Men Fight," has returned to the press for a fifth edition. This means that, with one exception, the book has been reprinted every month since its original publication in January. One of the more radical of New York's magazines called up The Century Co. recently regarding the truth of a rumor, which it stated was current, that "Why Men Fight" had been suppressed. The Century Co. gave an emphatic denial. As *The Public* wrote in its review: "Russell's book presents no plan for averting war to-morrow or the next day or next year. It blinks no fact that makes war probable by limiting men's sympathies and stimulating their impulse to pugnacity. The task it presents is colossal—a task that neither our generation nor the next can possibly complete. And it carries its conviction of ultimate success, not by recounting present triumphs or predicting immediate future victories, but by showing us a spirit so beautiful and so courageous that no one can close the volume without knowing that the light is burning strong and clear.

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(See inside of front cover)

PROBLEMS OF PEACE

RECONSTRUCTION OF POLAND AND THE NEAR EAST

By HERBERT ADAMS GIBBONS

The peace of the world will be endangered unless at the close of war a just settlement is made.

What of the Poles? Without a national government for decades, victims of countless cruel, ingenious devices planned to make them despair of ever again having such a government, much of their best blood scattered abroad by emigration, yet Poland on its own old territorial grounds is more numerous, richer, and abler than it ever was. Mr. Gibbons brilliantly states the case for Poland, and forecasts what should, and may, come to her at the great settlement.

The situation in the Near East, including not only the Balkan States, but Turkey and Italy, Mr. Gibbons treats authoritatively, pointing out the fundamental bases of a just settlement.

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Dr. Gibbons Also Wrote

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(See inside of front cover)

THE CENTURION

SEPTEMBER, 1917

THE TRAP IS SET

By Gelett Burgess

His wife no longer loved him supremely. She had become a literary lioness. At the table she sat and read him the silly letters admiring strangers wrote. So the hero of Gelett Burgess's amusing comedy, "Mrs. Hope's Husband" (The Century Co., $1.00), laid plans to rewin her interest and her love. The passage below is at the moment when she walks into his trap:

"See here," she said, "I'd like your opinion of this. I think it's rather clever, myself. It's from one of my latest admirers." Bridling, she turned it over and looked at the signature. "'John Irons,' whoever *he* is. Listen to this, though: *Tiny, small, delicate, wee, darling, diminutive, little*—and so on. Look at that long list of words, will you? All taken, if you please, from one chapter of my novel. See? Friend Irons infers, from the tendency shown in that unconscious way, that I am fond of little things—toys, carvings, and miniatures, and *bibelots.* Well—that's true enough. Why, he's deducted my whole wonderful exquisite character, in fact, from my vocabulary."

Now, as she re-read the letter, he wondered, for a moment, if he had made any mistake that might have betrayed him. She was chuckling.

"'Dusky gold!'" she laughed. "'Dusky gold!' Yes, I remember I *was* rather pleased at that. *Opalescent, sheen, velvety-bloom, smoky-red, virginal, gossamer, floaty, filmy, diaphanous*—look; a whole procession of decorative words like that, marching right down the page. See? And here's what John says in conclusion. Are you listening, Lester? 'An almost pathetic love of beauty; you must have been deprived of pretty things when you were young.' That's right, too; I was, wasn't I? 'Disliking discords in life and art.' H'm! 'Fond of admiration.' Well, who isn't?"

Lester walked to the window to hide his face from her. "What an ass!"

Caught in the Trap

"Sounds like the Baconian cipher, to me, picking out words to fit, like that. Why, you could prove almost anything, that way."

"But he happens to prove just exactly the things that are *true.* Why, he might have known me for years! Of course, he's rather complimentary, too. He says — where *is* that — oh— 'You must be the most charming woman in the world.' You needn't shrug your shoulders, Lester; perhaps I *am*. But wait a minute!" and she continued more slowly. "Hopes he 'may develop the acquaintance by some more direct means.'" Her embarrassed laugh did not conceal a serious interest. "What d' you suppose he intends by that? Meet him around the corner, or what? Would you answer him, Les?"

Lester yawned artistically. "Oh, if you feel like it. Lord, *I* don't know!"

And, though she drifted off in a description of last night's reception, her husband suspected, beneath her gossip of Mrs. Poppity's latest blunder, how Smithers wished to dedicate his book of poems "To P. H.," etc., a strong undercurrent of John Irons in her mind, which she seemed to be taking some pains to conceal. That forenoon Lester Hope walked downtown to his office not a little elated.

For three afternoons, each day a little less elated, he walked downtown only to be disappointed. But on the fourth day when he stopped at the post office and looked in as usual through the little glass door, behold, a pale blue envelope! It was addressed to "John Irons, Esq., P. O. Box 1711."

Gingerly he took it out, feeling somewhat as if he were robbing the mails, and tore open the blue envelope. The sensation was, he thought, a bit too like eavesdropping on Pauline to be comfortable. Of course it was for him, that letter; but at the same time it wasn't exactly for her husband, was it?

Said Lester Hope, "I am an attorney-at-law"
Illustration from "Mrs. Hope's Husband"

HOW TO DIE OLD

By Henry Dwight Chapin

"Health First" (The Century Co., $1.50) is Henry Dwight Chapin's contribution to "the fine art of living." Dr. Chapin believes we die too young, and too needlessly. The human machine has an economic value, and in the passage below Dr. Chapin points out the effect upon the industrial worker of the recognition.

The Health Department of New York City has recently started a system of stated physical examinations of its many hundred employees, and finds a great saving of efficiency by recognizing and preventing the early beginnings of disease. Among two thousand cases reported, many showed some weakness or susceptibility which, if neglected, would be likely to be followed by chronic organic lesions and thus by a shortening of life. Twenty-two per cent. of those examined showed an albuminuria of greater or less extent, and in some this was combined with a high blood pressure. In these cases a kidney affection is sure to develop if steps are not taken to try to alter the condition. On a later examination about ten per cent. of the persons showed a very decided improvement over their former physical condition.

Good Business Economy

Large employers of labor, such as railroads and industrial corporations, are finding it economical to attend to the health and general welfare of their laborers, as their efficiency is thus much increased. The United States Steel Corporation has established a Bureau of Safety, Sanitation, and Welfare for its employees. This not only safeguards the workers in shops and mines, but operates a scheme of welfare work in the home. They find that laborers that are poorly cared for or worried by illness cannot do good work.

The American Association for Labor Legislation advises compulsory health insurance in order to favor more active work in the prevention of disease. They find the death-rate for American wage-earners twice that of professional men, with a correspondingly high sick-rate. Despite the greater prevalence of tuberculosis among wage-earners, and their early susceptibility to the degenerative diseases of middle life, with an excessive death-rate among the industrial population, the workers are often unable to secure proper medical attention in time to ward off these evils.

The lesson that all this teaches is that every person should be periodically examined in order to find out if the bodily machine is in good working order. In this way it would be possible to prolong life and prevent much disability, as unfavorable conditions would thus be early discovered and in many cases prevented.

Success in life in virtually all its pursuits, and happiness in any state, are conditioned on good health. Efficiency and strength go hand in hand. Let the human machine be constantly overhauled, so that it may be kept in as good a state of repair as possible.

WHEN SOLDIERS SALUTE

By E. B. Garey and O. O. Ellis

In the rush and hurry of twentieth century industrialism chivalry and courtesy have frequently been superseded by the "step lively" dictum of street car conductors. Captains Ellis and Garey, whose new book, "The Junior Plattsburg Manual" (The Century Co., $2.00), presents the elements of military training as applicable to boys under military age, devote several pages to the various forms of courtesy demanded in the army from private and commander-in-chief alike.

Our flag is the emblem of our country's sovereignty, dignity, and ideals. It must be saluted. The *red* in it stands for *courage,* the *white* for *liberty,* and the *blue* for *loyalty.* When you salute Our Flag you give evidence of your allegiance to the country that stands for freedom and equality in every sense of the word. When you fail to salute it, you give evidence of your ignorance or disloyalty.

THE SOLDIER'S SALUTE
Illustration from "The Junior Plattsburg Manual"

The Salute Not Servile

Saluting. The military salute is universal. It is an old custom. It is merely a courteous recognition between two individuals in the same honorable profession. It does not imply servitude, or inferiority, as some Americans seem to think. Regulations require that it be rendered by both the senior and the junior, as bare courtesy requires between gentlemen in civil life. It is the military equivalent of your father's expression, "Good morning," or, "How do you do?" Therefore be careful about saluting. Be proud of the manner in which you execute your salute and make it indicative of discipline, politeness, good breeding, and self-respect. The junior salutes first. Saluting distance is that within which recognition is easy.

Observe the following general rules:

1. Salute all officers of the Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and of the Militia in uniform. Do not salute noncommissioned officers.

2. Do not salute while seated.

3. Look at the person you are saluting.

4. Never salute while the left hand is in the pocket or with a cigarette, cigar, or pipe in the mouth. Don't smoke; thus keeping these instructions from applying to you.

5. Never salute with the left hand.

6. Never salute an officer when you are in ranks. In ranks you merely obey commands.

7. Indoors (in your tent) unarmed, do not salute, but stand at attention, uncovered, upon the entrance of an officer. If he speaks to you, then, salute.

How to Salute

8. Indoors, armed, render the prescribed salute, i.e., the rifle salute at order arms or at trail.

9. Outdoors, armed, render the prescribed salute, i.e., the rifle salute at right shoulder arms.

10. Outdoors, unarmed, or armed with side arms, salute with the right hand.

11. Salute when the person you are saluting is six paces away from you, and when the salute has been acknowledged, or the officer has passed, lower the hand quickly to the side.

You should show the same mark of respect to the flag and to the National Anthem of foreign countries with whom we are at peace as you do to your own flag and National Anthem.

When the National Anthem ("Star Spangled Banner") is played, rise, face the music, stand at attention, and salute as follows:

If in uniform come to the position of salute at the first note of the anthem and retain that position.

If you are in civilian clothes, salute while the anthem is being played. Notice that the man's head-dress is opposite the left shoulder. During rainy weather the head-dress may be slightly raised so as to protect the head. Ladies merely rise and remain silent.

The same saluting rules apply when "To the Color" or "To the Standard" is sounded, as when the National Anthem is played.

At retreat when the National Anthem or "To the Color" or "To the Standard" is played, you should, while saluting, face the flag instead of the music. "To the Colors" is the air that is blown on the bugle at retreat (close of the day) while the flag is being lowered, in case the band is not present.

There is an old tradition mentioned by Dr. Henry Dwight Chapin in "Health First: The Fine Art of Living" that the Chinese employ physicians to keep them well rather than to attend them when sick. In case of illness, the doctor is not paid but penalized for allowing such a thing to happen. This may be largely legendary but it contains the germ of an important truth. As far as each individual is concerned, we shall all agree with Dr. Chapin it would certainly be wiser to pay a physician to maintain one in health rather than to attend one in illness.

The Century Co. has announced that Captain Ellis's and Captain Garey's book, "The Plattsburg Manual," has again gone to press. This is the seventh edition in five months.

MR. PINWELL ORDERS LIME JUICE

By Stacy Aumonier

Collier's Weekly has written of "The Friends" that it is "very sincere, very vital; all the more so in that, without preaching, it shows life as it often is." Three of Stacy Aumonier's brilliant short stories, "The Friends: And Two Other Stories" ($1.00), have been gathered into book form by The Century Co.

The big man glanced from Senner junior to Mr. Pinwell and gave that gentleman an almost imperceptible nod. He then sighed, breathed heavily, and took a long drink from the glass in front of him.

"I'm very pleased to meet you, Mr. Clappe," said Pinwell nervously. "I've heard about you. I'm with Dollbones, you know, *the* Dollbones. We have—er—several very good lines just now."

The great Clappe fixed him with his lugubrious eyes and suddenly said in a thick voice:

"What'll you drink?"

It is curious that Mr. Pinwell with all his experience should have been taken back by this hospitable request. He stammered and said:

"Oh! thank you very much, sir. I don't think I'll—at least, I'll have—er—a limejuice and soda."

A Very Trying Moment

And then Mr. Clappe behaved in a very extraordinary way. An expression of utter dejection came over his face. He puffed his cheeks out and suddenly muttered, "Oh, my God!"

And then he rolled round and *deliberately turned his back on Mr. Pinwell and his friend!*

Mr. Pinwell gaped ineffectually at the back of the great man, and hesitated whether to make any further advance. But he was relieved of the necessity of coming to a decision by the act of Mr. Clappe himself, who slowly drained the remnants of refreshment in his glass, and then walked heavily out of the bar, without looking round.

In the meantime young Senner had acquired his drink, and was feverishly tapping the end of a cigarette on the rail. He took a long drink and spluttered slightly, and then, turning on Mr. Pinwell, he said:

In the Way of Business

"What particular brand of blankety-fool are you?"

"I beg your pardon?" exclaimed Mr. Pinwell, amazed.

"I tell you," said the young man, "you're a particular type of blankety fool. You've missed the chance of yer life! Don't you know when a man like Clappe asks yer to have a drink yer a blankety fool not to? D'you know that man places thousands and thousands of pounds a year for Carron & Musswell? Thousands, I tell yer! It don't matter to 'im where he places the orders. He puts it all out among 'is pals. You 'ad a chance of being a pal, and you've muffed it!"

"But—but—but—" spluttered Mr. Pinwell. "I really—I—had no idea. I said

I would have a drink. It was only that I ordered a—er—non-alcoholic drink. I really can't—"

"Psaugh!"

Young Mr. Senner swirled the whisky round in his glass and drank it at a gulp. Then he muttered:

"Gawd! Asking Clappe for a lime-juice and soda!"

Mr. Pinwell thought about this meditatively. He wondered whether he had been in the wrong. After all, people all had their notions of the way to conduct business. Business was a very big thing. It had "evolved"—that was the word!—evolved out of all sorts of complicated social conditions, supply and demand, and so on. A man perhaps who had been in the habit of taking alcoholic refreshment and expecting others to—it might perhaps be difficult for him to understand.

SIZING UP OUR MEN AND BOYS

By Charles K. Taylor

One of the least observed axioms of life is that normality does not preclude variation. Mr. Taylor's valuable addition to camp literature, "The Boys' Camp Manual" (The Century Co., $1.25), points out a radical defect in present standards of measurement and offers a unique and logical system of measuring physical strength in its ratio to the height and breadth of each individual.

The physical standardizing system about to be described and the physical training work following it do not require a camp for their use. They can be, and are used not only by camps, but by military academies and other schools and even by clubs of boys.

Ineffective Grouping

They constitute a break from the common group system of physical training, which treats all individuals as though they were alike, giving them all the same setting-up drill or class-room group exercises, so prevalent in our schools. These are nearly useless because they do not allow for individual differences; furthermore they do not specifically find individual faults and give such individual training as is needed. Moreover, by common methods of measurement it is impossible to distinguish growth from improvement.

A practical system of physical training must be composed of two parts. The first part concerns the measuring and standardizing of a person in order to find his needs and capacities. The second concerns bringing up to standard all under-developed muscles and constructing a sturdy, enduring, active physique.

The usual method has been to take a man's measurements and then compare these measurements with those given for men of the same age and height in tables of averages published for that purpose. The same system is used with young men and boys under military age. It has a very serious flaw.

Normal, Whether Fat or Thin

It takes for granted that there is one ideal average type of build with which all should be compared. It does not admit that it is just as normal for some to be slender and others to be thick-set, as for still others to approach the average kind of build. And yet the slender and the thick-set are perfectly normal types when the persons concerned are muscular and in good health. Therefore any system arranged on an age-height basis is not only unfair, but also unscientific. We cannot say that a man of a certain age and height should have a certain weight and certain girth.

This does not allow for any other normal types of build besides the average type. But we can say that an individual of a certain weight and height should have a certain muscular development, in order to be well developed for his particular type or build.

Logical Measuring

First take the height in inches and the weight in pounds. The following measurements are taken in inches:

Shoulder girth.	*Waist girth.*
Chest girth.	*Hip girth.*
Upper arm.	*Thigh girth.*

Calf girth.

In making scores the following arbitrary method has been found very useful. Begin with a score of 100. When the boy is given a score of 100 it indicates that his measurements approximate those given in the tables. For each quarter of an inch more or less than the measurement given in the tables for shoulder girth, chest girth, arm girths, and calf girths, add 1 to or subtract 1 from 100, as the case may be.

The final summary gives the person a number which roughly represents the relation between his development and the standard for his own height and weight.

A Stimulating System

It should be said that a great part of the value of such measurements lies in the effect upon the boy being measured. The result is usually a strong and effective interest in his physical development and periodic measurement—perhaps a month apart—of under developed boys, acting as a strong stimulus, aiding him to keep a constant interest in special exercises, as well as in general exercises.

Illustration from "The Boys Camp Manual"

WHAT SAVED THE TARSIANS?

By Helen Davenport Gibbons

Writing of "The Red Rugs of Tarsus" (The Century Co., $1.25), personal reminiscences by Helen Davenport Gibbons of her "red honeymoon," the New York Times has said: "It is a remarkable book, a fine and significant book. Of the moments of her own peril Mrs. Gibbons has written with a simplicity, almost an unconsciousness, that is magnificently fine and dramatic to read."

I can never think of the Armenians without a stirring of the heart in affection and admiration.

Present-Day Martyrs

Mother, they are heroes—these Armenians, children and grand-children of heroes. It is nothing spectacular that they have done, except in periods of massacre like this. But all along *they have kept the faith,* they have preserved their distinct nationality, when an easy path lay before them, were they willing to turn from Christ to Mohammed. I see now so vividly what they have been born to, what they grow up from early childhood fearing. Is not the greatest heroism in the world the silent endurance of oppression that cannot be remedied, the bending of the neck to the yoke when there is no other way, the living along normally under the shadow of a constant and justified fear of death and worse?

What saved the Tarsians the other night? Any dread of international complications? Any respect for our Government? What do the Kurds know about us? Nothing. Last summer when we were camping far up in the Taurus mountains above the timberline, a fellow of the type who has been doing the dirty work for the party in power at Stambul, came along to talk with us. We had chopped down a scrub pine-tree to build a fire and were sitting around the fire after supper. We were eating walnuts. I offered him some. With them I gave salt. He took both walnuts and salt, touched them to his forehead by way of thanks, and began to eat. Socrates expressed satisfaction that the man had done this—said we could be surer now that he would not turn fierce dogs loose the next day, when we broke camp. In talking to the man, I asked him what he knew about my country. He was a shepherd, and had never seen a town bigger than Tarsus. He replied, "There are a great many Americans in America, at least five thousand, all very rich and all very kind."

. . . .

What saved the Tarsians? St. Paul's College. Those people have had the vision held up before them, and some of its light must have got into their dark hearts. I keep thinking of the way Jesus forgave people because they just didn't know what they were doing. I do not believe for a minute that it was the American flag that saved the Christian population of this town. The Stars and Stripes mean nothing to them. It is the way Daddy and Mother Christie have lived before these Turks all these years that did it.

"NOBLESSE OBLIGE" IN THE SKY

By Francis A. Collins

Francis A. Collins, author of "The Air Man" (The Century Co., $1.30), has devoted one chapter of his new book to "The Chivalry of the Air." The heroes of pageantry could scarcely have shown more courtesy than do these twentieth century knights pitted against one another in the most spectacular personal conflicts.

In facing the appalling hazards of aerial warfare the air men of the embattled armies show themselves to be incomparable sportsmen. They fight without rancor, and even when their lives hang in the balance, observe a rigid etiquette. Although the danger of such warfare has increased beyond all precedent the air men on every front have vied with one another in the display of gallantry. During many encounters at terrifying altitudes, where the slightest miscalculation invited instant death, the duelists of the air have refused to take an unfair advantage. The psychology of all this is perhaps obscure and at times their chivalry seems almost quixotic.

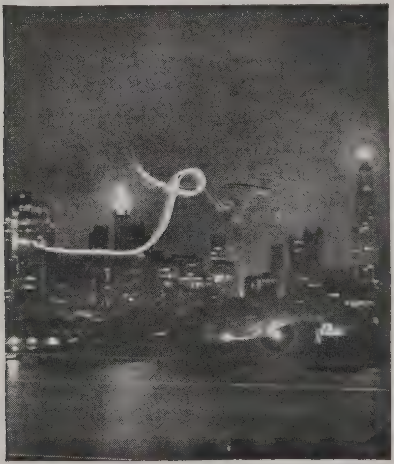

Illustration from "The Air Man"

Exchanging Courtesies

A desperate encounter took place one day between the famous German aviator Boelke and a Frenchman, in which the French pilot was wounded and forced to descend in German territory. He landed safely and was instantly made a prisoner of war. The following day Boelke called at the military prison and invited his vanquished foe to lunch with him, when the details of the encounter were recalled with perfect good-nature.

When the great Boelke fell, the news of his death spread quickly. It must have been by some roundabout route that the news reached France, which made the promptness of her tribute remarkable. Boelke was credited with having brought down two score aeroplanes of the Allies in brilliant air-duels, but his good sportsmanship was highly esteemed by his enemies. Within a few hours after his fall, a French aeroplane appeared over his camp and dropped an elaborate wreath with a message of respect. It is part of the etiquette that at such times no trouble be spared in forwarding these tributes.

The day following the encounter, the victor flies over the enemy's territory and drops a small bomb in open country to attract attention. He then drops a stone carrying a long streamer which may be seen from a considerable distance which guides the soldiers to the spot where it falls. Wrapped around the stone was found a complete statement of the condition of the fallen air man. If he has been killed, the disposition of the body and location of the grave is given, while if he survives, his exact condition is stated and messages may even be sent to his friends. Daily bulletins of his condition may follow.

A Postponed Wedding

A particularly daring Russian raider appeared over Austrian territory one day, was quickly engaged at a high altitude. After a spirited encounter, the Russian signaled surrender by throwing up his arms, and drifted slowly to earth. When the Austrians below made him prisoner, they were surprised to find him sobbing bitterly. They supposed naturally the Russian had been told he would be treated badly, and hastened to reassure him. When he could control his voice, he explained that he was not worried about his treatment, but that on the following day he was to have gone to Petrograd on leave of absence to be married.

Although the country for miles about was devastated, the Austrian officers searched until they found a beautiful bouquet of flowers. On the following day, the victor of the air duel flew above the Russian aviation headquarters and dropped the flowers with a long streamer of silk ribbon. Tied to the flowers was a charming letter addressed to the fiancée of the fallen air man. The message described the brave fight their captive had made, and his courage and loyalty in fighting for his flag. He was unavoidably detained from keeping his appointment at Petrograd, the letter explained, but the lady was assured he was among sympathetic friends who would consider it a point of honor to return him, after the war, safe and sound. The letter was signed by all the officers of the aviation corps. The message reached its destination, and a few days later a Russian air man flew over the Austrian trenches and dropped a letter in reply from the lady herself.

Mary R. Parkman, whose "Heroes of To-day" and "Heroines of Service" will appear in book form in September, tells how she came to write these biographies. "During all the years of my teaching," she writes, "my special interest has been children's literature, and the selection and adaptation of the great world stories for the use of the story-teller. I was dissatisfied with most of the versions that have been prepared for children. They seemed to me trivial and childish rather than simple and childlike, and hopelessly lacking in true literary feeling. When I began to work up biographical stories of the great men of our own time for children of the intermediate and grammar grades, I discovered that it was practically an untouched field. The stories of the Heroes and Heroines of To-day which I have been contributing to ST. NICHOLAS are the direct outgrowth of that discovery. They have appealed to children, and to the children of larger growth that we call 'grownups.'"

RUSSIAN GIPSIES

By Baroness Souiny

"Russia of Yesterday and To-morrow" (The Century Co., $2.00) has a quality missing in many of the books which have flooded the literary market since the Revolution there. Baroness Souiny knows her ground; she has lived in Russia more than a quarter of a century. Reviewing her book the Boston Transcript wrote: "The Baroness is bright and she tells many interesting things." The book, with its comments on literature, art, and music, its descriptions of travel, its many entertaining anecdotes, is well worth reading."

Another original form in Russian musical expression is that of the Gipsies. Unlike the Hungarian Gipsies, they do not represent the national music. These Russian Gipsies are the remnants of bygone time, and they have kept their individuality without singing their own songs, which are too wild, too much a medley from all the countries through which they passed before settling in Russia. They are not Slavs. The Russian adores these Gipsies, but only when he is intoxicated by wine or joy or happiness. Then he calls them, and they sing for him strange, cheap music, popular and ephemeral, composed at the table of cafés; but they sing the motives with all the passion of their own feelings in deep, emotional voices and without any instrumental accompaniment. A whole band of these Gipsies sing, old and young, ugly women, witch-like, neglected, dressed in shabby clothing of all varieties, and men in ragged garb, some of them in shirtsleeves and high boots, a mixture of Russian peasant and Gipsy, husky, strong, and daring. When they begin to sing in chorus, one of two soloists leading the melodies, all their repulsiveness is forgotten. Like a wave their elemental singing rolls over the tense listeners.

BARONESS SOUINY
Author of "Russia of Yesterday and To-morrow"

It is very democratic, this autocratic Russia. When ladies are in the party private boxes are preferred. Supper with champagne is served, and a little private dance may be arranged. After all, the chief entertainment is when the Gipsies are let in. It is not a real party without them. This Russian fad is not at first understandable to the foreigner. To him Gipsies would mean a fantastic group of strange beauties and black-haired men in theatrical costumes. Instead, middle-aged, or perhaps young women, in untidy clothing, sleepy and apathetic, slouch in. One of the principal singers has a bad toothache and her face is wrapped in a white handkerchief. The men are common-looking and, on the whole, rather repulsive.

But Russian society cordially greeted them, and was sympathetic with the woman who had toothache and grateful that she appeared despite the pain. The Gipsies sat in a circle. The general offered several of them, with whom he talked, champagne, which they took, and drank slowly to the general's health. Then they began to sing. It was like opium, a warm, warm melody repeated and taken up by the chorus until the woman with the toothache came in. Her voice was as if heavy drops of a sweet, intoxicating wine were changed into sounds. The ear became drunk, the melody passing from the ear to the mind, and singing it into complete forgetfulness. It is the highest degree of intoxication, the most dangerous, this drunkenness caused by human voices, and it frequently happens that men give up life and life's duties, family and money, to live among the Gipsies, to sing with them, and to have them sing their songs. Again a Russian mystery. The foreigner takes away an impression of a terrible hypnotic force, which has a destroying attraction for Russians.

OYSTER FARMING

By Ernest Ingersoll

Ernest Ingersoll, author of "The Book of the Ocean" (The Century Co., $1.50), was connected with the Hayden survey and the U. S. Fish Commission, and lectured on zoology in the University of Chicago. The passage quoted below is therefore based upon his original investigations of the shell fisheries of our country.

An oyster-farm may be conducted in two ways. One is to place upon a certain space of bottom, in some shallow bay, as many young oysters as it will conveniently hold. These young oysters, generally hardly bigger than your thumbnail, are dredged in summer from certain reefs in deep water, where the oysters are never allowed to grow to full size; and to a large extent they are brought northward by the shipload from Maryland and Virginia, which have more "seed," as it is called, than they need for their own planting. These young oysters, protected from harm, and having plenty of space to grow, come to a proper size for market in about three years, and are then gathered by their owners and sold.

Fighting Sharks With Sticks

As for the dangers, drowning by some accident to the apparatus, or through the stupidity of the boatmen above, is only one of them. The warm waters in which these men work are the home of the largest and most deadly sharks, and of various other submarine creatures one would rather not meet in their own element. Of them all the sharks are most to be dreaded, especially by the naked men. As a rule, however, they are easily frightened away, or can be avoided by the clever swimmer, who quickly stirs up the mud of the bottom, and rises in the fog before the dull shark discovers that he has gone. East Indians are said to fight sharks quite fearlessly, stabbing them with a knife as they roll over preparatory to a close attack. I have read a story to the effect that formerly the Mexican Indian divers on our western coast used to take down with them a stick of hard wood about two feet long and sharpened at both ends. When a shark was encountered from which they could not readily escape, they would snatch this weapon from their belts, grasp it in the middle, and thrust it dexterously crosswise into the widely distended mouth of the monster, opened to seize them. To shut down his jaws upon such a skewer would undoubtedly discomfit a shark or anything else; but when one thinks of the time, nerve, and sure aim it would require to accomplish this feat, he begins to doubt whether it really ever was tried. I advise you, therefore, to prove the story better than I have been able to do.

BAKER MAKES A MISTAKE

By Adele Luehrmann

Did Eric Brown murder Willis Hewitt? This is the question of consuming interest to every reader of Adele Luehrmann's latest mystery story, "The Other Brown" (The Century Co., $1.35). Everything pointed toward him until—a bank clerk made the imprudent disclosure quoted below.

"That's all, Baker," said the cashier.

The young man turned at once and walked to the door. There, however, he faced about again and, after a wavering glance at the district attorney, said hesitatingly:

"Perhaps I ought to tell you, sir, that —Mr. Valentin Gil deposited twenty thousand dollars in cash yesterday morning, just—"

"What!"

The interruption came like the drop of a trigger, and the scandalized cashier glared furiously at his subordinate. The unfortunate young man in his anxiety to avoid further sins of omission had committed a heinous offense. His look, had it worked his will, would have ground the offender to powder; but all he permitted himself to say in the presence of the outsider was the sharp question:

"How do *you* know this?"

Here Redding spoke.

"Is that an unusual deposit for Gil?" he inquired.

"Not at all."

It was the cashier who replied, but, not having put the question to him, Redding continued to look expectantly at Baker.

The latter's position was obviously uncomfortable.

"No, it isn't unusual, sir—except for one thing," he said, with a respectful inclusion of the cashier in his glance. "Mr. Gil often handles quite large sums, but—but not cash."

"I see. And this twenty thousand was all cash?"

"Yes, sir."

"How about the denominations?"

"They were—large, sir," Baker replied with frank reluctance.

There was a pause then.

"I see." Through his shell-rimmed big lenses the district attorney once more studied the face of the younger man. He had a notion that, reluctant as the latter had been to disclose the facts about Gil, he had made the revelation purposely and not through a stupid inadvertence, as had at first appeared.

"Thank you," said Redding finally with a slight nod of dismissal.

Returning to his own office, the district attorney sent for Gil. The Mexican came promptly, having no doubt expected the summons.

"There's one more question I want to ask you, Mr. Gil. That is this. Where did you get the twenty thousand dollars in cash that you deposited yesterday morning in the Pan-American Trust Company?"

For a startled instant the black eyes of the Mexican widened. Then he recovered himself, laughing shortly.

"Oh—you know that, do you?" he said. "Then I'll have to tell, I guess."

"All right," snapped Redding. "Then tell the truth now. Where did you get the money?"

"I can't give you the man's name," Gil answered doggedly.

"He's a business man, you said. Then the money was in small bills, I suppose."

Gil hesitated, staring at his questioner.

"Yes; mostly small," he replied finally. "Some hundreds, but mostly twenties."

Instantly Redding's hand shot out and pressed a button on his desk. At the signal the door opened and two policemen appeared. The district attorney nodded to them, then looked at Gil.

"You're under arrest," he said.

"You're Under Arrest." Illustration from "The Other Brown"

THE TRAGEDY OF LITTLE NATIONS

By Herbert Adams Gibbons

Had European diplomacy better understood that eastern weather-breeder—the Balkan States—future historians had no need to write "some one had blundered" over the early years of the Great War. In "The Reconstruction of Poland and the Near East" (The Century Co., $1.00) Herbert Adams Gibbons, with daring sincerity, sets forth some of the disasters resulting from former ignorance of Entente leaders.

The world has moved too fast during the last three years to waste time and energy in lamenting what might have happened and didn't. But the duty is none the less incumbent upon us to keep in mind the Balkan tragedy of 1913 in order that a repetition of it may be avoided. For none of the participants in the European interference of that year has abandoned the Great Power attitude toward the Balkans. One can see in Balkan events since the outbreak of the present war no desire on the part of any European foreign office to forsake the deplorable diplomacy that has soaked Europe in blood. Where is the statesman in any belligerent country who dares to come out openly and call a spade a spade?

Entente Misjudgment

The facts are painful. At the beginning, Serbia was the only Balkan country involved in the European War. It was the desire of the other Balkan States to remain neutral. All of them, with the exception of Rumania, had suffered heavily in the two preceding wars and needed a long period of peace for recuperation. None had the equipment in heavy artillery, ammunition, and aeroplanes to engage in war against a Great Power.

Serbia resisted with admirable skill and courage the first Austro-Hungarian invasion. Her armies routed the invaders completely. But the victory had been dearly purchased, and precious stores of ammunition expended. Serbia's powerful allies were in honor bound to take steps to protect Serbia against a second invasion. Since Turkey had entered the war, interest also dictated the necessity of reprovisioning in war material, and reinforcing the armies of the country that stood between the Central Powers and their Ottoman ally. But the Entente Powers were thinking of themselves and their own territorial ambitions. They hoped to force Turkey into a separate peace very speedily, and when that moment arrived they planned to have in their possession the portions of Turkey they wanted to keep. Until the critical days came, no attention was paid to Serbia and Montenegro. Then the Entente Powers, who had some months previously shown their unwillingness to accept Greek advice and aid in the campaign against Turkey or to promise to protect Greece against Bulgarian aggression, suddenly called on Greece to go to the aid of Serbia. At the same time negotiations were carried on with Bulgaria and Rumania. In all the Balkan capitals, including that of their faithful little ally, the ministers of the Entente Powers bullied and blundered and bluffed without being able to offer any tangible reward for Balkan aid. The Balkan States knew full well what rewards France and Great Britain had guaranteed to Russia and Italy. What was left for them? Russia balked at giving Rumania even as much as the Bukowina, let alone Bessarabia and Transylvania. Italy refused to yield one iota of her imperial ambitions which could be realized only at the expense of Greece and Serbia. Bulgaria could not be promised the return of her Macedonia *irredenta,* because the veto of Italy prevented the Entente Powers from promising Serbia compensation on the Adriatic for giving up Macedonia to Bulgaria. Great Britain and France could not assure to Greece effective protection against an invasion of the German, Austro-Hungarian, Bulgarian, and Turkish armies. It was diplomatic incoherence and military impotence.

Illustrating "The Tragedy of Little Nations"

WHEN IS A MAN OLD?

By Bruce Barton

When Bruce Barton left a Montana construction camp to take up newspaper work in Chicago, the foreman of the camp said: "Ain't you ashamed of yourself, a big feller like you makin' your livin' with a little thing like a lead pencil? Why, you're big enough to swing a pick." Those who read his terse, pointed advice to young men and women in "More Power to You" (The Century Co., $1.00), will believe that he has used his pencil in direct and forceful style as effectively as he could swing his pick.

Physiologists tell us that in all mammals except man the period of life is five times the period of growth. A dog gets its full growth in two years, and lives ten; a horse in five years, and lives twenty-five. On this basis a man should live from one hundred to one hundred and fifty years.

Why were these three men—Scott, Montaigne, and Johnson—old while they were still comparatively young? The answer is, they felt old and acted old.

William James, the great psychologist, said that most men are "old fogies at twenty-five."

That suggests a question: When is a man old?

In Shakespeare's time a man was old at forty, and often, because of the gay life, invalided long before that.

Sir Walter Scott at fifty-five bemoaned the fact that he was an old man.

Montaigne retired to his castle at thirty-eight to spend his declining years in peace and study.

Dr. Samuel Johnson once remarked that at thirty-five a man had reached his peak, and after that his course must be downward.

He was right. Most men at twenty-five are satisfied with their jobs. They have accumulated the little stock of prejudices that they call their "principles," and closed their minds to all new ideas: they have ceased to grow.

BRUCE BARTON
Author of "More Power to You"

The minute a man ceases to grow,—no matter what his years,—that minute he begins to be old.

On the other hand, the really great man never grows old.

Bismarck, who died at eighty-three, did his greatest work after he was seventy.

Titian, the celebrated painter, lived to be ninety-nine, painting right up to the end.

Goethe died at eighty-three, and finished his "Faust" only a few years earlier; Gladstone took up a new language when he was seventy; Commodore Vanderbilt increased the mileage of his lines from 120 to more than 10,000 between his seventieth birthday and his death at eighty-three.

Seventy-Eight Years Young

Laplace, the astronomer, was still at work when death caught up with him at seventy-eight. He died crying, "What we know is nothing: what we do not know is immense."

And there you have the real answer to the question, When is a man old?

Laplace at seventy-eight died young. He was still unsatisfied, still growing, still sure that he had a lot to learn.

As long as a man can keep himself in that attitude of mind, as long as he can look back on every year and say, "I grew," he is still young.

The minute he ceases to grow, the day he says to himself, "I know all that I need to know"—that day youth stops. He may be twenty-five or seventy-five, it makes no difference. On that day he begins to be old.

THE OCTOBER CENTURY

Suppose a psychic ether as well as a material ether, suppose it possible to direct irresistible impulses across this medium, suppose these impulses toward murder or suicide. Upon these hypotheses Arthur Machen has constructed one of the most unusual war stories of the season. "The Coming of the Terror," to appear in the October Century, is an imaginative masterpiece by one who, with his book, "The Angel of Mons," baffled all England not long since.

War and the Intellectuals

"The English Intellectuals in War-Time," which S. K. Ratcliffe will write in the October Century, analyzes the reactions of well-known men like Shaw, Chesterton, Galsworthy, Belloc, Wells, etc., to the Great War. His penetrating conclusions regarding the attitude of the world in the future toward intellectual activity are startling.

A School to Make Men Good

In "The University of Sing Sing" Frank Marshall White will tell of the success achieved by ex-Warden Osborne in ameliorating the conditions of criminals and of the obstacles set in his path throughout his crusade. Those who are given to doubts of the good existing in humanity will come away inspired with renewed idealism.

David Jayne Hill, in "The German Plot and Democracy's Future" will reveal the gigantic and complicated web in the German educational system which since 1870 has been steadily woven around a nation, binding them closer and closer to a murderous national ideal. Mr. Hill, as ex-Ambassador to Germany, writes whereof he knows.

Illustration from the October Century

Something New in Politics

Harold Kellock will contribute to the October Century an article for all forward looking Americans. In "A New Liberal Party" he prophesies its formation, analyzes the effect of the war upon the present political unrest, and states some of the planks upon which a new party's platform will be formulated.

Rear-Admiral Robert E. Peary's second article relating his method of Arctic exploration will appear in the October Century. "Living Off the Land," the title of this instalment, he considers the only possible solution of the food problem on the way toward the Pole.

Northcliffe as America Sees Him

Major Eric Fisher Wood, an American in the British Army, has recently returned to the United States on leave after an unusual career with the British military forces at the front. While there and in England, his duties brought him into frequent contact with the men who are playing large parts in the war. His estimate of Lord Northcliffe, which will appear in the October Century, may be safely taken as an impression produced upon an American who, beyond the influence of British politics, views the statesman for what he is.

Once an Irishman, Always an Irishman

"The Irishman," which will appear in the October fiction of the Century, is a splendid bit of character work illustrative of those variable characteristics possessed by every Celt which result in their delightful composite of good and evil. Arthur Gleason has studied Ireland and the economic conditions. Beneath the humor of the story he strikes at some of Ireland's most vital needs.

Illustrating the October Century

Other stories in the October Century are Fanny Kemble Johnson's "Magic Casements," another Roddy story with familiar friends; "Coup de Grâce," by Eleanor Ferriss, a brilliantly written story of transforming a professor into a man; "The Second Fiddle," by Phyllis Bottome, which will appear in its third instalment.

Verse and Art

Contributions in verse will be made by Mary Carolyn Davies, Ruth Comfort Mitchell, Jean Starr Untermeyer, Alan Sullivan, Clement Wood, and David Morton. Mary Carolyn Davies needs no introduction to Century readers. Ruth Comfort Mitchell is the author of "The Night Court and Other Verse," some of the most poignant poetry written in recent years. "A Letter," her contribution to the October Century, is a vivid and beautiful setting forth of the tragedy of broken friendships wrought by the war. Clement Wood is an ardent socialist and poet, and Alan Sullivan the author of "The Inner Door," which the Century Co. has recently published.

The pictorial part of the Century will be ably represented by well-known illustrators, Wilfred Jones, Florence Scovel Shinn, J. Paul Verrees, Norman Price, etc. The frontispiece, in color, is from a painting in the New York Metropolitan Museum of Art, Hans Memling's "Portrait of An Old Man."

The customary department of humor, "In Lighter Vein," will be represented by Phyllis Wyant Brown, Ethel Blair, Lawton Mackall, and others.

ST. NICHOLAS FOR OCTOBER

The October St. Nicholas, which concludes the forty-fourth volume of this ever-popular magazine, will contain many features of exceptional value, both to young folks and their parents.

Relating to War

"For Country and For Liberty," the department conducted by Robert F. Wilson, will outline with official information some of the principal plans of the Food Administration in which the public schools of the country are expected to play an important part; and several suggestions for service in connection with the work of the Red Cross will be laid before the young readers of the magazine.

Another article by Captain Frank E. Evans and Commander Orton P. Jackson will appear in October. "The Policemen of the Seven Seas" will show that, except in war-times, there is no ship's crew that leads so adventurous a life as that followed by those of the gun-boat.

Frank E. Channon, in two brief sketches, "Digging In" and "Tactics and Strategy" will shed light upon the details and methods of trench warfare and the management of large armies in the field of battle.

Langley's Folly

DR. SAMUEL PIERPONT LANGLEY
Illustrating the St. Nicholas for October

The life of the late Dr. Samuel Pierpont Langley, head of the Smithsonian Institution, supplies the text for an interesting and inspiring article by Mary R. Parkman, beginning with a certain afternoon in Langley's boyhood when he lay on his back in a clover pasture, watching the flight of sea-gulls and hawks. "There must be something about the air, that makes it easy," he pondered. "The birds know the secret. Why shouldn't people learn to make wings and to fly?" Years later the boy grew to be one of the foremost scientists of the day, and the story of his achievements amply vindicates what was then called "Langley's folly."

An article by Joanna Gleed Strange, "The Boy Problem—How One Institution Solves It," will appear in the October St. Nicholas. It is a valuable contribution to the literature of boy training, industrially, hygienically, and morally.

Stories for Young Folks

ST. NICHOLAS for October will contain a delightful study of human nature for girls of high school age, "The Invasion of Angelia," by Beth B. Gilchrist.

The novel series of adventure stories which Mrs. Florence Partello Stuart has been contributing for the past few months under the general title "Piang, the Moro Boy," will end in October. "Piang's Triumph" concludes his exploits with a test of the young hero's daring and resource, quite equal to any of those that have preceded it.

Two serial stories will come to an end in the October number. "Under Boy Scout Colors" by Joseph Ames, may be said to end literally in a blaze of glory, since one of the chief incidents deals with a fire in an exhibition hall and the astonishing rescue work of the Boy Scout troop, due to their training and discipline. And, as a fitting companion piece to the triumphant work of these boys, Allen French's story, "The Golden Eagle," in its final chapters shows how a band of girls rose to the occasion in a sailing race and won not only the prize, but the unstinted admiration of their masculine competitors.

In "The Watch Tower" Dr. Samuel E. Forman will review the current events of the month, and the various departments, "Nature and Science," "ST. NICHOLAS League," "The Letter Box," and "The Riddle-Box" will as usual be filled with good things.

Illustration from "English Cathedrals"
by Mrs. Schuyler Van Renssellaer and Joseph Pennell
The Century Co., $6.00

BOOKS AND THEIR MAKERS

"Only a husband. Oh, no, certainly not a celebrity. He was 'Mrs. Hope's Husband.' To the confusion of every other idea, the phrase had rung in his ears. 'Mrs. Hope's Husband, Attorney-at-Law' he seemed to read at the top of his office stationery; and at the bottom he had all but written, 'Yours truly, Mrs. Hope's Husband.' Every book store he passed called out to him, 'Mrs. Hope's Husband!' That miserable ghost of his mortified self had worked and walked home with him. Nor did it leave him even there." We seldom pause to think of the tragedy of being the husband of a celebrity, possibly because so few husbands of famous writers, actresses, etc., succeed in escaping from their eclipse. This new story by Gelett Burgess, 'Mrs. Hope's Husband,' which will appear this fall, tells how one husband so afflicted achieved his lost personality and once more became the dominant member of the pair.

The original little heroine of Alice Hegan Rice's new book, "Calvary Alley," which the Century Co. will publish in September, will delight her readers with many swift flashes of humorous insight, recalling Mrs. Wiggs. Quite naturally Nance is most humorous when utterly unconscious. When, a pitiful little figure of eleven, she stands in the Juvenile Court, the Judge concludes his rebuke, "I believe you can make good, but you'll have to fight for it." Nance's irregular features broke into a smile. It was a quick, wide smile, and very intimate. "Fight?" she repeated, with a quizzical look at the Judge. "I thought that was what we was pinched fer."

Herbert Adams Gibbons, whose reputation as a student of modern European diplomacy has been established through his books on the Great War, "The New Map of Europe" and "The New Map of Africa," is also instinctively the scholar. In his new book, "The Reconstruction of Poland and the Near East," he prefaces his article on "Constantinople: Pawn or Principle" with the following confession: "For some years, during the precious months I was able to spend in Paris between trips, I pursued a hobby that did not put money in my purse or fresh air in my lungs. But the spell of it held me even after the outbreak of war. In the *Bibliotheque Nationale*, from nine in the morning until four in the afternoon, I lived in the fourteenth century. Residence and travel in the near East had awakened interest in the history of the Ottoman Empire and Constantinople. There was not the leisure to wander through centuries, so I chose the period when Osmanlis, a new race in history, spread their power through the Balkans and closed in upon the capital of the Byzantine Empire." Mr. Gibbons adds that events since 1914 are strangely reminiscent of that period.

In one of Holworthy Hall's eight golfing stories published in September by the Century Co. under the title "Dormie One and Other Stories," the hero is said to call attention to the variability of human friendship. "Curious how things happen," he remarked, speaking reflectively of the heroine. "I haven't laid my eyes on her since just before I left for Cambridge for senior year. One Christmas I sent her four dozen American Beauties, and she sent me a chased silver cigarette-case; and the year after that she sent me a card with holly on it, and I sent her one with poinsettia. I wonder if I ought to go up to call?" He did go to call and entered the contest of hearts as well as golf, and thereby hangs the tale of "The Runner-Up."

Few men still this side of thirty can boast so varied and so active a career as that of Eric Fisher Wood. A graduate of Yale College, he has done post-graduate work in architecture at Columbia University and at the Paris Ecole des Beaux Arts. When war broke out Mr. Wood joined the Paris Embassy as civil attaché to Ambassador Herrick. Later he became staff officer to the American Ambulance Corps of France. He has served in both the navy and army of England. During the battle of Arras he was wounded and has since been recovering in an English hospital. Despite all these activities he has found time to write three books and innumerable magazine articles. "The Note Book of an Attaché" related his experiences while working under Ambassador Herrick. In "The Writing on the Wall" he sounded the call to America to prepare. A new book, "The Note Book of an Intelligence Officer," is announced for fall publication. It is stated to be based upon his personal encounter with war in the English lines. Major Eric Fisher Wood has returned to America to re-enter the war under the American colors.

It is well for the cause of patriotism that the children of 1917 should read of the children of our last great war. "The Lost Little Lady," which the Century Co. will publish in September, is the story of the war riots in 1863 and how quick-witted Nora O'Neil rescued a frightened little Southern girl from a mob of New York hoodlums. Emilie Benson Knipe and Arthur Alden Knipe have written a delightful mystery story with unexpected and happy climaxes.

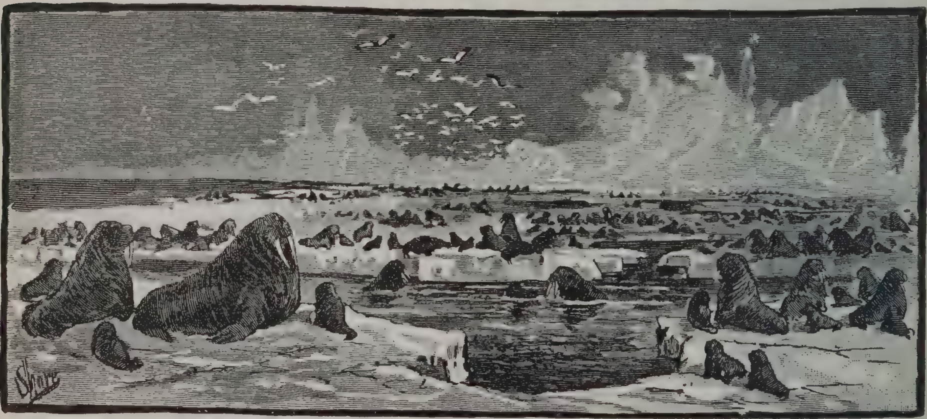

Illustration from Ernest Ingersoll's "The Book of the Ocean"

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(*Continued on inside of back cover*)

THE
CENTURION

OCTOBER, 1917

HOW TO REFUSE PROPOSALS

By Alice Duer Miller

The unprotected male, according to the hero of Alice Duer Miller's latest novel, "Ladies Must Live" (The Century Co., $1.25), finds difficulty in avoiding becoming a Benedict, willy-nilly. In the following excerpt from her delightful society satire, the pirate-heroine is apparently endeavoring to put weapons of defense into the hands of her future victim:

"That's the wonderful thing about the so-called weaker sex," he said. "Saying 'no' seems to have no terrors to them at all, whereas men are absolutely at the mercy of a determined woman. I have a friend who has just married a girl—only because she asked him to."

Miss Fenimer looked at him thoughtfully.

"Surely you exaggerate," she said.

"I wish I did," he returned, "but I assure you that is the great secret—that any man would rather marry any woman than refuse her to her face."

"Why, you poor defenseless creatures!" said Christine. "I'll teach you some ways immediately. I couldn't bear to think of your going about, a prey to the first woman who proposed to you. Let me see. In the first place there are several general types of proposal. There is the calmly rational, the passionate whirlwind, the dangerously controlled, or volcano under a sheet of ice—" she broke off. "I don't know how women do it," she said. "I only know about men."

He smiled. "But you admit to knowing all about them, I gather?"

It would have been folly to deny it.

"And then there's the meltingly pathetic," she went on. "I imagine that's what women attempt oftenest. Let us begin with that. Now you are to suppose that I, with tears streaming down my face, have just confessed that I have always looked up to you as a sort of god, that I hardly dare—"

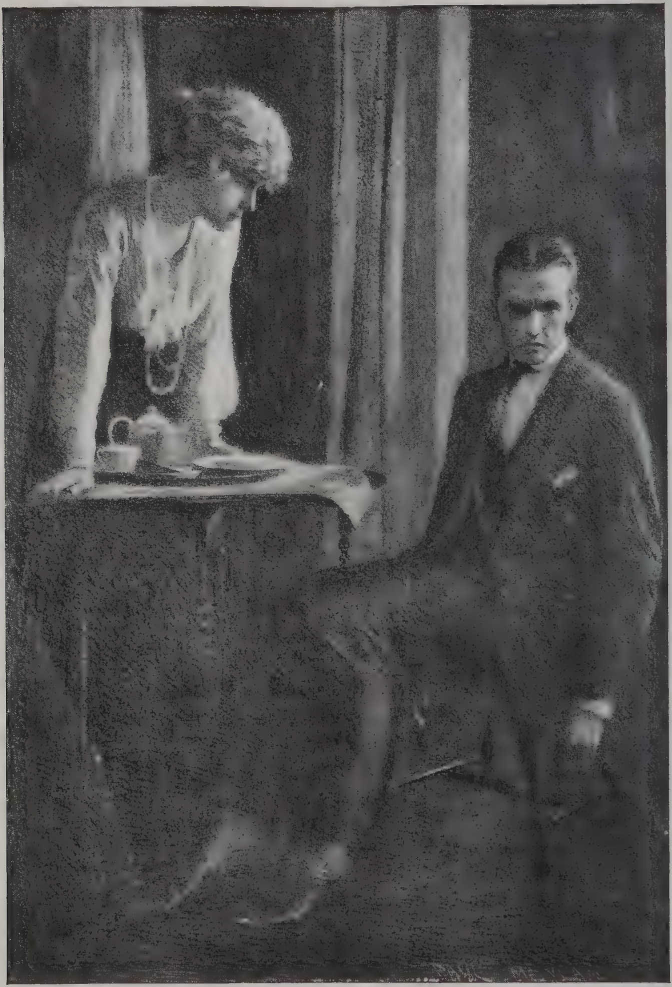
"Wait, wait!" cried Riatt. "This is by far the most interesting part of the lesson, and you go so fast. I have no imagination. I don't know how it would be, you must say all those things."

"Do I have to cry?" said Christine.

Riatt debated the point.

"No," he answered at length, "but before we begin, just give me a sketch of what I ought to do."

"You must be very cold and firm, and explain to me that though my mistake is



Illustrating a man's attitude when woman proposes. From "Ladies Must Live"

and end the interview before I have a chance to begin all over again."

He looked doubtfully at the snow.

"Must I get out and walk home?'' he asked.

''No,'' she said. "I think that's too complicated. We might try an easier one to begin. Suppose we do the calmly rational first. I explain to you that I have watched you from boyhood, and have come to the conclusion that our tastes, our intellects, our—"

"Oh, no," said Riatt, "there's really no use in going on with that. Even I should have no difficulty with any lady who

natural, you are really not a god at all; and that you are not worthy of a simple, good girl like myself, and how you don't love me anyhow. And then the essential thing is to go away quickly, approached me in that way. How about the passionate whirlwind? I say to try that next."

To her surprise, Christine found herself coloring a little.

"Ah," she said, shaking her head, "that's very difficult, because you see, it really can't be imitated—"

"Can't be imitated!" cried Max. "Why, what sort of a teacher are you? I believe you don't know your job. I believe the trouble with you is that you don't understand the passionate whirlwind yourself. Can't be imitated! Well, let me see you try, at least."

Christine felt that he had the better of her, but she said firmly:

"Are you teaching this subject, or am I?"

"Certainly you can't think *you* are. But if you say so, I'll have a try."

BIG PAY MEANS BIG WORK

By John M. Siddall

That the man who would earn a big salary must not be a slacker is one of the many valuable bits of commonsense which John M. Siddall, associate editor of the "American Magazine," points out in "Sid Says" (The Century Co., $.60). "Sid" writes for the wide-awake every-day American man and woman, in the homely poignant speech of the American people.

How would you like a $25,000 a year job? I suppose you think you would like it a lot. But *would* you like it? Would you enjoy the work you would have to do in order to earn that much salary? Would you be willing to pay what it costs to become a $25,000 a year man?

This brings us to an interesting fact about the human animal—namely, his way of pretending sometimes to ambitions which he does not possess. Ask almost any man in the United States to-day whether he would like a job paying $25,000 a year, and he will tell you yes—vehemently and with evident sincerity. But in ninety-nine cases out of one hundred he would not really mean it. He would like the money—yes—but to earn it by giving a corporation the price which it asks in return for that much money would not suit him at all.

In spite of the apparent lure of money, the great mass of human beings are not lured by it so much as they are lured by other things. They think they are, but they aren't. Men get their orders from within themselves, not from without. And often the inward desires which control men are so powerful that they make the "almighty dollar" look mighty weak. Frequently laziness is in command, in which case a rocking chair seems more valuable than the presidency of a railroad. Sometimes whisky is the boss. We all know men who sacrifice good incomes in order to have lots of time for drink. In millions of other cases men deliberately choose jobs which do not pay well in money, although they pay enormously in other forms of satisfaction. Men are constantly deciding against the scramble for money and in favor of a quiet life, or a life devoted to teaching or science or public service, or a life devoted to some other useful enthusiasm which has no special cash value.

The truth is that most men have no taste for the duties that go with the biggest salaries. The man who is worth $25,000 a year to a corporation must be willing to work evenings and holidays. He must be ready to upset all personal plans if business calls him. He must be ready at a moment's notice to give up Sunday with his family and spend it in a railway trip to another city for a Monday morning conference. He must be eager to take responsibility and be ready to make hard and unpleasant decisions. He must have real zest for tough, irritating problems. And he cannot hide behind others. Big pay envelopes go only to those down in front where the eggs are thrown.

IN THE CHILDREN'S COURT

By Alice Hegan Rice

All who recall the pleasure they felt when reading "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" will be delighted to know that Mrs. Rice has written a new story about slum children. The passage quoted below from "Calvary Alley" (The Century Co., $1.35) represents the turning point in the lives of the two small culprits:

"And now, boy, what is your name?" said the judge.

"Dan Lewis."

"Oh, yes. I think we have met before. What have you to say for yourself?"

The shoeless, capless, unwashed boy, with his ragged trousers hitched to his shoulders by one suspender, frowned up at the judge through a fringe of tumbled hair.

"Nothin'," he said doggedly.

"Where do you live?"

"I live at home when me maw's there."

"Where is she now?"

This question caused considerable nudging and side-glancing on the part of Mrs. Snawdor.

"She's went to the country," said Dan.

"Is your father living?"

"I dunno."

"Did you go to school last year?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Didn't have no shoes."

"Does your mother work?"

This question brought more nudges and glances from Mrs. Snawdor, none of which were lost on the boy.

"Me mother don't have to work," he said defiantly. "She's a lady."

The judge cleared his throat and called Mrs. Snawdor sharply to order.

"Well, Dan," he said, "I am sorry to see you back here again. What were you up for before?"

"Chuckin' dice."

"And didn't I tell you that it would go hard with you if you came back?"

"Yes, sir, but I never chucked no more dice."

"And I suppose in spite of the way your mouth is bruised, you'll tell me you weren't mixed up in this fight?"

The boy stood staring miserably at the wall with eyes in which fear and hurt pride struggled for mastery.

"Yer Honor!" the policeman broke in. "It's three times lately I've found him sleepin' in doorways after midnight. Him and the gang is a bad lot, yer Honor, a scrappin' an' hoppin' freights an' swipin' junk, an' one thing an' another."

"I never swiped no junk," Dan said hopelessly, "I never swiped nothink in my life."

"Is there no definite charge against this boy?"

"Well, sir," said Mason, "he is always a-climbin' up the steeple of the cathedral."

Dan, sullen, frightened, and utterly unable to defend himself, looked from the officer to the janitor with the wide, distrustful eyes of a cornered coyote.

Suddenly a voice spoke out in his behalf, a shrill, protesting, passionate voice.

"He ain't no worser nor nobody else! He's got to sleep somewheres when his maw fergits to come home! Ever'body goes an' picks on Danny 'cause he ain't got nobody to take up fer him. 'T ain't fair!" Nance ended her tirade in a burst of tears.

"There, there," said the judge, "it's going to be fair this time. You stop crying now and tell me your name."

"Nance Molloy," she gulped, wiping her eyes on her sleeve.

"How old are you?"

"'Leven, goin' on twelve."

"Well, take that gum out of your mouth and stop crying."

He consulted his papers and then looked at her over his glasses.

"Nancy," he said, "are you in the habit of slipping into the cathedral when the janitor is not around?"

"Yes, sir."

"What for?"

"Lookin' at the pretties, an' seein' if there's any nickels under the seats."

"You want to buy candy, I suppose?"

"No, sir, a bureau."

Even the tired-looking probation officer looked up and smiled.

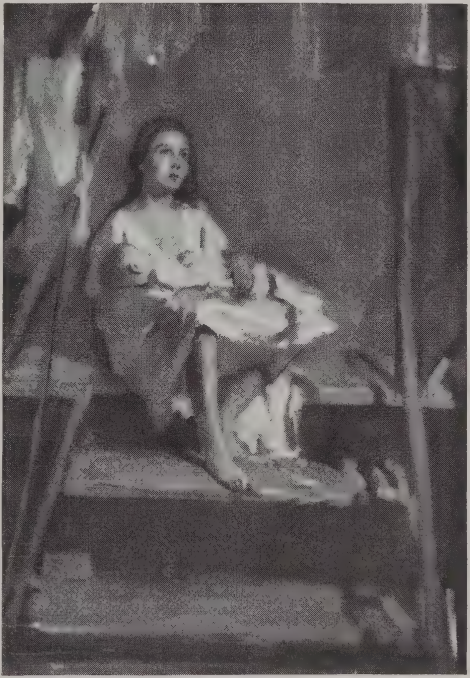
"What does a little girl like you want with a bureau?" asked the judge.

"So's I won't have to keep me duds under the bed."

"That's a commendable ambition. But what about these other charges; truancy from school, fighting with the boys, throwing mud, and so on?"

"I never th'ow mud, 'ceptin' when I'm throwin' back," explained Nance.

"A nice distinction," said the judge.



NANCE MOLLOY
The Small Heroine of "Calvary Alley"

THE DOMESTIC FLEA

By C. A. Ealand

We are so absorbed to-day in the spectacular battling of nation against nation that, unless occasionally reminded, we fail to notice another warfare which has endured as long as the human race. C. A. Ealand, in his "Insects and Man" (The Century Co., $3.50), calls attention to the fact that the struggle for supremacy between insects and men is a very real one the world over. The following passage takes up the characteristics of an all too well known species:

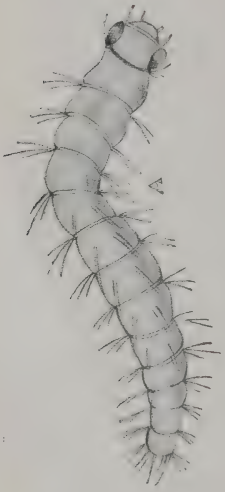


Illustration from "Insects and Man"

One of the most persistent of what may be termed the truly domestic insects is the human flea, Pulex irritans. Go where one will, and be one ever so clean in one's clothing and person, sooner or later, one is certainly destined to receive the attentions of these unpleasant little creatures. Practically all mammals and many birds have fleas, and sometimes the same species of flea is found on strangely different hosts: for example, the human flea is also parasitic on the badger; dog fleas, too, will bite human beings; again, certain species of flea have never been found on more than one host.

A statement that is always received with incredulity by the unscientific, though nevertheless true, is that monkeys have no fleas. Their habit of diligently searching in one another's fur has given rise to the belief that they are particularly susceptible to these parasites; but as a matter of fact, when in captivity, if they harbor these insects at all, they have most certainly caught them from some neighboring animal or, mayhap, from some human being.

The fleas are usually divided into three families, (a) the Chigoes, truly parasitic fleas, (b) the typical fleas, of which the human flea is an example, and (c) the bat fleas. The general structure of a typical flea is too well known to everyone to necessitate any description.

The whole flea is entirely covered with a hard resistant substance, as may be easily learned by trying to squash one of these insects in the fingers; below this armor is the true skin. Varying in color from pale yellow to dark brown, all fleas are more or less covered with bristles, pointing backwards in every case and aiding the insect materially in its progress. One anatomical feature, which is almost peculiar to these insects, is their lateral flattening; the special shape of the fleas enables them to pass more easily between the hairs of their host. Many fleas are eyeless; whether provided with eyes or not, these insects appear to rely mainly on their antennae for finding their way about, and that these useful organs may not hinder the insects' progress over the body of a

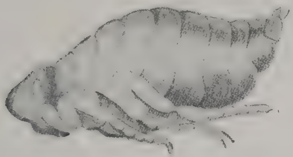


Illustration from "Insects and Man"

hirsute host or be damaged in any way, they fit into grooves at the side of the head and are only protruded when actually in use. The enormous development of the flea's hind legs, which enables the insect to leap prodigious distances, is of course a striking feature in its anatomy. The cat flea has many points in common with the human flea.

This insect is practically cosmopolitan, but whenever it is encountered it may be distinguished from its relative by the fact that it is provided with six to nine spines on its head and fourteen to eighteen on the hind border of its pronotum. The adults adhere much more closely to their hosts than do human fleas, and another striking and important difference between the two species, is, that whereas the human flea never oviposits on its host, the cat flea always does so, and its eggs adhere lightly to its host's fur, but they are easily shaken off and so distributed.

To which species of flea numerical pride of place must be awarded is a moot point, but "a German naturalist collected 2,036 fleas from theatres, concert halls, ball rooms, schools, and barracks in the Grand Duchy of Baden, and found that more than fifty per cent. were dog fleas . . . In Zoological Gardens cat fleas are generally numerous in most of the cages."

Illustration from "Insects and Man"

When bees become queenless they have the science to rear a new queen to save the colony from perishing. An ordinary worker-egg that is just hatched into the larva is profusely fed with royal jelly, a strangely prepared food of which no one knows the exact composition. Instead of growing in the ordinary cell, larva is given one of these great waxen cones for its nursery; and instead of hatching in twenty-one days into a worker bee, it hatches in sixteen with a fully fledged virgin queen. The first preparation for swarming is the starting of a batch of these queen-cells, so that the colony shall not be left queenless when the queen departs with the swarm, and the swarm does not leave till some of the cells are sealed over. Whenever a queen loses her life, or grows so old as to be useless, the same sort of queen-cells are started to replace her. The only exception is when a queen dies in the winter, and there are no eggs from which a new one can be reared; and then, unless man gives help, the colony quickly vanishes. Frank Lillie Pollock, in "Wilderness Honey" ($1.25).

THE WELLESLEY SPIRIT

By Mary R. Parkman

"Non ministrari, sed ministrare" is the motto of Wellesley College, and there is in Wellesley to-day no student who does not feel the imminent presence of its most famous president, long since dead. One of the biographies which Mary R. Parkman has written of American women who have achieved lives of usefulness is that of Alice Freeman Palmer. Miss Parkman's "Heroines of Service" (The Century Co., $1.35) are stimulating narratives of great modern women, each significant of some important phase of modern life.

Mr. Durant had longed to find just such a person to build on the foundation he had laid. It was in her first year that he pointed her out to one of the trustees.

"Do you see that little dark-eyed girl? She will be the next president of Wellesley," he said.

"Surely she is much too young and inexperienced for such a responsibility," protested the other, looking at him in amazement.

"As for the first, it is a fault we easily outgrow," said Mr. Durant, dryly, "and as for her inexperience—well, I invite you to visit one of her classes."

The next year, on the death of Mr. Durant, she was made acting president of the college, and the year following, she inherited the title and honors, as well as the responsibilities and opportunities, of the office. The Princess had come into her kingdom.

The election caused a great stir among the students, particularly the irrepressible seniors. It was wonderful and most inspiring that their splendid Miss Freeman, who was the youngest member of the faculty, should have won this honor. Why, she was only a girl like themselves! The time of strict observances and tiresome regulations of every sort was at an end. Miss Freeman seemed to sense the prevailing mood, and, without waiting for a formal assembly, asked the seniors to meet her in her rooms. In they poured, overflowing chairs, tables, and ranging themselves about on the floor in animated, expectant groups. The new head of the college looked at them quietly for a minute before she began to speak.

"I have sent for you seniors," she said at last seriously, "to ask your advice. You may have heard that I have been called to the position of acting president of your college. I am, of course, too young; and the duties are, as you know, too heavy for the strongest to carry alone. If I must manage alone, there is only one course—to decline. It has, however, occurred to me that my seniors might be willing to help by looking after the order of the college and leaving me free for administration. Shall I accept? Shall we work things out together?"

The hearty response made it clear that the princess was to rule not only by "divine right," but also by the glad "consent of the governed." Perhaps it was her youth and charm and the romance of her brilliant success that won for her the affectionate title of "The Princess."

"What did she do besides turning all of you into an adoring band of Freeman-followers?" a Wellesley woman was asked. The reply came without hesitation: "She had the life-giving power of a true creator, one who can entertain a vision of the ideal, and then work patiently bit by bit to 'carve it in the marble real.' She built the Wellesley we all know and love."

THE SPIRIT OF WELLESLEY
Illustration from "Heroines of Service"

A MATTER OF ECONOMY

By Emilie Benson Knipe and Arthur Alden Knipe

During the war riots of 1863 in New York City rich little Nora O'Neil rescued a frightened Southern child from a mob of hoodlums. But "Bébée," as the strange little girl called herself, was as proud as she was lonely, and the passage below from "The Lost Little Lady" (The Century Co., $1.35) shows Nora's father employing surprising ingenuity to make his own small daughter happy by keeping her new-found friend:

Mr. O'Neil was surprised when Bébée came in alone.

"I've made Nonie cry, but I can't help it. I must go away."

"Nonsense! Where would ye be goin', me dear?" demanded Mr. O'Neil.

"I don't know," the child answered, miserably. "I can't do washing like mammy, but I might sell papers."

Tears came into Bébée's eyes.

"You and Nonie are so good to me and—and—but I can't be a beggar!" she blurted out at length.

Mr. O'Neil sat thoughtful for a moment. Then he slapped his knee so hard that Bébée jumped.

"I have it!" he cried, and pulled her down on his lap. "Ye may have noticed that we keep a governess in this family?" Bébée nodded.

"Well, governesses is wonderful expensive," he explained, drawing a long face, "ye've no notion how much that French mam'selle costs me, and I tell ye in confidence, me dear, that she's not the least use for anything but what they call dead languages like French and German."

Bébée didn't quite understand, but she was listening intently.

"Now I don't care for French," Mr. O'Neil continued, "not for meself, I mean. I'm all for the English when it comes to talkin', and ye perhaps have observed, that once in a long while Nonie and me makes mistakes."

"Yes," answered Bébée, "I have. Like 'Nonie and me' and 'makes.'"

"Well, I see nothin' wrong there," said Mr. O'Neil, quite puzzled, "but never mind that now. I didn't have a governess runnin' about teachin' me when I was a bit of a gossoon. There's another thing I'd call to your attention and that's the matter of substitutes. If a fella goes to the war for ye, ye pay him three hundred dollars or more. Substitutes comes high, ye understand."

"I think I see," replied Bébée, uncertainly.

"Well, 't is a substitute for me, when I'm away that Nonie wants," he explained. "Some one that will scold her —like I do—and boss her about—and give her her own way in everything— like me, ye mind."

"I don't think you know how to scold," she said. "You always do everything we want you to."

"We're gettin' away from the subject of substitutes," Mr. O'Neil reminded her with a smile. "I need one to stay with Nora when I'm gone, but ye can't get a first-class one for less than three hundred dollars, as I told you, and that's a power o' money!"

"It sounds as if it was," remarked Bébée, anxiously.

"Doesn't it now?" agreed Mr. O'Neil. "Sure you're the clever girl to tell expensive things be the sound of 'em; but now here's me point. If I could get a substitute and an English governess rolled into one I'd be makin' money, and that's a great comfort to a man of my savin' disposition. So the long and the short of it is, will ye take the job? I'll give ye your board and your clothes and a bit of spendin' money now and then; but I warn ye it would cost more, if I was gettin' what ye might call a real professional."

"Oh, Mr. O'Neil!" cried Bébée, hugging him. "Oh, but you're the grand man!" cried Bébée excitedly.

"Faith," exclaimed Mr. O'Neil laughing heartily, "ye'll be losin' your job if ye catch the brogue!" Which Bébée took quite seriously, for she said, earnestly, "I'll be very careful."

GANASSI TEACHES PIANG ALL THINGS

By Florence Partello Stuart

"Ask what you will, boy," said the wizard to Piang, the charm-boy and hero of Florence Partello Stuart's "Piang, the Moro Jungle Boy" (The Century Co., $1.35). "I will answer truthfully and justly, telling you the things as they are, as they have been since the days of the creation."

"Can you tell me what makes the sea rise and fall, and why the tides rush in and flow out again?" asked Piang.

A smile broke over Ganassi's leathery features.

"In a far distant sea lives a giant crab; when he goes into his hole, the water is pushed out, and when he comes forth for food, the water rushes in." It was so simple that Piang laughed heartily. The mina-bird, startled, squawked an admonition and fluttered to Piang's lap.

"Where do we go when we die?" asked the inquisitive boy.

Ganassi scouted the Christian's belief that heaven is in the clouds. Were they not in the clouds now?

"When a child is born, the soul enters the body through the opening left in the skull. This hole soon closes, confining the spirit within. When death comes to a household in Moroland, have you not seen the master of the house mount to the roof and remain there through the night? Well, that is to prevent the evil spirit, Bal-Bal, from entering. This dread creature sails through the air like a flying lemur (monkey), tears the thatch from the roof with his terrible curved nails, scatters the defenders, and licks up the body with his forked tongue of fire. The soul of this deceased never reaches heaven. Your charm, Piang, will ward him off." The boy sat, mouth open, eyes staring. "A soul is guided to a cave that leads deep down in the earth, and there, between two gigantic trees, stands Taliakoo, a giant, who tends the eternal fires. Taliakoo inquires of the newcomer what he has to say for himself, and to the surprise of the soul, something within it answers. Conscience, the witness, replies, and according to the decree of this strange

JUMPING THE RAPIDS
Illustration from "Piang, the Moro Jungle Boy"

arbiter, the fate of the soul is decided. If nothing but ill can be said for it, it is pitched into the fire; if it has been good, it is allowed to pass on to the abode of the blessed. The soul that meets with neither fate, is punished according to its sins: if it has lied, its mouth pains; if it has been a thief, its hands itch and burn, and eventually, after the period of punishment is over, it proceeds to heaven, cleansed of its sins."

The big ape, sleeping, emitted a snore so human, that Piang laughed.

"Why does the packda look so like a man, Ganassi?"

"Because he once *was* a man," was the startling reply. "He was lazy and, instead of working, climbed trees and hunted minas (monkey-nuts). A companion, becoming vexed, uttered a curse on him and threw a stick at him. These things clung to the lazy man: the stick became a tail, and the curse deprived him of speech. Ashamed of himself, he took to the trees, never to return."

Many questions were put to the wise old hermit, and his ready answers astonished, but satisfied, Piang. Night came on, and the strange company lay down together under the shelter of the banian and slept.

BATHING IN BOGOTA

By Harry A. Franck

North Americans who, like Harry A. Franck, travel through the Southern continent, must perforce change all former habits of life. If, like Franck, one would really know our Latin American neighbors, he must abandon many prejudices, adopt many practices, alien to northern climates. In the passage taken below from "Vagabonding Down the Andes" (The Century Co., $4.00) we see one daily custom impossible to continue in the land of "mañana."

Ever since our arrival, Hays and I had been threatening to patronize one of the two public bath houses with a first-class bogotano reputation rumor had it existed in the capital. But in a land where the temperature rarely reaches fifty, and the floors are tiled, it takes courage, and we had been satisfying ourselves and our duty to humanity by bravely splashing a basin of icy water over our manly forms each morning on rising. By dint of strong resolutions often repeated to be up at six and visit one of the *casas de baños,* we did finally manage one morning to find ourselves wandering the streets by eight, with towel and soap under our arms, and stared at by all we met. We discovered "La Violeta" at last, next door to a blacksmith shop. The keeper we woke up told us we might have a cold bath, but that the sign on the front wall: "Hot Baths at all Hours," was to be taken with a bogotano meaning.

A few mornings later we did actually find the other establishment open. We entered a large patio, the most striking of several buildings, within which was a round, or, more exactly, an eight-sided house, and in time succeeded in arousing the place to the extent of bringing down upon us a youth hugely excited at the appearance of a crowd of two whole bathers all at one time. It turned out that each of the eight sides of the strange building was—theoretically—a bathroom of the shape of a slice of cake, with a frigid tile floor and an aged porcelain tub in which a bath cost only $10. At the back was a larger, though none the less dreary, chamber with a *regadera,* or showerbath.

Illustration from "Vagabonding Down the Andes"

The youth assured us there was plenty of hot water. I won the toss and was soon stripped. But the shower was colder than the ice-fields bounding the pole. When I had caught my breath I bawled my repertory of profane Spanish at the youth, who could be seen through a hole above pottering with some sort of upright boiler and firebox and now and then peering down upon me. Suddenly the water grew warm, hot, boiling, then, just when I had soaped myself from crown to toe in the steam, it turned as suddenly cold again, and an instant later stopped entirely. My eyes tight closed, I shouted at the youth above.

"Es que el agua caliente se acabó," he droned. "It is that the hot water has finished itself."

There being no deadly weapon at hand, I turned on a tap of ice-cold water and raced to the dressing-room still half soaped. Hays, scantily clad, was gazing fiercely at the youth through a hole in the door.

"Then there isn't any more hot water?" he demanded.

"Not now, señor, but there will be soon."

"Good. How soon?"

"Early to-morrow morning, señor."

"But I want to bathe now!"

"Ah, you want to bathe?" repeated the youth, with wide-open eyes.

"No, you cross-eyed Son of Spigdom," exploded the ordinarily even-tempered ex-corporal, "I came here and stripped to an undershirt that I might dance in my bare feet on this tile floor in honor of José María de la Santa Trinidad Simón Bolívar! Get up on that roof and fire up or . . ."

The youth was already feverishly stoking armsful of wood under the upright boiler, and by the time I left for home Hays was shadow boxing to keep warm, with a fair chance of getting a bath before the day was done.

JUSTICE CREATES LAW

By Bertrand Russell

In his new book, "Political Ideals" (The Century Co., $1.00), the great English philosopher concerns himself with the simple problem: how can the men, women, and children of the world be made more comfortable, more valuable to themselves and to others, happier. He sets forth the problem and the remedy with all the alluring clarity, all the magnificent eloquence of "Why Men Fight":

What democracy asserts and autocracy denies is that all rightful authority in human governments is derived from the nature of the human beings who are to be governed. When, therefore, Autocracy declares, "I create the law because I am strong," Democracy replies, "It is justice, not strength, that should create the law."

What then is the origin of law? Historically rules of action have been laid down by those who have had the power to enforce them. Before such rules were consciously and specifically formulated, law consisted in the customs of the groups or societies in which they had come to be adopted as the usual modes of action. In the societies where conquest or other forms of ascendancy had produced a personal ruler, they were the edicts or decrees of the ruler and his counselors. These forms of obedience were imposed upon subject peoples and accompanied with the prospect of penalties to be inflicted if they were not regarded. To the historical school of legal philosophy, therefore, law is simply the sum of those rules of action which have an outward sanction. It is an expression of sovereign will. It is a trophy of power. Whoever can enforce his will can make the law. With morality and abstract right it has nothing whatever to do. If it is just, it is not because law is essentially just, but because it has happened to be prescribed in a spirit of justice. It is, in fact, often unjust; but, just or unjust, it is expedient to obey it, for, like the laws of the natural world, it is a part of the environment in which we live, and the consequences of obedience and disobedience are reasonably sure to follow.

Democracy has irreverently swept aside this veil of metaphysical mysticism. For it law is to be discovered in the nature of man as a personal and social being. It is something other than the sum of sovereign decrees. It is a revelation of mutual obligations. Like the truths of nature it is an object of unending research. Its basic principles, like geometric axioms, are intuitions of universal reason. It springs from inherent personal rights, and issues in social duties. It is preëminently a principle of intelligence.

It is a status produced not by force, but by voluntary consent. It is the expression of what is most vital and essential in the nature of man as a moral and social being. As law is derived from principles inherent in rational intelligence, the state is an embodiment of law in permanent institutions. Both the law and the state rest on the axiom of inherent personal rights to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

WHAT CONSTITUTES A NATION?

By David Jayne Hill

Not since the Crusaders battled for the Christian faith has a war been waged for principles so fundamentally abstract as those which tear the world asunder to-day. A book of brilliant reasoning and philosophic authority has been written by the well-known diplomat, David Jayne Hill, in which he traces the development among European nations of divergent philosophical ideals of government and their intimate relation to the world chaos. "The Rebuilding of Europe" (The Century Co., $1.50) is a survey of old Europe and a promise of the new.

There can be no good international system until the boundaries of states coincide as nearly as possible with the boundaries of nations.

But it is not easy to say what we mean by a nation. Are the Irish a nation? Are the Ulstermen a nation? A German will tell you that the Russian Poles are a nation; but as for the Prussian Poles, they, of course, are part of Prussia. Professors can always be hired to prove, by arguments of race or language or history, that a group about which there is a dispute, is, or is not, a nation, as may be desired by those whom the professors serve.

The Herd Instinct

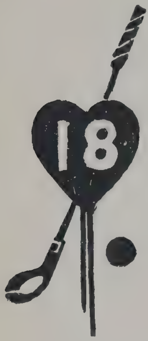
What constitutes a nation is a sentiment and an instinct, a sentiment of similarity and an instinct of belonging to the same group or herd. The instinct is an extension of the instinct which constitutes a flock of sheep, or any other group of gregarious animals. The sentiment which goes with this is like a milder and more extended form of family feeling. When we return to England after being on the Continent, we feel something friendly in the familiar way, and it is easy to believe that Englishmen on the whole are virtuous, foreigners full of designing wickedness.

Such feelings make it easy to organize a nation into a state. It is not difficult, as a rule, to acquiesce in the orders of a national government. We feel that it is our government and that its decrees are more or less the same as those which we should have given had we ourselves been the governors. There is an instinctive and usually unconscious sense of a common purpose animating the members of a nation. This becomes especially vivid when there is war or a danger of war. Anyone who, at such a time, stands out against the orders of his government, feels an inner conflict quite different from any that he would feel in standing out against the orders of a foreign government in whose power he might happen to find himself. If he stands out, he does so with some more or less conscious hope that his government may in time come to think as he does; whereas, in standing out against a foreign government, no such hope is necessary. This group instinct, however it may have arisen, is what constitutes a nation, and what makes it important that the boundaries of nations should also be the boundaries of states.

A LESSON IN PLUCK

By Holworthy Hall

Golf is a difficult game in which to immortalize a hero. But in "Dormie One and Other Stories" (The Century Co., $1.35) Holworthy Hall has achieved the difficult. The hero of "The Last Round" needed grit. How he was encouraged at the moment of failure the following passage tells:



"I—I guess it's a lost ball," ventured the caddy, surrendering to the obvious.

"Didn't you mark it?"

"No, sir—didn't *see* it."

Norton transfixed that caddy, and the boy wilted.

"That's very unusual. Most boys say they marked it. Why didn't you?"

The caddy dug his toes into the soft loam.

"Didn't *see* it."

"I know—but most boys say they did, anyway, when they lose a ball. They don't want to be scolded, so they say they marked it. Why didn't you say so?"

The caddy reddened under the grime, and posed heron-like on one foot.

"Dunno," he answered.

"I do," said Norton kindly. "You're all right, caddy! I'm not going to scold you."

The boy eyed him shrewdly, and condescended to disclose the basis of his rectitude.

"I'm a—Scout."

"Oh! What's that got to do with it?"

"Scouts is . . . truthful. That's a . . . a law."

Norton caught his breath.

"Come on back; I'll have to play another ball. So you're a Scout, are you? What made you join?"

The boy, trotting swiftly to keep pace with Norton, was ludicrous in his amalgamation of sheepishness and unction.

"Ma did."

"Oh! She did, did she? What for?"

"Said it'd make me brave."

"Weren't you before?"

"Naw," confessed the Scout, blushing.

"Wouldn't you fight?"

"*Sure,* but—"

"But what?"

"When I got licked, I . . . bawled."

Norton, emerging to the fairway, signaled to his friends, and tossed a ball to the turf.

"Sonny," he said, "I ought to join your troop myself! Let's have the heavy midiron!"

. . . . . .

A mile to the northward, several hours later, a tousled caddy was displaying a kit of clubs in a wondrous bag to a mother who was charmed and proud, and most inquisitive.

"But why?" she persisted. "What d' you do? He must 'a' had some reason."

"I dunno," said the caddy, reciprocally dazzled and nonplussed. "I dunno. He's a peacherino—he shot a seventy-eight. I didn't do nothin'. He just give 'em to me!"

Illustration from "Rodin: The Man and His Work"

In "Rodin: The Man and His Work" Judith Cladel tells how, in order to live, the famous sculptor, then unknown, applied himself to the most varied occupations. "He chipped at stone and marble for the benefit of sculpture then in vogue; he made sketches for trinkets for certain fashionable jewelers; and fashioned certain objects of decorative art ordered of him by manufacturers. Despite a considerable loss of time, he obtained thus a true apprenticeship in art wholly like that which in earlier days was obtained by Ghiberti, Donatello, and most of the great artists of the Renaissance, who were proud to be good artisans before they were accounted great sculptors. Thus finally he was enabled to realize his first dream—to have an atelier of his own. His Atelier! It was a stable, in the rue Lebrun, in the quarter of the Gobelins, near which he was born. It was a cold hovel, cave indeed, with a well sunk in an angle of the one wall, that at every season exhaled its chilling breath. It did not matter. The place was sufficiently large and well lighted. The artist, young and strong and as happy as possible in his stable, there felt his talent increasing. There he accumulated a quantity of studies and works until the place was so crowded that he could scarcely turn himself about; but being too poor to have them cast, he lost the greater part of them. Every day he spent hours moistening the cloths that enveloped them, yet not without suffering frightful disaster. Sometimes the clay, through being too soft, would settle and fall asunder; sometimes it would become dry, crack, and crumble. One day, in moving, the great figure of a bacchante that had been tenderly molded for months was seized by the rough hands of the furniture-movers, and broke, crashing to the ground. What lost efforts! What destroyed beauty!"

THE NOVEMBER CENTURY

Are sheltered women strongest in a crisis? This question is the keynote of Mrs. Miller's latest work of fiction, "The Happiest Time of Their Lives," the first instalment of which will appear in the November CENTURY. The present serial will open with the study of a youthful love-affair. Matilde Severance is a child of luxury. Pete Wayne is a rising young American who lives simply, with his widowed mother. They are engaged, and their respective families begin to "work it out." Ideas and ideals clash and tests come. It is a story that should reach every woman of to-day, told with spirit and sympathy. The story will be illustrated by Paul Meylan.

ALICE DUER MILLER
who writes for the November CENTURY

Harry A. Franck's "In the Bolivian Jungle," which he will illustrate with photographs, will continue the story of Mr. Franck's pedestrian peregrinations down the Andes. "Life can seldom be reduced to such charming simplicities as a straw hat, a breechclout, a pair of leather sandals, and a towel," Mr. Franck wistfully comments, and continues with a description of his pack. "Two things at least were indispensable, —cloth hammock and mosquitero to hang over it; for the only sleeping-place on most of the journey would be that which the traveler carried with him. Then I must *'hacer tapeque'* as they say in Santa Cruz, or 'pack' a bag of rice and some sheets of sun-dried beef, to say nothing of distributing about my person kodak, revolver, cartridges, and money in various forms of metal. Add to this a few indispensable garments, sealed tins of salt and matches, kitchenette, photographic and writing materials and the other unavoidable odds and ends for a scantily inhabited 400-mile trip of unknown duration, and it will be readily understood why, after mailing the developing tank and even my coat, razor, and accessories, I staggered heavily across town on January 8th to begin the longest single leg of my South American journey."

Wallace Thompson's article, "Fairfield County Mobilizes," the publication of which was delayed for editorial reasons, will appear in November. It will be illustrated by photographs and will describe how one small section of our country is furnishing an ideal in organization to the rest of the nation.

"Sledge Traveling," by Robert E. Peary, will continue the disclosure by the great Arctic traveler of the secret methods by which he attained his goal. It will be illustrated by photographs which he himself took on the journey through the region of eternal ice.

Elliott Daingerfield, who knew the great landscape painter intimately, will contribute a character study of "George Inness." Reproductions of his paintings will appear in black and white, illustrating the various developments through which the artist passed during his creative life.

M. E. Ravage will need no introduction to the CENTURY readers. In "Absorbing the Alien," which will appear in November, he will continue his interpretation to the native-born citizens of the United States of their newer brothers and sisters.

Fortier Jones, author of "With Serbia Into Exile," has just returned from Siberia. "The Last of the Czar's Exiles," which will appear in the November CENTURY, will describe the revolution in Russia and its liberation of prisoners for life in far-away Siberia.

FORTIER JONES
who writes for the November "Century".

Samuel P. Orth, author of "The Imperial Impulse," will write "Kaiser and Volk: An Autocratic Partnership." At the opening of the war the British and American public attempted to draw a sharp distinction between the German government and the German people. Such a division, according to Mr. Orth, is a fatal delusion. And Mr. Orth has at his command a long historical background in defense of his opinion that "the hope of a German democracy vanishes upon first contact with realism, historic or contemporary."

CENTURY readers were promised, when "The Man With Eyes in His Back" appeared a few months since, that it would be only the beginning of Erle Johnston's contributions. In the November CENTURY his story, "Square Edge and Sound," tells of the advantage of a college athletic training to a lumber inspector. The story will be illustrated by Giguere.

The crushing of youthful idealism by middle age's common sense is an all too frequent reality, which forms the theme of Helen R. Hull's story, "The Fire," to appear in the November CENTURY. The story will be illustrated by Crompton.

Phyllis Bottome's novel, "The Second Fiddle," will conclude in the November CENTURY; poems will be contributed by Mary Carolyn Davies and James C. Alvord, illustrations by Louis Weickman and, in color, Francia's masterpiece, "Federigo Gonzaga."

ST. NICHOLAS FOR NOVEMBER

"Somebody must help those who can't help themselves," said Mary Slessor, a factory girl in Dundee, as she turned the whirring loom and let her thoughts wander off to far-away Africa. Mary R. Parkman, in the November St. Nicholas, will write of the marvelous life of "The White Mother of Darkest Africa: Mary Slessor," to whom "Heaven was nearer than Britain." When in January, 1915, she died, after thirty-nine years of service, Sir Frederick Lugard, Governor-General of Nigeria, said of her: "By her enthusiasm, self-sacrifice, and greatness of character, she has earned the devotion of thousands of natives among whom she worked, and the love and esteem of all Europeans, irrespective of class or creed, with whom she came in contact."

Two New Serials

Two new serials will begin in the November St. Nicholas. "The Lost Island," by Ralph Henry Barbour and H. P. Holt, is just such a sea-story as charms the hearts of boys. Dave Hallard was the descendant of generations of sea-farers; what more natural, then, that at sixteen, studies should pall, and when opportunity offered, he should ship to the South Sea Islands. Recalling the dreams of our own youth, we need not wonder that he went with the secret plan of discovering sunken treasure. The story will prove as delightfully full of adventure as our lives would have been had our childhood's dreams come true.

The second serial, intended primarily for girls, is "Cinderella's Granddaughter," by Beth B. Gilchrist. "Come at once and spend a month," read the letter. "One thing more—don't bring a trunk. Don't even pack a suitcase. You will find here everything you need. I want to give you in this month a complete change; nothing to wear that you have ever worn before, nothing to do that you have been doing. I shall expect you Friday the twenty-second at four-thirty. I have marked the trains." This was the magic wand which transformed efficient, over-worked Dorothea, the stand-by of her family, into "Cinderella's Granddaughter," who rode in a pumpkin coach (brought up to date) and met a fairy prince (also very modern—broad-shouldered, athletic, and rather slangy).

Illustrating "The November St. Nicholas"

The first instalment ends with Dorothea's quaint comment, "I hope I shan't have to run away with one string trailing," and every girl reader of ST. NICHOLAS will be breathless with anticipation until she discovers what happens next.

Among the stories especially appealing to boys, Ellis Parker Butler, of "Pigs is Pigs" fame, will write "An Amateur Censor." The story of how a little Belgian stamp collector aided his father in exposing a clever correspondence between German spies through his knowledge of stamps will make every boy turn to his own collection with renewed vigor.

The customary pages devoted to the part young people can play in the war will be continued in the November ST. NICHOLAS under the direction of Robert F. Wilson in "For Country and For Liberty"; there will be the usual pages for "Very Little Folks," "Nature and Science." "The Letter Box," "The Riddle Box," etc., etc.

Another charming social outcast will take her place in the hearts of story-readers, beside "Mrs. Wiggs" and "Lovey Mary." The passage quoted shows the little heroine of "Calvary Alley" in one of her most delightfully naïve moments.

"By and by a woman in spectacles took her into a small room across the hall, and told her to sit on the other side of the table and not to shuffle her feet. Nance explained about the mosquito bites, but the lady did not listen.

"'What day is this?' asked the spectacled one.

"'Friday,' said Nance, surprised that she could furnish information to so wise a person.

"'What day of the month?'

"'Day before rent day.'

"The corner of the lady's mouth twitched, and Nance glanced at her suspiciously.

"'Can you repeat these numbers after me? Four, seven, nine, three, ten, six, fourteen.'

"Nance was convinced now that the lady was crazy, but she rattled them off glibly.

"'Very good! Now suppose you tell me what the following words mean. Charity?'

"'Is it a organization?' asked Nance doubtfully.

"'Justice?'

"'I dunno that one.'

"'Do you know what God is?'

"Nance felt that she was doing badly. If her freedom depended on her passing this test, she knew the prison bars must be already closing on her. She no more knew what God is than you or I know, but the spectacled lady must be answered at any cost.

"'God,' she said laboriously, 'God is what made us, and a cuss word.'"

"Keeping journals is for those who cannot, or dare not, speak out. So I shall set up a journal, being only a rather lonely little girl in a very small and hated minority." So begins the war diary of a Union woman in the South, the first of the "Famous Adventures and Prison Escapes of the Civil War." This collection of war-time adventures, related by writers who took part in the events described, has recently gone into a ninth edition.

BOOKS AND THEIR MAKERS

Twice since the outbreak of the war in Europe Madeline Z. Doty has gone through Germany studying the attitude of the women there. The result is her book, "Short Rations," the highest tribute to which has been the vituperative scorn with which it was greeted by the German press. It reveals war as seen through the eyes of a woman, and the economic and social effects of war upon the women of Germany. Miss Doty is now starting upon a world tour, which has as incentive the study of women in every country. Her first stop will be Japan, after which she will go to Siberia, where she hopes to interview the former Czarina.

Captains O. O. Ellis and E. B. Garey, joint authors of "The Plattsburg Manual" and "The Junior Plattsburg Manual" have been called for service to the War College in Washington. In writing two of the most live manuals of military tactics ever written, these two officers, former instructors in the Plattsburg camp, have already rendered their country invaluable service.

"Slippy McGee," which has returned to press for a second edition, is the first novel of a Southern woman whose life has been spent for the most part in the South. Not the least remarkable part of the story, therefore, is that in which the reformed crook drops back into his vernacular. Once when Slippy felt an overwhelming desire to return to old ways, he broke out in an apostrophe to New York as effective as any unconventional poem in vers libre. Says Slippy: "There is a Dutchman got a restaurant on Eighth avenue, and I dream at nights about the hot-dog-and-kraut, and the ham-and that they give you there, and the Jane that slings it. Hips on her like a horse, she has, and an arm that shoves your eats under your nose in a way you've got to respect. I smell those eats in my sleep. I want some more Child's bucks. I want to see the electrics winking on the roofs. I want to smell wet asphalt and see the taxis whizzing by in the rain. I want to see a seven-foot Mick cop with a back like a piano-box and a paw like a ham and a foot like a submarine with stove polish on it. I want to see the subway in the rush hour and the dips and mool-buzzers going through the crowds like children in a berry patch. I want to see the breadline and panhandlers and the bums in Union Square. I want a bellyful of the happy dust the old town hands out, the whole dope and all there is of it! My God! I want everything I haven't got!"

In "Political Ideals," Bertrand Russell's latest book, the great English philosopher points out the danger to any people who are overrun by officials and legislators. "The one thing they understand intimately is the office routine and the administrative rules. The result is an undue anxiety to secure a uniform system. I have heard a French minister of education, taking out his watch, remark: 'At this moment all the children in France are learning so and so.' This is the ideal of the administrator, an ideal utterly fatal to free growth, initiative, experiment, or any far-reaching innovation." Bertrand Russell is to-day perhaps, the most hated man in England, because he has revealed the nation's shams with a pen as brilliant as it is merciless.

Allen French, the author of "The Runaway," "The Junior Cup," and other popular juveniles, writes that this year gardening crowds a good deal into his regular work. "I had meant to limit my garden in size," he writes, "feeling less enthusiasm than when I was writing my two books on vegetable gardening. But the Food Campaign appeal caused me to plant my usual half acre. In it my whole family has worked, even my nine-year-old, at first cultivating, later picking and preparing the vegetables for the two hundred glass jars which I expect to take home with me this fall." "The Golden Eagle," which the Century Co. is publishing this month, is one of three books which Mr. French has put out this year. It is based on experiences of his boyhood and on later observations at Cataumet, Mass., where boating life is much as he has depicted it in "The Golden Eagle." He confesses to one use of the author's license, in changing the position of Hen and Chickens, the dangerous rocks, to a place where they could make even more trouble for the young people of the story.

Gardner L. Harding, author of "Present Day China," was invited to address the thirteenth annual conference of the Chinese Students' Federation at Brown University, held from August 30th to September 6th. Other speakers were Dr. Wellington Koo, Chinese Minister to America, and Governor Beekman of Rhode Island. Mr. Harding, whose reputation is established as an authority on political conditions in modern China, has spoken also at a country-wide convention of the Chinese Nationalist League, held in the week of September 1st in New York. Sun Fo, son of Sun Yat Sen, has described "Present Day China" as the best current book on liberal China.

A book about bee-culture, told in story form, is "Wilderness Honey," which the Century Co. published in September. It is written by Frank Lillie Pollock, who knows all about bees from practical experience. He owns one large bee-ranch in Alabama, located in the great swamps along the Alabama River, where rattle-snakes and alligators are frequently neighbors of the bees and where great quantities of honey are stored during March and April from the swamp flowers. When the season is over there he ships the bees to Canada, where the season is just beginning and the insects work on clover and wild raspberry as energetically as on Alabama tupelo and ti-ti. When the Canadian clover season is over, he packs away the hives for the winter and writes a book.

Eric Fisher Wood, who during the past two years, has distinguished himself in the British navy and army and has received the rank of major in the British army, has been released from service by the British government. He will now continue service in the war as Major in the 83rd Infantry, U. S. A.

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(See inside of front cover)

By the author of "Mrs. Wiggs"

CALVARY ALLEY

By Alice Hegan Rice

THE rich and gorgeous Cathedral fronted on the equally rich and gorgeous Avenue, but it backed up against Calvary Alley, which was a sunless, sinful slum. But not entirely sunless and not entirely sinful was Calvary Alley, for Nance Molloy lived there.

External circumstances did not conspire to make life a glad and brilliant pageant for Nance, but there was a conspiring of forces within her nature which transformed, for her, even Calvary Alley into a thrilling world of romance, adventure, and danger.

This new book by the author of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" tells the story of Nance Molloy's growing up and falling in love; with a great deal about a good many other interesting people, for Nance was one who achieved contacts with the world about her. There was Uncle Jed, who was her self-appointed guardian; and Mr. and Mrs. Snawdor, her stepfather and stepmother, making Nance what she herself called "a two-step." There was Dan Lewis, who was a child with Nance, and whose mother was charitably termed "a mystery" in the Alley; and there was old Mr. Demorest, who played the violin and taught Nance to dance, and who had come from another world than Calvary Alley. He was a mystery too, but a very charming one.

And more such, easily recognizable as belonging to that whimsical, beloved family of fiction people which began with "Mrs. Wiggs."

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(Continued on inside of back cover)

THE
CENTURION

NOVEMBER, 1917

DOES IBSEN PAY?

By Alexander Woollcott

Quite by accident Alexander Woollcott found that to question the breadth of Ibsen's appeal was to bring Mrs. Fiske rallying to his defense. In "Mrs. Fiske: Her Views on Actors, Acting, and the Problems of Production" (The Century Co., $2.00) the well-known dramatic critic of the "New York Times" tells what America's greatest actress thinks of Ibsen and the box-office:

That afternoon it happened that over the tea-cups we went back over many seasons—"A Doll's House," "Hedda Gabler," "Rosmersholm" and "The Pillars of Society."

"As I say," she explained, "'A Doll's House' in its first season was not profitable; but, then, that was my own first season as Mrs. Fiske, and it was but one of a number of plays in a financially unsuccessful repertory. And even that, I suppose, was, from the shrewdest business point of view, a sound investment in reputation. It was a *wise* thing to do. But the real disaster was predicted by every one for 'Rosmersholm.' There was the most somber and most complex tragedy of its period. No one would go to see *that,* they said, and I am still exasperated from time to time by finding evidences of a hazy notion that it did not prosper. 'Rosmersholm' was played, and not particularly well played, either, for one hundred and ninety-nine consecutive performances at a profit of $40,000.

Does $40,000 Spell Ruin?

"I am never greatly interested in figures, but I had the curiosity to make sure of these. Of course that is a total of many profitable weeks and some unprofitable ones and of course it is not an overpowering reward for a half-season in the theater. In telling you that Ibsen may be profitable in a money sense, I am not so mad as to say other things may not be far more profitable. But $40,000 profit scarcely spells ruin.

"And I tell you all this because it is so discouraging to the Ibsen enthusiasts to have the baseless, the *false* idea persist that he and the box-office are at odds. Sensibly projected in the theater—"

The new illustrated holiday catalogue of Century books will be sent free on request to any reader of The Centurion. Address: The Century Co., 353 Fourth Avenue, New York.

MRS. FISKE,
whose "theater wisdom" is now given to the public through Alexander Woollcott

"Instead," I suggested, "of being played by strange people at still stranger matinees—"

"Of course. Rightly projected in the theater, Ibsen always has paid and always will. And that is worth shouting from the housetops, because sensibly and rightly projected in the theater, the fine thing always does pay. Oh, I have no patience with those who descend upon a great play, produce it without understanding, and then, because disaster overtakes it, throw up their hands and say there is no public for fine art. How absurd! But let us remember that the greater the play, the more carefully must it be directed and acted, and that for every production in the theater there is a psychologically *right* moment. Move wisely in these things, and the public will not fail."

Says Julian Street, in "American Adventures," the account of a joyous pilgrimage through the South, of Wallace Morgan and himself: "On the pleasant drive of perhaps a dozen miles, from Harper's Ferry to Charles Town, I noticed here and there at the roadside pyramidal stones suggesting monuments, but bearing no inscription save that each had a number. On inquiry I learned that these were indeed Confederate monuments, but that to find out what they marked it was necessary to go to the county courthouse at Charles Town and look up the numbers in a book of which there is but one copy. These monuments were set out three or four years ago. They appeared suddenly, almost as though they had grown over-night, and many people wondered, as I had, what they meant. 'Eloise,' one Charles Town young lady asked another, 'what's that monument out in front of your house with twenty-one on it?' 'Oh,' replied Eloise, 'that's where all my suitors are buried!"

I SAY CAPITALS TO MY FATHER

By Grant Showerman

"If there is any phase of a lad's experiences as a farmer's son that is not developed in these pages it would be hard to point out the omission," wrote the "Philadelphia Press" of Grant Showerman's "A Country Chronicle" last year. Any omissions were merely from lack of space, and Bug, the same hero who figured in that American epic, has filled the gaps in "A Country Child" (The Century Co., $1.75). The passage below shows the small chronicler in the full pride of acquiring knowledge:

After quite a while, it begins to get dark. I hear my father come in from the kitchen and light the lamp and set it on the sewing-machine. I know he is going to sit down and read the *Tri-Weekly*.

My mother rocks with me quite a long time. It gets darker and darker. At last she says: "There! it'll strike eight in a minute, and you're tired after all your walking. Run in and see your pa, and then run up to bed."

I go in and get the Geography and take it over to my father. He lays the paper down, and looks at me through his spectacles. He laughs, and says: "Hello, here! Well, what was you wantin'?"

I say: "Ask me some states and capitals."

My father opens the Geography and asks me a great many. I stand there and say them all. At last he says: "Gracious me! I guess they ain't no use tryin' to stick you." He closes the book.

I open the book again, and say: "Tell me some new ones, then."

My father says: "I can't. There ain't any more to tell."

I feel sorry. I say: "Ain't they any more anywhere?"

My father turns over the pages. He says: "Well, I guess maybe we can find some more *somewhere*." He says: "S'posin' you try these here—Java, Sumatra, Borneo. Say 'em over."

I say them over three or four times.

One of George Wright's pen-and-ink illustrations in "A Country Child"

I like the way they sound. My father lifts me into his lap and puts his arms around me, and we rock. His whiskers tickle my head. He holds the paper in one hand. I wish I could read it, but all I know is the little bits of words.

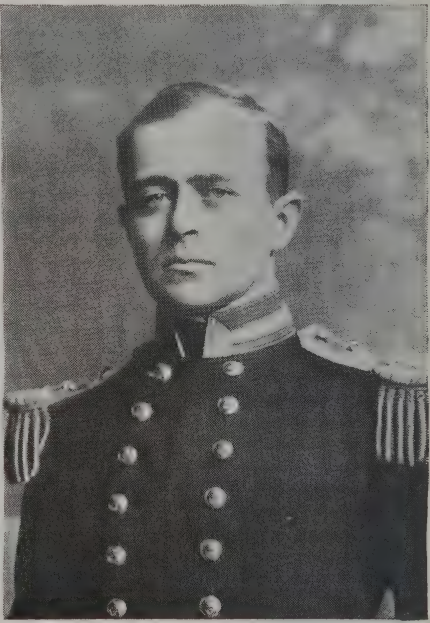
Pretty soon I don't see the paper. Then there it is again. I hear my father saying: "Well! well! well. What you doin' on, hey? I guess it's time *YOU* went to *bed*."

I go out on the veranda and kiss my mother, and then come in and kiss my father, and then run upstairs and jump into bed. My father's upper lip is all short, stiff hairs. Just before I go, my mother comes in and sets the lamp on the stairs.

The bedcords make a noise when I get in. I sink down in deep. It is a feather bed. I get nice and warm and comfortable. I lie a while saying, "Java, Sumatra, Borneo," and thinking how they are on the map, and looking at the doorway. The lamp down on the stairs makes it yellow.

Pretty soon I don't see the yellow. Then I see it again. I must have had my eyes shut. Then I see the yellow and the dark move, and then it is all dark. I know my mother has taken the lamp away. I don't care. I say, "Java, Sumatra, Borneo" some more, and think of the way they look, and the way the train looked, and the flat car, and John, and—"

Bruce Barton, editor of "Every Week," believes that the greatest force for righteousness in the United States to-day is nothing more or less than the once maligned Business. And in his new book, "More Power to You," he brings weighty arguments to prove his statement. He points out, however, that "making good" in business may be attained at too high a price, at the sacrifice of home life, friends, and books. In witty, epigrammatic phrases he nails down home truths. Among the chapters are: "Do You Bore Yourself?" "About Making Money," "Perhaps You Don't Dream Enough," "Some Poor Blind Folk Have Never Seen a Miracle," etc., etc. This is essentially an American book, filled with American idealism to correct certain dangerous American tendencies, and told with a directness and simplicity characteristic of our people.



CAPTAIN SCOTT OF THE ANTARCTIC
From Mary R. Parkman's "Heroes of To-Day"

THE SINGULARITY OF YOU-ALL

By Julian Street

"Yankees" are still anathema to the real old time Southerner, though many of the younger generation feel there is only one grave issue left between the North and the South. The following passage, from "American Adventures" (The Century Co., $3.00) shows how deep is the issue, and how bravely defended:

"Whatever you write of the South," said our hostess at a dinner party in Virginia, "don't make the mistake of representing any one from this part of the country, white or black, educated or ignorant, as saying 'you-all' meaning one person only."

When I remarked mildly that it seemed to me I had often seen the phrase so used in books, and heard it in plays, eight or ten Southern ladies and gentlemen at the table pounced upon me, all at once. "Yes!" they agreed, with a kind of polite violence, "books and plays by Yankees!"

"You" and Your Family

"If," one of the gentlemen explained, "you write to a friend who has a family, and say, according to the Northern practice, 'I hope to see you when you come to my town,' you write something which is really ambiguous, since the word 'you' may refer only to your friend, or may refer also to his family. Our Southern 'you-all' makes it explicit."

I told him that in the North we also used the word "all" in connection with "you," though we accented the two evenly, and did not compound them, but he seemed to believe that "you" followed by "all" belonged exclusively to the South.

By the time coffee was served the subject seemed to be pretty well exhausted. But it was not, for after pouring a demitasse our hostess lifted a lump of sugar in the tongs, and looking me directly in the eye inquired: "Do you-all take sugah?"

"There!" I exclaimed. "You said 'you-all' to me. Didn't you use it in the singular?"

Grammar or Blushes?

No sooner had I spoken than I was sorry. For what is a mere matter of singular or plural compared to a lady's blush?

Every one looked disconcerted. There was silence for a moment. I was very much ashamed.

"Oh, no," she said at last. "When I said 'you-all' I meant you and Mr. Morgan." (She pronounced it "Mow-gan," with a lovely, dreamy drawl.) Having made this statement, she blushed again, poor lady! Being to blame for her discomfiture, I could not bear to see her blush, and looked away, but only to catch the eye of my companion, and to read in its evil gleam the thought: "Of course they use it in the singular. But aren't you ashamed of having tripped up such a pretty lady on a point of dialect?"

Though my interest in the Southern idiom had caused me to forget about the sugar, my hostess had not forgotten.

"Well," she said, still balancing the lump above the cup, and continuing gamely to put the question in the same form, and to me: "Do you-all take sugah, or not?"

I had no idea how my companion took his coffee, but it seemed to me that mere politeness now demanded that I tacitly—or at least demi-tacitly—accede to the alleged plural intent of the question. Therefore, I replied: "Mr. Morgan takes two lumps. I don't take any, thanks."

Looking Plural

Late that night as we were returning to our hotel, my companion said to me somewhat tartly: "In case such a thing comes up again, I wish you would remember that sugar in my coffee makes me ill."

"Well, why didn't you say so?"

"Because," he returned, "I thought that you-all ought to do the answering. It seemed politest for me-all to keep quiet and try to look plural under the singular conditions."

HARRY A. FRANCK AND ANOTHER VAGABOND
on their journey down through South America
From "Vagabonding Down the Andes"

From "American Adventures"
One of Wallace Morgan's 64 drawings

INNESS AND "THE LOST SHEEP"

By George Inness, Jr.

One of the most important art books of the year is "The Life, Art, and Letters of George Inness" (The Century Co., $4.00), the greatest of American landscape painters, by his son, George Inness, Jr. Inness was a very eccentric person, but all of his eccentricities were bound up in his passion for art. One of them is described in this amusing passage:

The tremendous desire to paint over a canvas did not limit itself to his own pictures. He was no respecter of persons or pictures, and it made no difference who painted the original, who was the owner, or what was sacrificed in the doing. Many of his contemporaries have fallen victims to this insatiate weakness. I believe he would far rather have painted on a picture than a clean canvas. The composition, no matter how good, always suggested something that he could improve upon. It became so bad that Mr. A. H. Wyant, wife of the artist, finally had to forbid him her husband's studio.

When I had a studio at 896 Broadway, Pop came in, and looking at a twenty-by-thirty canvas, which I called "The Lost Sheep," praised it excessively. This story seems almost incredible, but is true, nevertheless. The subject was a large sheep that took up the greater part of the canvas,—I should say about sixteen inches,—and by her side trudged a poor little lamb. They were lost in a snow-storm. The canvas was dry, having been set aside as finished. I was going to try to trade it off for a suit of clothes or something when Pop saw it.

"'The Lost Sheep,'" he said, "why, when did you do that? It's fine. Tells the story well, is well painted, and thoroughly carried out. You are on the right track; keep right on in that way. It is the first really complete picture you have painted, and it does not suggest me. You will find after this that your work will go much easier. Your trouble has been that you work too long on a picture; you must let it alone when you have finished it and not fuss over it. A very fine canvas, George,"—and in a very low voice, each word pronounced slowly and distinctly,—"possibly a little too much detail in the foreground." He shaded his eyes with his hand, just as I had remembered him many years before while painting the wash-tub, then he began to get excited, and with a sweep of his arm said:

A GEORGE INNESS LANDSCAPE
From "The Life, Art and Letters of George Inness"

"Don't you see your foreground is all full of weeds? They've got nothing to do with the story. Why the devil can't you get more breadth in your pictures?"

"But, Pop—"

"Nonsense, I tell you! It's got no breadth; it's full of things. Wipe them out if you are going to paint snow." Jumping up from his seat, he shouted: "Why in thunder don't you make it snow? Give it breadth." He stalked up and down the studio, waving his arms around his head. "What is it? If you want to make a picture of it, take out that sheep. It's a snow scene you are painting; then give a feeling of snow. Take out that sheep; it has no value."

"But, Pop—" I protested.

"I tell you"—shaking his fist and rushing up to the canvas—"it's as much like a sheep as a stone wall. Here, give me your brushes; I'll show you." I handed over palette and brushes. He squeezed out a quantity of white paint, and went at it as if he were plastering a wall. He didn't paint out the sheep; he simply enveloped it. His hair was tumbled, his face flushed, and he worked like something possessed. When he was through, he flung down the palette, sank into a chair, and said, "There! Now you've got some breadth to your picture!"

We sat and looked at each other for a few moments in silence.

Finally Pop spoke:

"Well, why don't you say something? Don't sit there like a bump on a log. Don't you like it?"

"No," I said; "my picture is ruined."

"Then," he exclaimed impatiently, "why the devil did you do it, George? Wipe it off!"

This I did.

"There now," he said, "you've got your picture back. Never do such a thing again, George. I do it, too, and it's the curse of my life. You've got a good picture there, and for Heaven's sake leave it alone now!"

"The Lost Sheep" was found, and we walked arm in arm out of the studio to dinner.

Do you enjoy THE CENTURION? If you do, your friends would probably enjoy it also. Send in a list of their names and addresses, and THE CENTURION will be forwarded to them regularly without charge.

In his new book, "Health First," Dr. Henry Dwight Chapin makes the point that to be ailing and unwell is positively immoral unless one has done all one can to make oneself healthy and wholesome. And one has not by any means done all one can unless one has taken pains to learn something about one's own marvelously developed physical machinery, and unless one follows intelligently the far from difficult rules for preventing sickness. "Health First" is not a new fad book, recommending freak treatments and strange food fit only for cave men. It is sublimated common sense from a great physician.

NANCE GETS HER FIRST JOB

By Alice Hegan Rice

Nance grew up from a hoydenish hooligan in Calvary Alley into a plucky bit of wistful maidenhood. The quotation below from Alice Hegan Rice's new book, "Calvary Alley" (The Century Co., $1.35), shows the youthful heroine in that critical moment of life when necessity forces her into the world of wage-earners:

The next morning, in a clean, faded print, and a thin jacket, much too small for her, Nance went forth to find Miss Lucretia Bobinet in Cemetery Street. The door was opened by a squinting person who held one hand behind her ear.

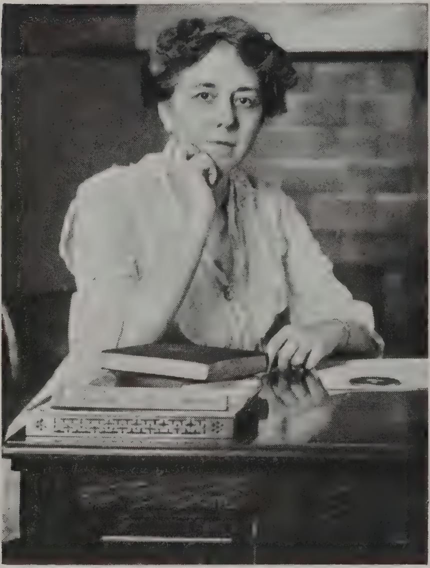
"Who do you want to see?" she wheezed.

"Miss Bobinet."

"Who?"

"Miss Bobinet!" said Nance, lifting her voice.

"Stop that hollering at me!" said the old woman. "What for?"



ALICE HEGAN RICE,
the mother of a merry family of fiction people, which now includes the denizens of "Calvary Alley"

Nance explained her mission at the top of her voice and was grudgingly admitted into the hall.

"You ain't going to suit her. I can tell you that," said the squint-eyed one mournfully.

Nance felt her way into the room. Sitting facing her was an imposing old lady, with eyes closed and mouth open, making the most alarming noises in her throat. She began with a guttural inhalation that increased in ferocity until it broke in a violent snort, then trailed away in a prolonged and somewhat plaintive whistle.

After Nance had taken sufficient note of the vocal gymnastics to be able to reproduce them later for the amusement of the Snawdors, she began to experience great difficulty in keeping still. First one foot went to sleep, then the other. The minutes stretched to an hour. She stirred restlessly, and her chair creaked.

The old lady opened one eye and regarded her suspiciously.

"I am Nance Molloy," ventured the applicant, hopefully. "Mrs. Purdy sent me."

Miss Bobinet gazed at her in stony silence, then slowly closed her eye, and took up her snore exactly where she had left it off. This took place three times before she succeeded in getting her other eye open and becoming aware of Nance's presence.

"Well, well," she asked testily, in a dry cracked voice, "what are you sitting there staring at me for?"

Nance repeated her formula several times before she remembered that Miss Bobinet was deaf; then she got up and shouted it close to the old lady's ear.

"Lida Purdy's a fool," said Miss Bobinet, crossly. "What do I want with a chit of a girl like you?"

"She thought I could wait on you," screamed Nance, "and read to you and play penuchle."

The only word that got past the grizzled fringe that bordered Miss Bobinet's shriveled ear was the last one.

"Penuchle?" she repeated. "Can you play penuchle?"

Nance nodded.

"Get the table," ordered the old lady, peremptorily.

Nance tried to explain that she had not come to stay, that she would go home, and get her things and return in the afternoon, but Miss Bobinet would brook no delay. Without inviting Nance to remove her hat and jacket, she ordered her to lift the shade, sit down, and deal the cards.

They were still playing when the squinting person hobbled in with a luncheon tray, and Miss Bobinet promptly transferred her attention from royal marriages to oyster stew.

"Have her come back at three," she directed Susan; then seeing Nance's eyes rest on the well filled tray, she added impatiently, "Didn't I tell you to stop staring? Any one would think you were watching the animals feed in the zoo."

Nance fled abashed. The sight of the steaming soup, the tempting bird, and dainty salad had made her forget her manners.

"I reckon I'm engaged," she said to Mrs. Snawdor, when she reached home and had cut herself a slice of dry bread to eat with the warmed-over coffee. "She never said what the pay was to be, but she said to come back."

"What does she look like?" asked Mrs. Snawdor, curiously.

"A horse," said Nance. "And she's deaf as anything. If I stay with her, she'll have to get her an ear-trumpet or a new wig before the month's out. I swallow a curl every time I speak to her."

"Well," said Mrs. Snawdor, "companions ain't in my line, but I got sense enough to know that when a woman's so mean she's got to pay somebody to keep her company, the job ain't no cinch."

Of interest to lovers of American poetry is the publication by The Century Co. of a new illustrated edition of "Christmas Night in the Quarters and Other Poems," the negro dialect verse with which Irwin Russell awakened the interest of the American reading public in the vast store of unwritten folklore to be found among the black people of the South. Russell was perhaps the first of Southern writers to appreciate the literary possibilities of the negro character and the unique relations existing between the two races before the war. "Had Russell been spared to letters," said Joel Chandler Harris, "all the rest of us would have taken back seats so far as the representation of life in the South is concerned." The book is illustrated by E. W. Kemble.

ICE IN THE ARCTIC

By Robert E. Peary

Few people realize the character of Greenland's ice, according to Rear-Admiral Robert E. Peary, in his "Secrets of Polar Travel" (The Century Co., $2.00). The passage below is representative of some of the difficulties encountered in sailing through the Arctic Ocean:

The *Roosevelt* had two or three very close calls of this kind on her upward voyages, the ice pressing up over the ice-foot and piling up on the cliffs a few hundred yards ahead or astern of her. I recall one instance where with the glasses I saw from the crow's-nest huge ice-blocks climb fifty feet up the cliffs at a point a mile or so ahead of us at the very place where some hours earlier I had thought of making the *Roosevelt* fast to await the turn of the tide. Fortunately I had decided to take no chances, and had retreated a mile or so to a safer position.

The Good Ship "Roosevelt",
which steered Admiral Peary's way through Arctic waters.
An illustration from "Secrets of Polar Travel"

There is one phenomenon in this region which is certain to cause temporary palpitation the first time it occurs. When the ice-floes come together, and the edges crush and pile up in great ridges of ice-blocks, other pieces of ice are forced down, and in the deeper portions of Kennedy Channel large granite-like blocks are held down undoubtedly one hundred or more feet below the water. When the ice pressure relaxes, these start for the surface, gathering momentum, and leap half their bigness above water, then settle back.

Two or three times blocks of this kind on their way up struck the bottom of the *Roosevelt* a resounding thump just as she was released from the strain of ice pressure and had settled back into the water. The shock is different from the tense vibrations of ice pressure or the crash of butting ice at full speed or the grinding crunch of running on a rock. It is an upward shock as from the blow of a great hammer, and jars every timber in the ship. Its first occurrence usually forces the involuntary exclamation, "My God! what has happened now?" After the first time, one is always ready for it, and so is not disturbed.

No attempt should ever be made to anchor in this kind of navigation unless one wishes to present the ice deities with his anchor and much or all of his cable.

Just as sure as the anchor is put down

a big floe will come along and squat on it; then there is nothing to do but unshackle your cable and let it go. It cost me two anchors and two cables one summer's trip to learn this lesson thoroughly. On another voyage in a usually safe position a big floe compelled me to drop an anchor and all of its cable, though I recovered it the next season.

Whenever the ship is to be made fast, it should be done with lines and hawsers made fast to ice pinnacles, holes in the ice, or ice anchors.

It is well also to bring the end of the line or hawser on board, so that it can be cast loose without sending a man off the ship. Movements of ship and ice are sometimes too rapid to risk a man.

To a ship built as sturdily as the *Roosevelt,* with no greater speed and with a lively helm, icebergs are no bugbear. During the upward voyage it is continuous daylight, so that even in thick weather there should be no difficulty, with ordinary care, in detecting the proximity of bergs along the Labrador coast and in Greenland waters in time to avoid them. North of Kane Basin real icebergs are rarely seen, and these only small ones. In the polar ocean there is nothing that can be dignified by the name. On the return voyage, in the long, dark nights and short, dull days of late autumn, in Melville Bay, Davis Straits, and along the Labrador coast, they compel a careful lookout. With all lights shut off, a reliable man away forward, and two officers on the bridge, we never had serious trouble even in the darkest nights in detecting the "loom" of a berg in time to shift the wheel and avoid it. "Growlers"—that is, translucent fragments of bergs as hard as granite, of the same color as the water, and just barely floating—are the kind of ice that succeeds most completely in effacing itself. My ships have bumped these more than once in brilliantly clear weather, with no other ice in sight and the lookout gone below.

A WAR OF LIEUTENANTS

By Eric Fisher Wood

Eric Fisher Wood has fought in the war for democracy. He has fought in the British army with the rank of major; and he has battled with his pen, as ably as on the field of action. From his experiences in France he has written "The Note-Book of an Intelligence Officer" (The Century Co., $1.75). The following is an excerpt on a phase of present-day warfare not generally realized:

It has been said that the present conflict is a lieutenant's war and therefore in the British forces the platoon leaders are selected from the whole army for their intelligence, courage and ability to lead men, and are not only taught to fill any one of the various positions in team work, but they must also possess the inborn gift of teaching others.

Each lieutenant is required to train his little band of followers when in camp, to care for their bodily comforts in the field, and to lead them in battle. He is teacher, father and master to his men. He is deus ex machina.

The lieutenant is expected to be the bravest and most cheerful and most self-sacrificing individual in the platoon which he commands. All along the line of actual conflict between the opposing armies, little bands of warriors are now led much as the knights of old led their followers. When on the battle-front, each band is so isolated by the conditions of the conflict and by an ever watchful enemy that it often loses touch with everything in the world except the platoon upon its right and left. Food and water to sustain life and ammunition with which to carry on the fight comes to it at intervals from the dim rear.

A Lieutenant's Duties

Four things are demanded of a lieutenant:

(1) He must train his own platoon.

(2) By maintaining the strictest discipline, he must bring them well and safe through the route marches and trench-holding which lead up to an attack, and then carry them at a steady walk to within fifty yards of the enemy infantry before giving the final order which culminates in the conclusive charge with the rifle and bayonet.

(3) When the decisive moment arrives he must inspire his men by the example of his own bravery. He also carries a rifle and bayonet and is expected to do more fighting and kill more Huns than any other one man in the platoon.

(4) The objective and its enemy defenders having been conquered, he must reconstruct the platoon, which has temporarily disintegrated into a fighting mob, and then proceed to the attack of the next objective.

A definite idea of the high standard to which the platoon commander is expected to attain, may be gathered from the following list of orders embodied in the instructions which were, before the battle of Arras, issued to platoon commanders by the British General Staff.

"He can gain the confidence of his men:

"(a) By being the best man at arms in the platoon, or trying to be so.

"(b) By being quick to act, taking real command on all occasions, issuing clear orders, and not forgetting to see them carried out;

"(c) By being himself well turned out, punctual, and cheery, even under adverse circumstances;

"(d) By enforcing strict discipline at all times. This must be a willing discipline, not a sulky one. Be just but do not be soft—men despise softness.

"(e) By recognizing a good effort, even if it is not really successful. A word of praise when deserved produces better results than incessant fault-finding;

"(f) By looking after his men's comfort before his own and never sparing himself;

"(g) By demanding a high standard on all occasions and never resting content with what he 'takes over,' be it on the battle-field or in billets. Everything is capable of improvement, from information on the battle-field down to latrines and washing places in billets.

"(h) By being blood-thirsty, and ever thinking how to kill the enemy, and helping his men to do so."

The platoon commander should be the proudest man in the Army. He is commander of *the* unit in the attack. He is the only commander who can know intimately the character and capabilities of each man under him.

He can, if he is so disposed, establish an *esprit de platoon* which will be hard to equal in any other formation.

NOTRE DAME AND THE GOTHIC GENIUS

By Auguste Rodin

The following passage is a leaf from the note-book of the great sculptor which is incorporated in "Rodin: The Man and His Art" (The Century Co., $5.00). This volume, edited by Judith Cladel, includes a study of the artist's life by Miss Cladel, quotations from his Note-Books expressing his theories of art, and more than 50 illustrations of his work:

Notre Dame—Notre Dame de Paris—more splendid than ever in the half-light of this winter day.

The Gothic sphinx rises before me. The strength of its beauty overwhelms me.

It exalts me. My spirit makes the ascent of this sculptured mountain. What power in these motionless stones to create the sense of movement in the mind! What makes this possible? The mason of genius; the science of oppositions. That whole effect of power—he has put it in the thickness of the foundations, the enormous walls, the buttresses. They are as formidable as the tiers of a dike, as a breakwater planted in the sea. One would say that this church was built to combat the forces of nature: the temple of peace and love has the air of a fortress.

One's spirit is weighed down by the bareness of the stone, but stirred by the height of the structure and the towers; the hard material has become humanized; the genius of man is at play there amid the lacework of stone. He has placed there angels, saints, animals, fruits, flowers, all the gifts of the seasons; it is life in its entirety such as the Creator in His infinite munificence has bestowed upon him. The Gothic artist knows that paradise is on earth; he has no need to invent another.

Let us enter. I am plunged into night, a living night in which I do not know what mysteries are being enacted—the cruel mysteries of the ancient religions? There are shimmering rays from the long windows, the rose windows.

My eyes grow accustomed to this populous obscurity. There is a world about me, a world of columns. It seems terrible, it *is* terrible because of its power, but this power has its *raison d'être.* It seems frightening to me but it is only necessary. It is distributed power; therefore it is beneficent. It holds the vault in the air, the prodigious weight of stone that it maintains aloft, above my head, as lightly as the canvas of a tent. Marvel of equilibrium, calculation of the intelligence, how is it possible not to adore you? It is you that one comes here to worship under the name of God.

In a Picture by Rembrandt

The darkness grows lighter; it becomes chiaroscuro. We are in a picture by Rembrandt, that great Gothic of the sixteenth century. The forest of pillars divides the nave into spaces of shadow and light. It is the order of nature which knows nothing of disorder. This I rediscover with joy: the eye does not love chaos.

I familiarize myself with the people of the columns. I recognize them: they are Romans. It is the Roman, the Romance, hardly altered, that comes to receive the Gothic arch. The immense nave which I thought a forest full of hidden dangers I see, I understand, I read like a sacred book. The mystery is not that of cruelty; it is only that of beauty. It grows lighter gradually in order to allow the spirit to approach slowly the joy of a perfect interior. This solemnity of the nave, this immense void, is like the bed of a great river; the columns range themselves respectfully on each side in order to give free passage to the flood of human piety. It flows like a majestic river; it bears onward toward the tabernacle, about which it spreads itself like a lake of love under the rays of the thought of God. Amid the stones the architect has known how to play the part of the apostle: he has created faith. Art and religion are the same thing; they are love.

AUGUSTE RODIN
From "Rodin: The Man and His Art"

PROCESSIONARY CATERPILLARS

By Jean Henri Fabre

This great scientist with the simple-hearted love of the out-of-doors has written "The Story-Book of Science" (The Century Co., $2.00), with a simplicity which will endear him to youthful readers and a charm of style which will attract their elders:

"When they are out on a campaign, be it on the tree that bears the nest, or on the ground passing from one pine to another, certain caterpillars march in singular fashion, which has given them the name of processionaries because, in fact, they defile in a procession, one after the other, and in the finest order.

"One, the first one—for amongst them there is perfect equality—starts on the way and serves as head of the expedition. A second follows, without a space between; a third follows the second in the same way; and always thus, as many as there are caterpillars on the nest. The procession, numbering several hundreds, is now on the march. It defiles in one line, sometimes straight, sometimes winding, but always continuous, for each caterpillar that follows touches with its head the rear end of the preceding caterpillar. The procession describes on the ground a long and pleasing garland, which undulates to the right and left with unceasing variation. When several nests are near together and their processions happen to meet, the spectacle attains its highest interest. Then the different living garlands cross each other, get entangled and disentangled, knotted up and unknotted, forming the most capricious figures. The encounter does not lead to confusion. All the caterpillars of the same file march with a uniform and almost grave step; not one hastens to get before the others, not one remains behind, not one makes a mistake in the procession. Each one keeps its rank and scrupulously regulates its march by the one that precedes it. The file-leader of the troop directs the evolutions. When it turns to the right, all the caterpillars of the same line, one after the other, turn to the right; when it turns to the left, all, one after the other, turn to the left. If it stops, the whole procession stops, but not simultaneously; the second caterpillar first, then the third, fourth, fifth, and so on until the last. They would be called well-trained troops that, when defiling in order, stop at the word of command and close their ranks.

"They have gone far away from their nest. It is time to go home. How can they find it, through the grass and underbrush, and over all the obstacles of the road they have just traveled? Processionary caterpillars have for their guidance in traveling something better than sight or smell. They have instinct, which inspires them with infallible resources. Without taking account of what they do, they call to their service means that seem dictated by reason. They obey the secret impulse of the eternal Reason, in whom and through whom all live.

A Road of Silk

"Now, this is what the processionary caterpillars do in order not to lose their way home again after a distant expedition. They spread on their road a carpet of silk, they walk on nothing but silk. They spin continually on the journey and glue their silk all along the road. In fact, each caterpillar of the procession can be seen lowering and raising its head alternately. In the first movement, the spinneret, situated in the lower lip, glues the thread to the road that the procession is following; in the second, the spinneret lets the thread run out while the caterpillar is taking several steps. Then the head is lowered and lifted again, and a second length of thread is put in place. Each caterpillar that follows walks on the thread left by the preceding one and adds its own thread to the silk, so that in all its length the road passed over is carpeted with a silky ribbon. It is by following this ribbon conductor that the processionaries get back to their home without ever losing their way, however tortuous the road may be.

"If one wishes to embarrass the procession, it suffices to pass the finger over the track so as to cut the silk road.

"When you touch their nests, the dust of the hairs sticks to your hands and face, and causes an inflammation that lasts several days if the skin is delicate. One has only to stand at the foot of an oak where the processionaries have established themselves, to receive the irritating dust blown by the wind, and to feel a smart and itching."

"What a pity the processionaries have those detestable hairs!" Jules exclaimed. "If they hadn't—"

"If they hadn't, Jules would much like to see the caterpillars' procession. Never mind; after all, the danger is not so great. And then, if one had to scratch one's self a little, it would not be a serious matter. Besides, we will turn our attention to the processionary of the pine, less to be feared than that of the oak. At the warmest part of the day we will go and look for a caterpillars' nest in the pine wood; but Jules and I will go alone. It would be too hot for Emile and Claire."

From Holworthy Hall's "Dormie One: and Other Golf Stories"
Drawing by Wallace Morgan

STELLA: BUSINESS WOMAN

By Phyllis Bottome

The heroine of Phyllis Bottome's latest novel, "The Second Fiddle" (The Century Co., $1.35), did not remain a business woman, but she started out as a very successful one. Those who believe that a woman's place is solely at home may wish that women in the home possess some of the qualities of Stella:

Mr. Leslie Travers had never intended to have a woman secretary. Miss Waring had appeared on a busy morning with excellent testimonials and a quiet manner. He told her a little shortly that he did not want a woman in his office. Her fine, humorous eyebrows moved upward, and her speculative gray eyes rested curiously upon his irritable brown ones.

"But I am a worker," she said gently. "If I can do your work, it is my own business whether I am a man or a woman. You shall not notice it."

Mr. Travers felt confused for a moment as if he had been impertinent. He stared, cleared his throat, read her testimonials, and temporarily engaged her. That was two years ago.

Miss Waring had kept her promise; she was a worker and not a woman. She took pleasure in keeping her wits about her, and Mr. Travers used them as if they were his own. Sometimes he thought they were. She reduced his work by one-half. Her initiative matched her judgment.

It did not occur to Mr. Travers to praise her for this most unusual quality, but he paid her the finest tribute of an efficient worker; he gave her more to do. He woke up to that fact when she tentatively asked him if he could make it convenient for her to leave at five.

"Five," he said, "is your hour for leaving this office. Of course you may go then. You ought always to do so."

A vague smile hovered about Stella's lips; she looked at him consideringly for a moment. Then she drew her secretarial manner like a veil over her face.

Stella went through the outer office on wings. They were all her friends there; her smile soothed their feelings, and in her eyes reigned always that other Stella who lived behind her wits, a gay, serene, and friendly Stella, who did not know that she was a lady and never forgot that she was a human being.

Theoretically there is nothing but business in a business office, but practically in every smallest detail there is the pressure of personal influence. What gets done or, even more noticeably, what is left undone, is poised upon an inadmissible principle, the desire to please.

The office watched Stella, tested her, judged her, and once and for all made up its mind to please her.

Stella knew nothing at all about this probation. She knew only all about the office boy's mother, and where the girl typists spent their holidays, and when, if all went well, Mr. Belk would be able to marry his young lady. Mistakes and panic, telegrams and telephones, slipped into her hands, and were unraveled with the rapidity with which silk yields to expert fingers. She always made the stupidest clerk feel that mistakes might happen to any one, even while she was making him see how to avoid them in future. She had the touch which takes the sting from small personal defeats. She always saw the person first and the defeat afterward.

RODIN'S ATELIER
From "Rodin: The Man and His Art"

THE DECEMBER CENTURY

The December CENTURY will open with the two color frontispiece of "A Country Christmas" from a painting by George Wright. The text of this picture will be written by Grant Showerman. It is called "A Country Christmas" and tells, in the third person, the story of the last day at school, with "pieces" to be said and a present given to the teacher, and the gifts found for each small boy on the Christmas tree at Sunday School. Those CENTURY readers who were fortunate enough to be country-born and bred American children will read with reminiscent pleasure Mr. Showerman's "A Country Christmas." And those who never experienced these good times will lay the story down with the feeling of having lost something they can never attain.

The Glory Girl

Ruth Comfort Mitchell, through the editing of the letters to his mother of a young aristocrat in evening dress, will tell how he effectually put an end to one yellow-haired orphan girl's tears, "watering a green oasis of righteousness in the desert of the world's wickedness." "The Glory Girl" will appear in the December CENTURY.

"The facts of life change and falsify and pass utterly away but the Truth is Poetry and shall prevail." So speaks Brian Hooker, who in the December CENTURY will fortify his statement with pungent arguments in "The Practical Use of Poetry."

In "Solemn Looking Blokes" Stacy Aumonier will tell of the impression created upon the crowds when the first American troops marched through the London streets.

"I picked it up this morning—my *diary en campagne,* from a dusty heap of papers, a little ugly, squarish, black-stained book, scrawled through with fading inkings." In the December CENTURY excerpts from Emory Pottle's notebooks at the front will be given under the title "Christmas at Pont-a-Mousson." It will describe the sad experiences of days spent on the battle-field.

Edward Alsworth Ross, author of "The Changing Chinese," "Changing America," etc., has been in Russia, watching the transforming power of democracy at work in that authority-ridden land. The result of some of his observations will be found in an article in the December CENTURY entitled "The Overthrow of the Russian Autocracy." Of interest also to newly awakened students of Russian life and character will be Francis Haffkine Snow's article, "The Seasons in Russian Landscape."

In the second instalment of Alice Duer Miller's "The Happiest Time of Their Lives," young Pete and Matilde will face an acute problem for each, and the older members of the families will share in their distress. Mrs. Miller's analysis of human frailties as they govern human actions is keen and unsparing.

The artist may be born, but, unless he is to starve, he must also be made. In "Spanish Pride," William Caine will tell in the December CENTURY of how Luiz Mendoza, still under twenty, was made by good-fortune and his own inherent kindliness.

Frederick Lewis Allen, in the December CENTURY, will write of "The Forty-Eight Defenders" which he will illustrate with map and charts; poems will be contributed by Walter Prichard Eaton and Will Thompson, and among the contributors to "In Lighter Vein" will be Lawrence Housman, Lawton Mackall and William Rose Benét.

ST. NICHOLAS FOR DECEMBER

The Christmas issue of ST. NICHOLAS will contain several stories, poems, and pictures appropriate to the season. "The Man Who Didn't Believe in Christmas" is an imaginative play to be contributed by Mary Austin in which immortal spirits, Captain Kidd, Dare Devil Dick, Red Riding Hood, and others—convert the father of a very lovely little boy from his refusal to recognize Santa Claus and the Christmas spirit. Grace Humphrey will write on "The Municipal Christmas Tree."

The second instalments of the new serials, "Lost Island," by Ralph Henry Barbour and H. P. Holt, and "Cinderella's Granddaughter," by Beth B. Gilchrist, will be welcomed by all ST. NICHOLAS readers. Miss Gilchrist and Mr. Barbour are both well tried favorites among young people and a new book or story by either is welcomed as a sure pleasure.

The "Hero of To-day" for the December ST. NICHOLAS will be Bishop Rowe, the story of whose life will be entitled "The Shepherd of a Great Country." Miss Parkman's biographies of great men and women have been gathered into two books and those who have enjoyed reading them month by month will be glad to have in permanent form on their shelves the "Heroes of Today" and the "Heroines of Service" (The Century Co., $1.35 each).

Among the stories in the December ST. NICHOLAS will appear Helen E. Richard's "The Davenport Recital," the story of how the war-conscience awoke one family to a realization of how far they had drifted from the Christmas spirit, and their radical departure from extravagant entertainment; and "The Unwelcome Gift," an old-fashioned but original fairy story. This is Julia H. Burket's first contribution to ST. NICHOLAS and her debut as a story writer. The ST. NICHOLAS editors hope it will not be her last.

From the December ST. NICHOLAS

The usual departments will hold their customary quota of exceptionally interesting material. "For Country and for Liberty" will be edited by Robert F. Wilson; "The Watch Tower" will appear under the supervision of Edward N. Teall, who will continue that interesting survey of current events which Dr. S. E. Forman has so ably carried on during the past year. The issue will close with the sections devoted to "Very Little Folk," "The St. Nicholas League," "The Letter Box," etc., etc.

BOOKS AND THEIR MAKERS

Eric Fisher Wood tells in his new book, "The Note-Book of An Intelligence Officer," an amusing report which came recently into the hands of the British Intelligence Department which stated that, "The Americans are difficult people to argue with. For instance, if you call one of them a liar, he knocks you down with his clenched fist, instead of discussing the matter calmly, as any other civilized person would."

Even the creator of *Hedda, Tess,* and *Becky Sharp* is sometimes rebuked. Alexander Woollcott, in "Mrs. Fiske, Her Views on Acting, Actors, and the Problems of Production," just published by The Century Co., tells of standing with her on the theater steps one sleety night when a lumbering driver tried to kick to its feet a horse that had fallen between the shafts. From the curb the voice of *Becky Sharp* made protest. The driver desisted, and gravely studied her from a distance. Then he spoke. "Mind your own business, —— lady," he said, and at this baffling blend of manners, actress and critic laughed their way home.

Florence Partello Stuart, whose new book, "Piang, the Moro Jungle Boy," was recently published by The Century Co., gives the following interesting account of the origin of her story: "Piang is a real boy. Dato Kali Pandapatan is a real Moro chief. The Moro is not a Filipino. When I returned from my life among the natives of the lower Philippines, I was appalled to find that America was not only ignorant of, but entirely indifferent to, our colonies across the seas. The general impression seemed to be that Manila was a delightful Spanish city, and that Manila was the Philippines. That there are several thousand little islands in the Philippine group, each harboring its distinct tribe, each with its own dialect and religion, was entirely unknown. Impressed by the nobility of the Moro in contrast to the other tribes of the archipelago, by his unfortunate treatment and his possibilities for development, I found myself taking up his cause."

An illustration from Frank Lillie Pollock's "Wilderness Honey"

Joseph B. Ames's new book, "Under Boy Scout Colors," has been approved by the American Boy Scout Organization of America. Mr. Ames has been scout master and scout commissioner in Morristown, N. J. A good many of the characters in his book were taken practically from life; several were in his own troop. "Elkhorn Cabin," which plays so large a part in "Under Boy Scout Colors," is a reality, having been built upon his own place. This year, Mr. Ames states, there has been little time for their customary tennis, swimming, and fishing, the boys' activities having been devoted to farming and gardening.

"Captains Courageous," the only American story ever written by the great Anglo-Indian writer, Rudyard Kipling, has gone into a twenty-seventh edition.

George M. Cohan is now working on a dramatization of Gelett Burgess's new book, "Mrs. Hope's Husband." No one before, probably, has ever thought of the "husband of a celebrity" as being a romantic figure, perhaps because the husbands of celebrated writers, actresses, etc. so seldom make any effort to escape from their eclipse. The hero of Mr. Burgess's story, however, recovers his lost personality and ends as the dominant member of the pair.

T. Morris Longstreth, author of "The Adirondacks," just published by The Century Co., has the highest words of praise for the State Conservation Commission. "The work they are doing," he writes to the publishers, "is melodious in a nature-lover's ears. They are reforesting burnt lands, restocking fished waters, stopping the illegal murder of the deer (that swarm) and the other animals that soon will, I hope. They allow you, for nothing, every privilege that a camper could ask. It is a task to keep three million acres of timber from burning or being stolen, but they are doing it. The Adirondack State roads are permanent marvels. And all this has been accomplished under great legislative handicaps."

Concord, Mass., is still a chosen dwelling-place for literary people. One of these is Allen French, whose latest book for boys, "The Golden Eagle," has just been published by The Century Co. Mr. French reports that he is a sergeant in the Concord "Minute Men," now an enrolled company of the Massachusetts State Guard, and also a member of the Concord Committee of Public Safety.

"Living is doing," said Clara Barton; "even while we say there is nothing we can do, we stumble over the opportunities for service that we are passing by in our tear-blinded self pity." The life story of this brave woman who was present on sixteen battlefields of the Civil War, is one of those included by Mary R. Parkman in her "Heroines of Service," which The Century Co. has just published.

"In the retrospect of future historians," writes David Jayne Hill, in his new book, "The Rebuilding of Europe," "the year 1914 may have a place not less important than the year 1453, which has been accepted as marking the dividing line between medieval and modern history. The fall of Constantinople and the establishment of the Ottoman Turks in Europe revealed the insufficiency of the bond that had held Christendom together. In like manner the present European War reveals the inadequacy of purely national conceptions for the complete organization of mankind; for as Christendom failed to unite the whole world by faith, so civilization has failed to maintain itself by a mere balance of forces."

NOTABLE NEW BOOKS

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TRAMPING THROUGH MEXICO, GUATEMALA, AND HONDURAS. By Harry A. Franck, author of "A Vagabond Journey Around the World", etc. 88 photographs. 8vo, 284 pages. Price $2.00.

UNDER BOY SCOUT COLORS. By Joseph B. Ames. A story written under the special auspices of the American Boy Scout Organization. 12mo, 400 pages. Price $1.35.

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(See inside of front cover)

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By Julian Street

Illustrated by **Wallace Morgan**

(*Who together produced "Abroad at Home"*)

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(*Continued on inside of back cover*)

THE
CENTURION
DECEMBER, 1917

AT HARPERS FERRY

By Julian Street

Julian Street, author, and Wallace Morgan, artist, who were responsible for "Abroad at Home," have produced another engaging book of American travel. It is called "American Adventures" (The Century Co., $3.50), and is the record of a two years' ramble through the South, the most picturesque part of our country. Mr. Street's writing is as racy, observant, and humorous as ever; and Mr. Morgan's drawings are inimitable. Here is a sample of the book:

Three States meet at Harpers Ferry, and the line dividing two of them is indicated where it crosses the station platform. If you alight at the rear end of the train, you are in Maryland; at the front, you are in West Virginia. This I like. I have always liked important but invisible boundaries — boundaries of states, or better yet, of countries. When I cross them I am disposed to step high, as though not to trip upon them, and then to pause with one foot in one land and one in another, trying to feel the division running through my body.

" 'RAILROAD TICKET!' SAID THE BAGGAGEMAN WITH EXAGGERATED PATIENCE"
One of Wallace Morgan's illustrations in "American Adventures"

Harpers Ferry is an entrancing old town; a drowsy place, piled up beautifully, yet carelessly, upon terraced roads clinging to steep hills, which slope on one side to the Potomac, on the other to the Shenandoah, and come to a point, like the prow of a great ship, at the confluence of the two.

There is something foreign in the appearance of the town. Many times, as I looked at old stone houses, a story or two high on one side, three or four stories on the other, seeming to set their claws into the cliffs and cling there for dear life, I thought of houses in Capri and Amalfi, and in some towns in France; and again there were low cottages built of blocks of shale covered with a thin veneer of white plaster showing the outlines of the stones beneath, which, squatting down amid their trees and flowers, resembled peasant cottages in Normandy or Brittany, or in Ireland.

It is a town in which to ramble for an hour, uphill and down and around; stopping now to delight in an old tumble-down stone wall, tied together with Kenilworth ivy; now to watch a woman making apple butter in a great iron pot; now to see an old negro clamber slowly into his rickety wagon, take up the rope reins, and start his skinny horse with the surprising words: "Come hither!"; now to look at an old tangled garden, terraced rudely up a hillside; now to read the sign on a telegraph pole in the village, bearing the frank threat: "If you Hitch your Horses here they will be Turned Loose." Now you will come upon a terraced road, at one side of which stands an old house draped over the rocks in such a way as to provide entrance from the ground level, on any one of three stories; or an unexpected view down a steep roadway, or over ancient moss-grown housetops to where, as an old book I found there puts it, "between two ramparts, in a gorge of savage grandeur, the lordly Potomac takes in his embrace the beautiful Shenandoah."

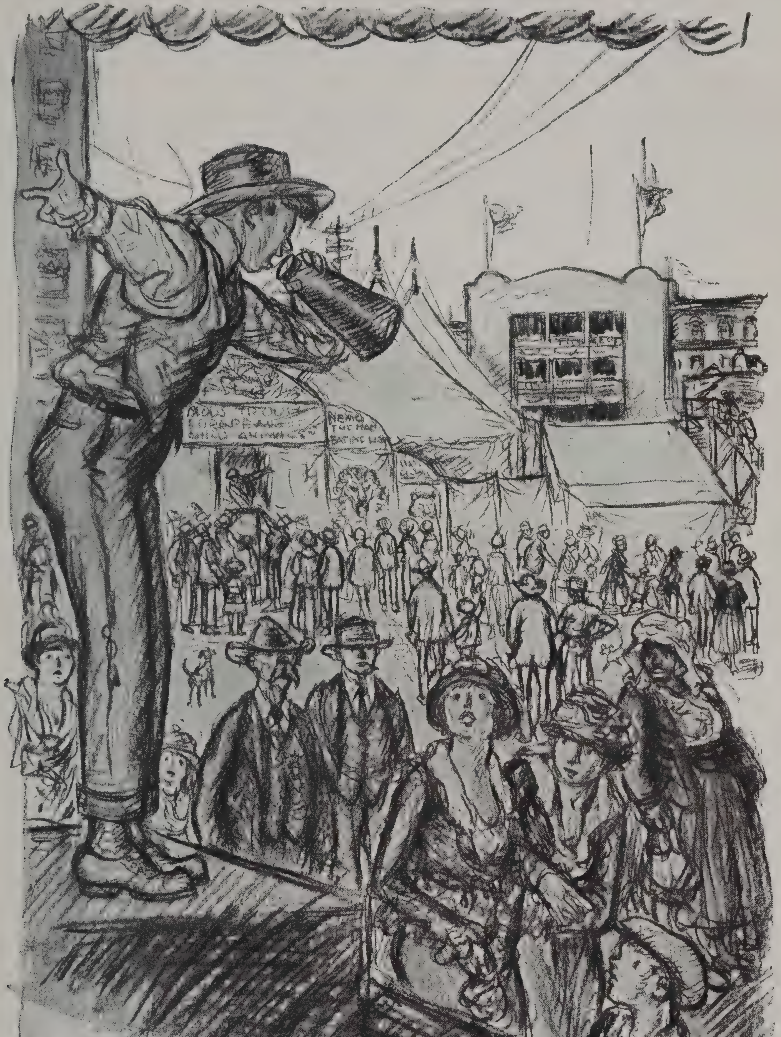
Before the days of the Society for the Suppression of Vice, and of the late Anthony Comstock, when we had no one to make it clear to us exactly what was shocking, little was thought of the public scandal between the Potomac and the Shenandoah. Thomas Jefferson seems to have admired it, and there is a point above the town, known as Jefferson's Rock, at which, it is said, the author of the Declaration of Independence stood and uttered a sentiment about the spectacle which lay before him. Everybody in Harpers Ferry agrees that Jefferson stood at Jefferson's Rock and said something appropriate, and they will all tell you what he said, but what each one tells you will be different.

A beautiful young lady told me what he said: "This view is worth a trip across the Atlantic Ocean."

A young man in a blue felt hat of the fried-egg variety declared that Jefferson said: "This is the grandest view I ever seen."

An old man who had to go through the tobacco chewer's preconversational rite before replying to my question, gave it as: "Pfst!—They ain't nothin' in Europe ner Switzerland ner nowheres else, I reckon, to beat this-here scenery."

The man at the drug store quoted differently, alleging the saying to have been: "Europe has nothing on this"; whereas the livery stable man's version was: "This has that famous German river—the Rhine River, don't they call it?—skinned to death."



"IT WAS A VERY JOLLY FAIR"
One of Wallace Morgan's illustrations in "American Adventures"

IN LITERARY SOUTH AMERICA

By Harry A. Franck

"There are stupid books of travel," says the "Louisville Evening Post," "but none has ever borne the name of Franck. This new volume is big—in appearance almost homelike—but not a dull page do we find in the whole six hundred and forty. It is delightful." The book in question is "Vagabonding Down the Andes" (The Century Co., $4.00), Mr. Franck's record of a four years' tramp through South America, of which the following is a characteristic passage:

There are curious local customs in Bogotá. Her small shops, for example, have a system of signs intelligible only to the initiated. A red flag announces meat for sale; a red flag with a yellow star, meat and bones; a white flag, milk; a green one, vegetables and grains. A cabbage or a lettuce-head thrust forth on the end of a stick marks the entrance to a cheap restaurant; a tuft of faded flowers, a chiceria. The bogotano sees nothing incongruous in a building that announces itself a "Primary School" above and an "American Bar" below. On weeks days the pedestrian slinks through many of the chief residential streets apparently unseen; on a gala Sunday afternoon the same stroll is to run an unbroken gauntlet of feminine eyes. For then the señoritas who are seen, if at all, during the week, hurrying to mass all but concealed in their mantos, don their most resplendent garb and, with cushions under their plump elbows, lean in their window embrazures ogling and being ogled through the iron *rejas.*

THE UNDERTAKER'S DELIVERY BOY
From "Vagabonding Down the Andes"

A native of Medellin, where envy of the capital and her self-seeking politicians is rife, had assured us as far away as Panama:

"All they do in Bogotá is study and steal."

We had only to glance out our windows to find basis for the first part of the assertion. The plaza below was always alive with students from the local institutions of higher learning for males marching slowly back and forth conning the day's lessons. The fireless houses are cold and dungeon-like, particularly in the

LIEUTENANT HARRY A. FRANCK
Correcting proofs under difficulties

morning, and the city long ago formed the habit of studying afoot. The racial dislike of solitude and the eagerness to be seen and recognized by their fellows as devotees of learning may also have some part in a practice that many a bogotano continues through life. It is a commonplace to pass in almost any street men even past middle age strolling along with an open book in one hand and the inevitable silver-headed cane in the other.

Literary Bogotá

In colonial times Bogotá won the reputation, if not the actual position, of "literary capital of South America." Her speech is still the best Castilian of America, with little of that slovenliness of pronunciation so general from the Rio Grande southward. To this day the city has a considerable intellectual life, wider perhaps than it is deep. "Everyone" writes. He is a rare public man who has not published at least a handful of "versos" in his youth. Poets, writers, painters, and musical composers are more numerous than in many a far larger center of civilization. The placid isolation of life in Bogotá, almost completely severed from the feverish distractions of the modern world, makes this natural. There is nothing else to do. Then, too, lack of opportunity to compare their work with that of a wider world no doubt gives the "literatos" of Bogotá a self-complacency that might otherwise be slighter. The cheap local printing-presses pour out a constant flood of five-cent volumes of the local "poets," those same "cachacos" and "filipichines" in frock-tailed coats who lean with such Parisian grace on their canes at the principal street corners. The youth who sees his smudged likeness appear on the tissue-paper cover of the weekly pamphlet seethes with ill-suppressed joy at his entrance into the glorious, if crowded, ranks of the "intelectuales."

HOW TO KEEP WELL IN WINTER

By Dr. Henry Dwight Chapin

Dr. Henry Dwight Chapin, celebrated New York physician and Professor of Medicine, has written, in "Health First" (The Century Co., $1.50), a wise, persuasive, and popular work on the art of keeping well. Here is a characteristic passage, of timely appeal:

It must be remembered that cold has a depressing as well as a stimulating effect, depending largely upon the age and physical condition of the individual person. January, February and March show the highest mortality of the year, with the last-named month usually in the lead. It is particularly the old and feeble who succumb at this period. Extra care must, therefore, be given during these months to those whose vitality is low. It is always the extreme of temperature, either summer heat or winter cold, that lowers the resistance of the body. Winter seasons that are accompanied by cold rains and a heavy snowfall tend to increase sickness, and epidemics of grippe and pneumonia abound.

All people should avoid undue exposure, such as leaving off overcoats or heavy wraps in very cold weather and not protecting the feet. Proper underwear is very important in the effort to maintain the surface of the body at an even temperature. It may consist of wool and cotton, linen mesh, or silk, according to the experience or occupation of the individual. It is a mistake to be too warmly clad in the house, and it is not wise to wear heavy sweaters while at work or exercise indoors. One easily becomes overheated in this way and is apt to catch cold on going out.

The costumes of women and girls in winter is often especially faulty. With the back of the neck protected by heavy fur, and the front of the waist wide open so that the chest is exposed to cold winds, they finish by wearing thin paper-soled shoes that leave the feet unprotected and chilly. It would be hard to improve on such a costume as far as danger of respiratory diseases is concerned.

The rooms of our houses are often overheated in winter. Whatever the temperature desired, it should be kept as constant as possible. Varying temperatures are hard to resist. An average day temperature from sixty-eight to seventy degrees Fahrenheit, with plenty of good ventilation, will afford the best results in health. Occasionally old or feeble people require more warmth, and seventy-two to seventy-four degrees may then do better, but there must always be free admission of fresh air.

Where a number of persons are confined in a closed, unventilated space, the vitality is depressed, appetite and digestion suffer, and a heavy, drowsy feeling is experienced. This was formerly supposed to be due to the extra amount of carbon dioxide gas that is constantly expelled from the lungs of every individual in the room. It is not the chemical ingredients of the air, such as diminished oxygen and increased carbon dioxide, that are injurious, but the warmth and water vapor that interferes with healthy activity of the skin. By letting in fresh air, the moist, stagnant, depressing air is quickly renovated and the accompanying disability disappears.

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO PAUL SMITH

By T. Morris Longstreth

Books in plenty have been written about the Yosemite, the Yellowstone, and our other great national parks, but "The Adirondacks" (The Century Co., $2.50), by T. Morris Longstreth, is the first to appear on perhaps the most romantic and interesting of them all. Mr. Longstreth's book is all things to all men—a guide book, a history, a personal narrative, and a popular account of Adirondack life in all its phases. And it is equipped with maps and delightfully illustrated. Here is an account of perhaps the most famous of all the characters associated with that unique territory:

When Paul Smith died in 1912, he left an estate of 25,000 acres, which included ten lakes, a hotel, a casino, and outlying cottages and camps, beside much money in the bank. When he started life on the St. Regis in 1859, he had a good physique, a parent or so to help, and nothing else. Paul Smith, therefore, did his best to preserve the American tradition of the self-made millionaire. There were several reasons why he did not reach the White House and several more why he cannot ever be called great. But his reputation will be long fading away.

Paul Smith corresponded roughly to the popular conception of a British innkeeper, old style. He was large of build, ate largely, drank, but not too copiously, joked, but not too grossly. His humor apparently spared neither servant nor guest, yet it could not have offended, for from the first his boarding-house grew steadily. Like an English squire he would carve the roast and then go out (as no Englishman below a lord could ever do) and shoot the next meal from his porch.

T. MORRIS LONGSTRETH
Author of "The Adirondacks"

It is not difficult to see why he should have attracted a clientèle. He was an expert guide; his holdings ran with game; his wife saw to it that there was enough of the best to eat. It is difficult to see, however, why a man like that, easy-going, good-natured, not too hospitable to the uncompanionable virtues, should escape from being "done." Many a rich man formed the habit of going in to Paul Smith's for a little hunting. But nobody got the better of him in transactions. He took options on desirable lands before the capitalists were quite sure that they were desirable. He bought the water powers on the Saranac River before it was rated anything more than a stream to fish in. He gathered the leading guides about him, and his abilities over the learned and unlearned alike made him a trifle impatient with the world of books, arts and universities. I cannot believe, however, that it was so much smartness on the part of this indolent and joke-loving woodsman that made him, bit by bit, the most influential landholder in Franklin County. I believe that it was his faith in his own desires that earned him the reputation for farsightedness. Obedience to this faith was the gospel according to Paul Smith.

There is an inertia of content that sometimes moves one further along the road to success than will the most agile endeavors. Paul Smith sat still upon the acres that he had chosen for his heart's desire, his wife cooked appetizing meals, and the wealth of cities came to him and made him rich. He didn't sit with his eyes closed. But he sat, surrounded by the woods that he knew could not fail him, sure that some day his nature's craving for that sort of thing would be vindicated, world-style, by a bank account. His faith pulled through.

That is what I mean by the gospel of Paul Smith. It may not be so noble as the inspired frenzies of his neighbor, John Brown, or the courageous efforts of his boarder, Edward Livingston Trudeau. But there was a moment when the young fellow had to decide whether or not to cast his lot in with the wilderness he loved. There were many moments, doubtless, when these race instincts seemed opposed to commonsense. But he stood firm. And it takes a great man to stand by his instincts. Nearly everybody does take thought for the morrow.

TRADE AND THE WORLD'S FUTURE

By David Jayne Hill

David Jayne Hill, eminent jurist and former Ambassador to Germany, is everywhere regarded as one of the most distinguished of American publicists. Thoughtful readers, therefore, will make a point of reading "The Rebuilding of Europe" (The Century Co., $1.50), in which he analyzes the causes of the war and the probable trend of internationalism in the future. Here is a significant passage from Dr. Hill's book:

If there is to be a new Europe, it must not look for new forms of organization so much as for a new spirit of action. It must renounce altogether its evil heritage. It must reconstruct its theory of the state as an absolute autonomous entity. If the state continues to be a business corporation, as it probably in some sense will, then it must abandon the conception of sovereignty as an unlimited right to act in any way it pleases under the cover of national interests and necessity. It must consent to be governed by ethical principles. It must not demand something for nothing, it must not make its power the measure of its action, it must not put its interest above its obligations.

It may plead them, it may argue them, and it may use its business advantages justly to enforce them; but it may not threaten the life or appropriate the property of its neighbors or insist upon controlling them on its own terms. It may display its wares, proclaim their excellence, fix its own prices, buy and sell where it finds its advantage; but it must not bring to bear a machine-gun as a means of persuasion upon its rival across the street.

War and Trade Rivalry

No one can make a thorough and impartial inquiry into the causes of the present European conflict without perceiving that their roots run deep into the soil of trade rivalry. Beneath the apparent political antagonisms are the economic aspirations that have produced them. In the light of history we can no longer accept the doctrine that industrialism and commercialism by a process of natural evolution automatically supersede militarism. On the contrary, we perceive that militarism, on the one hand, and industry and commerce on the other, are at present partners rather than antagonists. They are different, but closely associated, activities of modern business policy as conducted by the state. If there were no economic questions involved, the conflict of nationalities could soon be ended. Modern wars are primarily trade wars. Modern armies and navies are not maintained for the purpose of ruthlessly taking human life or of covering rulers with glory. They are, on the one hand, armed guardians of economic advantages already possessed; and, on the other, agents of intended future depredation, gradually organized for purposes alleged to be innocent, and at what is esteemed the auspicious moment despatched upon their mission of aggression. International misunderstandings are readily adjusted where there is the will to adjust them; but against the deliberately formed policies of national business expansion—the reaching out for new territory, increased population, war indemnities, coaling stations, trade monopolies, control of markets, supplies of raw materials, and advantageous treaty privileges, to be procured under the shadow of the sword—there is no defense except the power to thwart or obstruct them by armed resistance.

DAVID JAYNE HILL
Author of "The Rebuilding of Europe"

HOW I THROW A FADE-AWAY

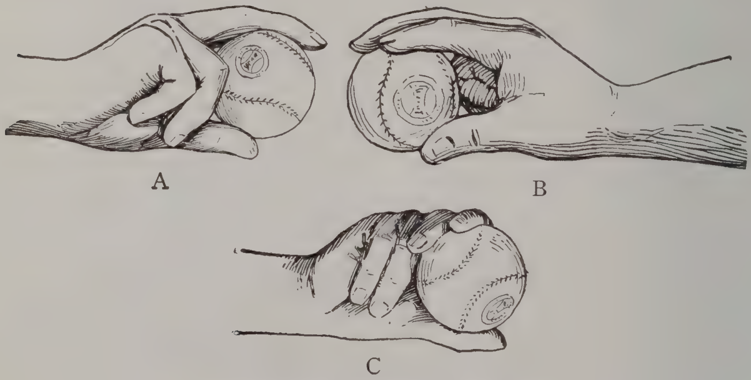
By Christy Mathewson

A book for every live American boy is "The Boys' Book of Sports" (The Century Co., $2.00), edited by Grantland Rice, the famous sports editor of "The New York Tribune." It is a perfect treasury of accurate, up-to-the-minute information about all out-of-door games and sports, each chapter being written by a leading player or expert. Here, for example, is the way Christy Mathewson describes one of his most celebrated plays:

Many persons have asked me how I throw the fade-away. The explanation is simple: when the out-curve is thrown, the ball is allowed to slip off the end of the thumb with a spinning motion that causes it to bend away from a right-handed batter. The hand is held up. Now, if the wrist were turned over and the hand held down, so that the ball would slip off the thumb with a twisting motion, but, because the wrist was reversed, would leave the hand with the thumb toward the body instead of away from it, I figured that an incurve to right-handed batters would result. That is how the fade-away is pitched. The hand is turned over until the palm is toward the ground instead of toward the sky, as when the out-curve is thrown, and the ball is permitted to twist off the thumb with a peculiar snap of the wrist. The ball is gripped in the same way as for an out-curve.

Two things make it a difficult ball to pitch, and the two things, likewise, make it hard to hit. First of all, the hand is turned in an unnatural position to control, or throw, a ball when the palm is toward the ground. Try to throw a ball with the hand held this way, and you will find it very difficult. Next, that peculiar snap to the wrist must be attained. The wrist is snapped away from the body instead of toward it, as in the throwing of an out-curve, and it is an unnatural motion to make. The secret of the curve really lies in this snap of the wrist.

Many times I have tried to teach other



THE CHRISTY MATHEWSON FADE-AWAY
From "The Boys' Book of Sports"

pitchers in the Big League—even men on opposing clubs—how to throw this ball, but none have ever mastered it. Ames, formerly of the Giants, can get it once in a while, but it is a ball which requires a great deal of practice. It is a hard ball to control, and unlimited patience must be used. If any boy desires to try it, let him practise for control first, and then try to make the curve bigger. Be sure to turn the hand with the palm toward the ground, and throw the ball by snapping the wrist from the body, which sends it spinning slowly up to the batter. It comes up "dead" and then drops and curves in.

RUPERT BROOKE: SOLDIER-POET

By Mary R. Parkman

Miss Mary R. Parkman has collected in book form her narratives of the lives of modern heroes—among them Hoover, Goethals, Grenfell, John Burroughs—who have fought their fight in the patient modern way. The book is called "Heroes of To-day" (The Century Co., $1.35). Notable among these delightful true tales of contemporary effort is the story of Rupert Brooke, the gallant soldier-poet of England, who died in 1915 on his way to Gallipoli:

They said of Rupert Brooke, "He is the ideal youth of England—of merry England!" He first saw the light of a summer day at Rugby, under the shadow of the ivy-covered turrets where that great friend of boys, Thomas Arnold, was headmaster in the days of Tom Brown. Rupert's father was assistant master at the school, and so the boy grew up on "The Close," where the happy haunts of many happy boys were the charmed playground of his earliest years, and the football field the ringing plain of his first dreams of glory and achievement. Going from Rugby to Cambridge, he soon won an enviable reputation as a man of parts and a poet of much promise. His keen, appreciative mind, his ready wit and personal charm, made him a favorite with the best men of the university . . .

Rupert Brooke was camping out that fateful August of 1914 in a place remote from newspapers with their rumors of war. He had been out sailing for four days, and on his return, as he stepped out on the beach, a telegram was put in his hands. "We're at war with Germany, England has joined France and Russia," it read.

England! England invaded! "I realized with a sudden tightening of the heart," he said, "that the earth of England was like a loved face, like a friend's honor—something holy."

Rupert Brooke, a sub-lieutenant of the Royal Naval Division, was one of that brave futile company of Englishmen that were hastily flung across the Channel to the defense of Antwerp.

When the forts crumbled before the bombardment the city was a place of terror and desolation. The hideous din of bursting shells, the crash of falling houses and shattering glass, mingled with the terrified cries of distracted fugitives. The young poet-soldier, marching in a night retreat under a black sky, lighted fitfully by the glare of burning villages, saw the pathetic multitude of helpless refugees hurrying eastward.

All through the trying weeks that followed in his training-camp in England, he carried with him the memory of those tragic days in Belgium. "I would not forget if I could," he said steadily. "Remembering is sharing." The hard monotony of the days became glorious. All his life was alight with the fervor of his love for his native land and his longing to serve her. There was room in his heart for but one thought—England! . . .

Rupert Brooke had learned to "see life steadily and see it whole." The five "1914 sonnets" have the wise simplicity, the deep feeling, and the large vision that belong to great poetry.

He never reached Gallipoli. On April 23, 1915, the day of St. Michael and St. George, he died, not in battle, but of illness on a French hospital-ship. Early in April he had suffered a sunstroke, but had apparently recovered. Then it was known that he was the victim of blood-poisoning. "Death loves a shining mark!" and "Whom the Gods love!" . . . The unspoken words gripped the hearts of his comrades with fear, yet it seemed unbelievable that this radiant young life should be snuffed out.

They buried him at night, carrying his body by torchlight to an olive grove on the isle of Scyros, a mile inland on the heights. "If you go there," writes Mr. Stephen Graham, "you will find a little wooden cross with just his name and the date of his birth and his death (1887-1915) marked in black." One who knew him said, "Let his just epitaph be: 'He went to war in the cause of peace and died without hate that love might live.'"

Better than any inscription or memorial, however, are the words of his own poem, *The Soldier,* in which his love for his country still lives. It echoes today in the hearts of many who, at their country's call, "go to war in the cause of peace:"

"And think, this heart, all evil shed away,
A pulse in the eternal mind, no less
Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England given;
Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as her day;
And laughter, learnt of friends; and gentleness,
In hearts at peace, under an English heaven."

The Century Co. announces the forthcoming publication of "D'Orcy's Airship Manual," by Ladislas D'Orcy, M. S. A. E. This work is said to be the result of a methodical investigation extending over a period of four years in the course of which many hundreds of English, French, Italian, German and Spanish publications and periodicals dealing with the present status as well as with the early history of airships have carefully been consulted and digested. The book contains a compendium of the elementary principles underlying the construction and operation of airships, together with an exhaustive international register of the world's airshipping which furnishes, whenever available, complete data for every airship of 500 cubic meters and over that has been laid down since 1834. Airships of smaller capacity are recorded only in cases where they embody special inventions that make them significant.

CHRISTMAS NIGHT IN THE QUARTERS

By Irwin Russell

"Had Irwin Russel been spared to letters," said Joel Chandler Harris, "all the rest of us would have taken back seats so far as the representation of life in the South is concerned." It was Russell who, in his famous dialect poems, first awakened the interest of the American reading public in the vast store of unwritten folklore to be found among the black people of the South. Hundreds of readers, therefore, will be delighted to know that his "Christmas Night in the Quarters and Other Poems" has just been issued in a new holiday edition (The Century Co., $2.50), with E. W. Kemble's inimitable pen-and-ink drawings. From the title-poem we select the following characteristic passage:

The rev'rend man is scarcely through,
When all the noise begins anew,
And with such force assaults the ears,
That through the din one hardly hears
Old fiddling Josey "sound his A"
Correct the pitch, begin to play,
Stop, satisfied, then, with the bow,
Rap out the signal dancers know:
Git yo' pardners, fust kwattilion!
Stomp yo' feet, an' raise 'em high;
Tune is: "Oh, dat water-million!
Gwine to git to home bime-bye."
S'lute yo' pardners!—scrape perlitely—
Don't be bumpin' gin de res'—
Balance all!—now, step out rightly;
Alluz dance yo' lebel bes'.
Fo'wa'd foah—whoop up, niggers!
Back ag'in—don't be so slow!—
Swing cornahs—min' de figgers!
When I hollers, den yo' go.
Top ladies cross ober!
Hol' on, till I takes a dram—
Gemmen solo!—yes, *I's* sober—

One of E. W. Kemble's illustrations in "Christmas Night in the Quarters"

Cain't say how de fiddle am.
Hands around!—hol' up yo' faces,
Don't be looking at yo' feet!
Swing yo' pardners to yo' places!
Dat's de way—dat's hard to beat.
Sides forw'd!—when you's ready—
Make a bow as low's you kin!
Swing acrost wid opp'site lady!
Now we'll let you swap ag'in;
Ladies change!—shet up dat talkin';
Do yo' talkin' arter while!
Right and lef'!—don't want no walkin'—
Make yo' steps, an' show yo' style! . . .
And so the "set" proceeds—its length
Determined by the dancers' strength;
And all agree to yield the palm
For grace and skill to Georgy Sam,
Who stamps so hard, and leaps so high,
"Des watch him!" is the wond'ring cry—

"De nigger mus' be, for a fac',
Own cousin to a jumpin'-jack!"
On, on, the restless fiddle sounds,
Still chorused by the curs and hounds;
Dance after dance succeeding fast,
Till supper is announced at last.
That scene—but why attempt to show it?
The most inventive modern poet,
In fine new words whose hope and trust
is,
Could form no phrase to do it justice!
When supper ends—that is not so soon—
The fiddle strikes the same old tune;
The dancers pound the floor again,
With all they have of might and main;
Old gossips, *almost* turning pale,
Attend Aunt Cassy's gruesome tale
Of conjurors, and ghosts, and devils,
That in the smoke-house hold their
revels;
Each drowsy baby droops his head,
Yet scorns the very thought of bed;
So wears the night, and wears so fast,
All wonder when they find it past.
And hear the signal sound to go
From what few cocks are left to crow.

"NO ROOM IN THE INN"

By Bruce Barton

"More Power to You" (The Century Co., $1.00) is a book of wise advice to the young people of America by the well-known editor of "Every Week." Mr. Barton believes in business, and most of his sayings are intended to help his readers "make good." But he points out that success may be attained at too high a price. Hear this:

Did you ever stop to think of the tragedy of the little hotel at Bethlehem in Palestine—the "inn"?

The parents of Jesus of Nazareth knocked at its doors, and could not come in. It might have sheltered the greatest event in the history of the world—and it lost the chance.

Why? Why was Jesus of Nazareth born in a stable? Because the people at the inn were vicious or hostile? Not at all. But the inn was full—every room was occupied by people who had money to pay and so must be served—it was full of Business.

There was "no room in the inn."

"Arnold's heart is broken," said one man to another recently; "his son is a failure and a fool."

"What can you expect?" the other answered. "Arnold has not given his boy a minute's time for ten years."

Arnold thinks he is a good father; he has often told his friends that he is working night and day in Business for his wife and boy.

As a matter of fact, his Business is working him. There is no room in his life for anything else. And his son is a fool.

"You had quite a taste for literature when you left college, didn't you?" I asked another man.

"Oh, yes," he answered sadly. "But I had to give all that up. A man can't be in Business and find room for anything else."

"I hear Simpson's wife has left him," I heard a third man say; and his companion replied:

"She got tired spending her evenings alone, probably. You know, Simpson always says Business comes first."

In a little village church-yard in England there is this inscription:

Here lies Peter Bacon, born a man and died a grocer.

Take care that it be not written over you, "Born a man and died a Business man." Make good, but do not sacrifice, in making good, the gifts of life that are best.

Take care to have time for something besides Business—for your family, for good books, for an occasional hour when you merely walk under the stars and think.

For in Bethlehem, two thousand years ago, there stood a little inn. And behold, it was so full of Business that the greatest event in the world knocked at its doors and could not come in.

The Century Co., now the exclusive American publishers of his work in book form, have just issued a second Louis Raemaekers volume, "Kultur in Cartoons." The Raemaekers cartoons are now famous the world over. Of the artist himself the London "Times" has said: "Louis Raemaekers is the only great genius who has been brought out by the war," while a German publicist has stated that he is "worth two Army Corps to the cause of the Allies." So great has been the influence of his work that the German authorities, by intrigue, succeeded in having Raemaekers charged in the Dutch courts with endangering the neutrality of Holland, a charge of which he was acquitted. They then set a price upon his head, and the Cologne "Gazette" in a leading article said: "After the war Germany will settle accounts with Holland, and for each calumny, for each cartoon of Raemaekers, she will demand payment with the interest that is due to her". As might be expected from this, he has received from England and France the highest honors in their gift. Great crowds thronged the galleries where in London his cartoons were exhibited for over three months. Later, on the occasion of his first visit to Paris, Raemaekers was presented with the Cross of the Legion of Honor and a reception was held in his honor at the Sorbonne, which is said to be the highest purely intellectual reward Europe can confer on any man. "Kultur in Cartoons," like the preceding volume, "Raemaekers' Cartoons," contains more than a hundred drawings printed in two colors, faced with descriptive matter by eminent writers and public men.

From Louis Raemaekers' "Kultur in Cartoons"

I ENTER THE WORLD OF BOOKS

By Maxim Gorky

"All of Gorky's seventeen previous books are but so many stepping-stones to this," the famous Russian critic Chukovsky says of the autobiography of the great novelist Maxim Gorky, the second volume of which, "In the World" (The Century Co., $2.00), has just been issued. It tells the story of Gorky's wanderings through Russia, his apprenticeship to life. In the following passage he describes what literature gradually came to mean to him:

Once more I read the thick books of Dumas *père,* Ponson de Terraille, Montepaine, Zakonier, Gaboriau, and Bourgobier. I devoured all these books quickly, one after the other, and I was happy. I felt myself to be part of a life which was out of the ordinary, which stirred me sweetly and aroused my courage. Once more I burned my improvised candle, and read all through the night till the morning, so that my eyes began to hurt me a little. The old mistress said to me kindly:

"Take care, bookworm. You will spoil your sight and grow blind!"

However, I soon realized that all these interestingly complicated books, despite all the different incidents, and the various countries and towns about which they were written, had one common theme: good people made unhappy and oppressed by bad people, the latter always more successful and clever than the good, but in the end something unexpected always overthrowing the wicked, and the good winning. The "love," of which both men and women spoke in the same terms, bored me. In fact, it was not only uninteresting to me, but it aroused a vague contempt.

Sometimes from the very first chapters I began to wonder who would win or who would be vanquished, and as soon as the course of the story became clear, I would set myself to unravel the skein of events by the aid of my own fancy. When I was not reading I was thinking of the books I had on hand, as one would think about the problems in an arithmetic. I became more skillful every day in guessing which of the characters would enter into the paradise of happiness and which would be utterly confounded.

FROM "PIANG, THE MORO JUNGLE BOY"

AT LETTIE'S
One of George Wright's illustrations in Grant Showerman's "A Country Child"

But through all this I saw the glimmer of living and, to me, significant truths, the outlines of another life, other standards.

It was clear to me that in Paris the cabmen, working men, soldiers, and all "black people" were not at all as they were in Nijni, Kazan, or Perm. They dared to speak to gentlefolk, and behaved toward them more simply and independently than our people. Here, for example, was a soldier quite unlike any I had known, unlike Sidorov, unlike the Viatskian on the boat, and still more unlike Ermokhin. He was more human than any of these. He had something of Smouri about him, but he was not so savage and coarse. Here was a shopkeeper, but he was much better than any of the shopkeepers I had known. And the priests in books were not like the priests I knew. They had more feeling, and seemed to enter more into the lives of their flocks. And in general it seemed to me that life abroad, as it appeared in books, was more interesting, easier, better than the life I knew. Abroad, people did not behave so brutally. They never jeered at other human creatures as cruelly as the Viatskian soldier had been jeered at, nor prayed to God as importunately as the old mistress did. What I noticed particularly was that when villains, misers and low characters were depicted in books, they did not show that incomprehensible cruelty, that inclination to jeer at humanity, with which I was acquainted, and which was often brought to my notice. There was method in the cruelty of these bookish villains. One could almost always understand why they were cruel; but the cruelty which I witnessed was aimless, senseless, an amusement from which no one expected to gain any advantage.

With every book that I read this dissimilarity between Russian life and that of other countries stood out more clearly, causing a perplexed feeling of irritation within me, strengthening my suspicion of the veracity of the old, well-read pages with their dirty "dogs'-ears."

"For certain slang expressions used by the Annapolis cadets," writes Julian Street in his new travel book, "American Adventures," "I am indebted to a member of the corps. From this admiral-to-be I learn that a 'bird' or 'wazzo' is a man or boy; that a 'pap sheet' is a report covering delinquencies, and that to 'hit the pap' is to be reported for delinquency; that 'steam' is marine engineering, and to be 'bilged for juice' is to fail in examinations in electrical engineering—to get an 'unsat,' or unsatisfactory mark, or even a 'zip' or 'swabo,' which is a zero. Cadets do not escort girls to dances, but 'drag' them; a girl is a 'drag,' and a 'heavy drag' or 'brick' is an unattractive girl who must be taken to a dance. A 'sleuth' or 'jimmylegs' is a night watchman, and to be 'ragged' is to be caught. . . . . Mess-hall waiters are sometimes called 'mokes,' while at other times the names of certain exalted dignitaries of the Navy Department or of the academy are applied to them."

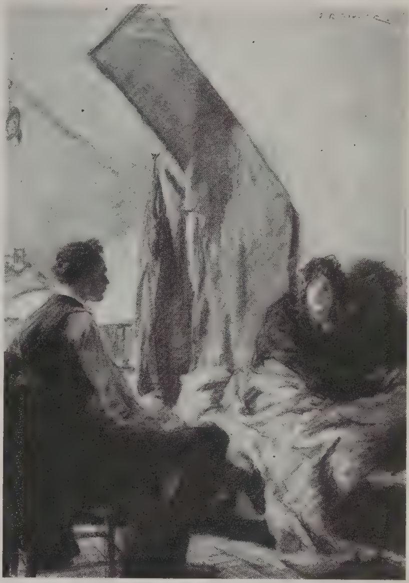
THE CENTURY FOR 1918

For many years it has been the custom of THE CENTURY to offer a detailed prospectus for the coming year. That was a workable plan in times other than these. We cannot do it this year. The war, affecting the entire world, has dominating influence over even a magazine prospectus—if the magazine is alive, if it is an interpreter of the day in its articles, fiction and art.

This is not to say that THE CENTURY has no plans; it has more magnificent plans than has been its good fortune to have in a number of years. But these consist chiefly in maneuvring its forces in position to capture the most significant and the most splendid of the magazine material of 1918.

Preparing for Peace

We believe—to paraphrase George Washington—that in times of war we should prepare for peace; that a magazine should be forward-looking. That is why Edward Alsworth Ross, the well-known sociologist and magazine writer, author of "The Old World in the New" and other books, is in Russia, via Siberia, for THE CENTURY today. His first article appears in the December issue. That is why Herbert Adams Gibbons, the best known of modern historians, is covering Western Europe for us, seeking out below-the-surface material which America should have. That is why Albert Jay Nock has just been all through the West to visualize the future through the eyes of that section, for it is more than likely that the land west of the Alleghenies will dictate our political future; and in the three words, Land, Liberty and Labor, lie the vexed problems growing out of this war. And this, again, is why we shall presently offer some rather startling papers on the question of the negro.



From the January CENTURY

Our Contributors in the Service

Among the actors in the present world-drama we are finding some of the best writers about it, and THE CENTURY is rather proud of the fact that so many of its best contributors are now in the service of Uncle Sam.

Harry A. Franck, now a lieutenant of cavalry somewhere in France, has never failed to keep a diary and, please Providence, it will not be many months before he will be free to give us a characteristic chronicle of his always unusual experiences.

Two of our contributors are in the

camouflage section. Another is captain of engineers. Another is a cadet officer on a merchant ship. All of which promises that we shall devote generous space to the human side of the war.

We announce a new serial of ultra-modern life by Alice Duer Miller entitled, "The Happiest Time of Their Lives." Publication has just begun.

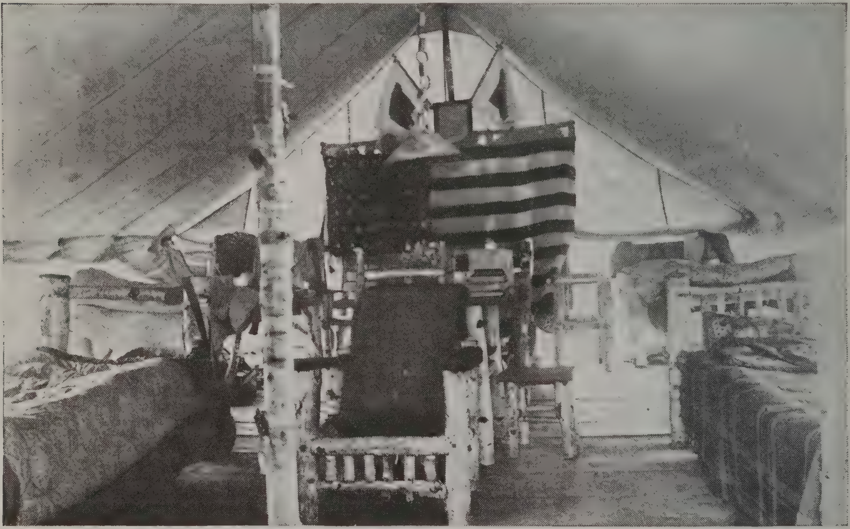
The brilliant young writer Rebecca West is contributing a two-part story entitled "The Return of the Soldier."

Some 1918 Fiction Writers

Some of the fiction writers who will contribute to THE CENTURY during 1918 are Phyllis Bottome, Anne Douglas Sedgwick, Hetty Hemenway, Frederick Stuart Greene, Fortier Jones, Willa Sibert Cather, Harvey J. O'Higgins, William Caine, Ruth Comfort Mitchell, Stacy Aumonier, and many others well-known to our readers during the past year.

THE CENTURY will maintain its high standard of modern illustration, not along hackneyed lines but presenting new men in novel techniques. Groups of pictures on subjects of vital interest from the best interpreters will appear monthly. Reproductions of masterpieces and important modern work in full color or by means of the wood-block or other processes will continue to be a feature. Articles on art and artists richly illustrated will appear from time to time.

But again: this is not a prospectus, it is not an itemized statement of just the stories, articles, and pictures coming; it is a guarantee of the quality and timeliness of the things that are sure to be in THE CENTURY in 1918.



A TENT FURNISHED BY YOUNG CAMPERS
From "The Boys' Camp Manual"

ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE NOTES

St. Nicholas has just entered upon the forty-fourth year of its remarkable success as recognized mentor and "chum" of American boys and girls. No other periodical has ever held quite the unique place in the affection of young readers that *St. Nicholas* won for itself long ago and has maintained for almost half a century. As a friendly parent of today, who was an ardent reader of *St. Nicholas* in his teens, and now shares his boys' appreciation of it, recently remarked: "The wonder is how the Saint can keep it up at the same old pace—or even better! But *St. Nicholas* long ago ranged itself right along-side of Santa Claus, who can never grow old either, so there you are! *Which of them was named after the other?*" The magazine is, in reality, as truly devoted to the cheer and happiness and welfare of boys and girls as is Santa Claus himself.

Its continued stories are sure to interest and enliven, with every page, and yet in theme and incident to be of sterling value in the molding of character. During the past year, for instance, the magazine has had the good fortune to print, as its leading serial, a story which, on publication in book form, has everywhere been acclaimed with the warmest praise by newspaper reviewers. "The New York Times" declared that it "will be read with pleasure by people who are small and young, while people who are larger and older also will read it with pleasure combined, if they have humor and sense, with profit." "The Evening Post" avers: "There is not a dull moment in it." And "The New York Tribune": "From first to last it simply throbs with warm-hearted human nature; and blithely ripples with irresistible humor; and is instinct with practical wisdom that the sagest philosopher might envy."

As for short stories and articles, "from grave to gay, from lively to severe":—biographical and historical sketches, both informative and inspiring; travel papers, written by well-known tourists or explorers, and illustrated with special photographs "taken on the spot"; reviews of sports and athletic events; records of great inventions or achievements in the scientific world, explained in simple language and with diagrams; stories of adventure; fanciful tales and legends; and a whole miscellany of delightful rhymes and jingles, of witty fun and frolic, and of mirth-provoking pictures as well as many masterpieces of art—the number of such features as these that the magazine continues to crowd into each and every volume is amazing and seems wellnight inexhaustible.

The two serials, "Lost Island," for boys, by Ralph Henry Barbour and H. P. Holt, and "Cinderella's Granddaughter", for girls, by Beth B. Gilchrist, have already been announced in these pages. Of no less interest, however, will be Albert Bigelow Paine's "Motoring Through the Golden Age."

Mr. Paine's "Boys' Life of Mark Twain", published originally as a yearlong serial in *St. Nicholas* in 1916, and a number of single contributions of earlier and later date, have won for him a high place among the special favorites of the magazine's readers. And this series of articles, tinged with poetry and romance and spiced with delightful humor, in its author's best vein, forms a set of travel papers of unusual quality and distinction. Moreover, they are written from the heart, out of a great love for France, and cannot fail to inspire a like reverence and affection in the boys and girls who are so fortunate as to read them month by month. A certain chapter traverses the very region of the Marne where the heroic soldiers of the French Republic have since saved the liberties of the world.

As a single illustration of how even complicated technical knowledge is brought home to Young America in clear and understandable form, Mr. A. Russell Bond, Managing Editor of "The Scientific American", contributed within the past three years two long serials, "With Men Who Do Things" and "On the Battlefront of Engineering", which won high praise both from the boy-readers interested in mechanics and from prominent educators. During the coming winter, Mr. Bond will furnish three articles that will enable boys to understand far more clearly than many grown-ups the special news from the front; for they will deal with: 1. Heavy and Field Artillery; 2. Machine Guns; and 3. Submarine Warfare.

But while the first aim of the magazine is to furnish its young readers with wholesome entertainment—to be a special mental playground for their leisure hours—and its second ambition is to provide a varied store of wholesome knowledge and inspiration—there is still a third field in which it has always been, and will always strive to be, pre-eminent. For no magazine for young folk should neglect the imaginative element that alike offers a stimulus to the imagination of the boy or girl reader and joyous surcease from work-a-day existence in the "once-upon-a-time"-ness of that realm of fancy "where anything can happen and the world is always young". Stories of this sort are sure to be found in plenty, in every volume of *St. Nicholas*.

The foregoing lists include only a few of the most prominent features of the new volume of the magazine. Other announcements of equal importance will be made soon, and in forthcoming numbers its young readers will have the pleassure of welcoming a thrilling short serial by George E. Walsh, "The Code Signal", telling how a boy discovers and defeats a submarine; articles on "Tactics and Strategy" and "Digging In," by Captain Frank E. Channon; "How President Lincoln Helped a Little Girl to Earn her Missionary Money"; "Over the Rockies by Electricity"; "Rediscovering the Mississippi"; "The Yankee Doodle Scarab", etc., etc.

BOOKS AND THEIR MAKERS

"Tramping Through Mexico, Guatemala and Honduras", by Harry A. Franck, has gone into a fourth edition within its first year.

Herbert Adams Gibbons, whose recent book, "The Reconstruction of Poland and the Near East", is the fifth he has published dealing with problems of the war, has been lecturing through France, by appointment of the French Government, on American ideals and resources and the nature of America's present and future participation in the war.

Joseph B. Ames, Scout Commissioner of Morristown, N. J., was a writer of boys' books long before he became a leader of Boy Scouts. "Under Boy Scout Colors," his new book, which has been officially approved by the Boy Scout organization of America, is the result of his double experience in these two lines of activity.

Marie Conway Oemler, author of "Slippy McGee," the story of the evolution of a burglar into a butterfly man, says that she has three ruling passions, butterflies, black cats, and the Bible. "As for the Bible," she says, "that is my great book. I could n't get along without it, particularly Paul. As for butterflies, I have lived in Georgia, Florida and South Carolina long enough to know and love the insects of my own country. I have hatched them from the egg and reared them to maturity. I have had a great Telea moth lay a batch of eggs in my hair! I can handle them without frightening them. I do not rub off a scale, and I can mount them beautifully. The black cat is my familiar—Panch. It's short for Pancho Villa—and is an enormous and most beautiful creature, coal black, without a white hair, except two under the chin you' ve got to hunt for: with big emerald eyes and a huge red mouth full of teeth like a rattlesnake's. He spends his days on my desk when I am working on the machine, with his big black back against it. He is much more intelligent than most cats, because he is almost a human being and a rather sardonic and disagreeable human being, I 'm afraid."

From Gelett Burgess's "Mrs. Hope's Husband"

The Century Co. has received the announcement that Miss Phyllis Bottome, author of "The Second Fiddle" and "The Dark Tower," is to be married in Paris shortly after Christmas to an old friend who has been, since the beginning of the war, fighting in the British Army. Miss Bottome in her letter ordered a number of books; "and whatever else you leave out," she said, "don't fail to send the Century Cook-Book."

Major Eric Fisher Wood, author of 'The Note-Book of an Intelligence Officer," is at present stationed at Chillicothe, Ohio, as Assistant Chief of Staff to Major-General Glenn.

Holworthy Hall, author of "Dormie One and other Golf Stories", says he has a right to talk about golf for the following reasons: 1. Since 1896, when I first saw the game of golf played at St. Augustine, Fla., and succumbed on the spot, I have played over 1500 rounds of golf.

2. On 1499 of these rounds I wasn't playing my game.

3. The profanity I have used if set in 7-point Cheltenham Bold Condensed, and placed end to end, would reach from the Garden City Golf Club to the moon eight and one half times. The damns I have said, if similarly treated, would make one colossal damn six hundred and thirty-eight times as big as Assouan; and if placed as an obstruction to Niagara Falls, would cause the Niagara River to back up as far as New Orleans, and put the Woolworth Building under sixteen feet and eight inches of water.

4. The rubber in the golf balls I have lost would fill a freight train composed of 97 cars with a capacity of 40 tons each, and the effort I have expended in hunting for said balls in the tall grass would, if translated into foot pounds, lift that freight train an inch and a half higher than the Washington Monument, and hold it there indefinitely.

5. The power I have exerted in swinging clubs would be sufficient to beat 26 carpets, each as long as the distance from St. Andrews to Whitemarsh, and as wide as the distance from Baltusrol to North Jersey, once every week for 256 consecutive weeks.

6. The skin I have lost in blisters would make for each of 79 large, Asiatic elephants, a completely new epidermis, warranted not to crock or fade.

7. The money I have spent on inefficient caddies would, if placed in a savings' bank at 4% interest until next Thursday, be enough to provide me with an annual income for life of forty thousand dollars net.

8. I have never yet beaten a man who admitted afterwards that he was in good health. The diseases of my victims, if catalogued and briefed, would include every known ailment from the botts to the blind staggers.

9. The best record I ever made on any course was 78 actual shots, 5 cusswords, three dollars and a quarter profit, and 6 cigars.

10. The sclaffed shots I have made. if accumulated into one gigantic whole, would be equivalent to the excavation necessary to dig a trench 8 feet deep and 4 feet wide, from the town hall of Bangor, Maine, to a point eleven miles southwest of Xenia, Ohio; and the turf removed by the said operation would reclaim an area of the Gulf of Mexico as large as the State of Connecticut, plus half of Westchester County.

11. The hooked and sliced shots I have made, if straightened out, would have saved 7 years and 3 months of my life, prevented two-thirds of my hair falling out, and saved me $13,994 in actual cash.

12. The cigars I have smoked on the links would furnish each soldier of the American, French and English armies with one-tenth of one cigar daily for eleven days, including Sundays and legal holidays.

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(*See inside of front cover*)

By the Author of "The Note-Book of an Attaché"

The Note-Book of an Intelligence Officer

By Eric Fisher Wood

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Leaving the United States last Autumn, after he had waged a whirlwind campaign of preparedness, he offered his services to England to fight Germany. He went to the Army in France, took part in a charge from the trenches, was wounded, and sent back to an English hospital. With the rank of Major, U. S. A., he is now serving his own country again.

Major Wood is able to give America an impression of what constitutes war on the Western front that should be invaluable. In addition to the thrilling narrative of the fighting in which he took part, he gives authoritative information as to how the soldiers are transported, housed, trained, etc.—a branch of the service in which he was especially interested.

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(Continued on inside of back cover)

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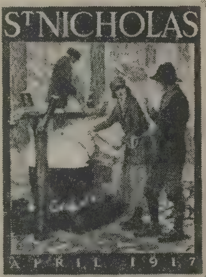

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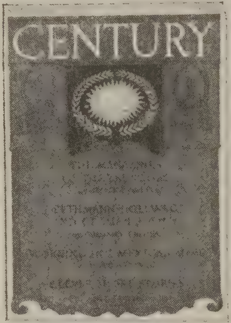

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(OVER)

THE
CENTURION
JANUARY, 1918

"OUR LADY OF THE RED CROSS"

By Mary R. Parkman

At a time when the Red Cross is receiving millions of dollars and enrolling thousands of workers beneath its banner it is well to remember that it was not always so. Americans are prone to forget that it was due to the untiring efforts of one woman, Clara Barton, that we are able to-day to do our bit in salvaging the wreckage of the world. In her new book "Heroines of Service" (The Century Co., $1.35) Mary R. Parkman tells something of the hostility and prejudice this noble woman encountered before she could establish the American Red Cross upon a solid foundation. Miss Parkman writes:

Clara Barton was present on sixteen battlefields of the Civil War; she was eight months at the siege of Charleston, and served for a considerable period in the hospitals of Richmond.

When the war was ended and the survivors of the great armies were marching homeward, her heart was touched by the distress in many homes where sons and fathers and brothers were among those listed as "missing." In all, there were 80,000 men of whom no definite report could be given to their friends. She was assisting President Lincoln in answering the hundreds of heartbroken letters, imploring news, which poured in from all over the land when his tragic death left her alone with the task. Then, as no funds were available to finance a thorough investigation of every sort of record of States, hospitals, prisons, and battlefields, she maintained out of her own means a bureau to prosecute the search.

Four years were spent in this great labor, during which time Miss Barton made many public addresses, the proceeds of which were devoted to the cause. One evening in the winter of 1868, while in the midst of a lecture, her voice suddenly left her. This was the beginning of a complete nervous collapse. The hardships and prolonged strain had, in spite of her robust constitution and iron will, told at last on the endurance of that loyal worker.

Miss Barton in Europe

When able to travel, she went to Geneva, Switzerland, in the hope of winning back her health and strength. Soon after her arrival she was visited by the president and members of the "International Committee for the Relief of the Wounded in War," who came to learn why the United States had refused to sign the Treaty of Geneva, providing for the relief of sick and wounded soldiers. Of all the civilized nations, our great republic alone most unaccountably held aloof.

Miss Barton at once set herself to learn all she could about the ideals and methods of the International Red Cross, and during the Franco-Prussian War she had abundant opportunity to see and experience its practical working on the battlefield. At the outbreak of the war in 1870 she was urged to go as a leader, taking the same part that she had borne during the trials of the Civil War.

Months of service in caring for the wounded and the helpless victims of siege and famine were followed by a period of nervous exhaustion from which she but slowly crept back to her former hold on health. At last she was able to return to America to devote herself to bringing her country into line with the Red Cross movement. She found that traditionary prejudice against "entangling alliances with other powers," together with a singular failure to comprehend the vital importance of the matter, militated against the great cause.

CLARA BARTON
From "Heroines of Service"

"Why should we make provision for the wounded?" it was said. "We shall never have another war; we have learned our lesson."

It came to Miss Barton then that the work of the Red Cross should be extended to disasters, such as fires, floods, earthquakes, and epidemics—"great public calamities which require, like war, prompt and well-organized help."

Years of devoted missionary work with preoccupied officials and a heedless, short-sighted public at length bore fruit. After the Geneva Treaty received the signature of President Arthur on March 1, 1882, it was promptly ratified by the Senate, and the American National Red Cross came into being, with Clara Barton as its first president. Through her influence, too, the International Congress of Berne adopted the "American Amendment," which dealt with the extension of the Red Cross to relief measures in great calamities occurring in times of peace.

The story of her life from this time on is one with the story of the work of the Red Cross during the stress of such disasters as the Mississippi River floods, the Texas famine in 1885, the Charleston earthquake in 1886, the Johnstown flood in 1889, the Russian famine in 1892, and the Spanish-American War.

"We gain as we give. If we would find our life, we must be willing to lose it."

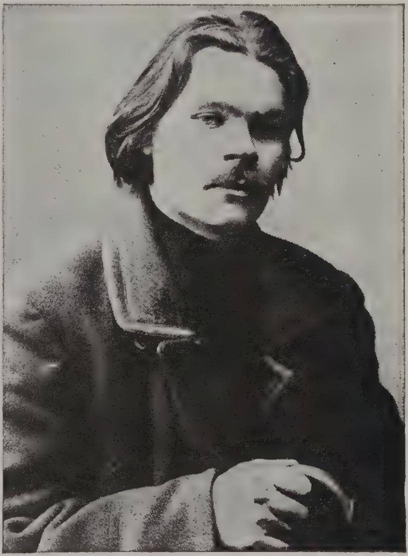
IN A RUSSIAN FOREST

By Maxim Gorky

So much of Russian literature is steeped in tragedy and gloom that it is a pleasure to come across a passage filled with color and light—a sunray amid the darkness that broods over the storm-wracked land. Such a one is found in Maxim Gorky's latest work "In the World" (The Century Co., $2.), the second volume of this author's autobiography. In a former book, "My Childhood," we made the acquaintance of Gorky's grandmother and grandfather. Here we again meet them spending a day in the forest with the youthful genius. From this gem of descriptive writing we quote the following:

And so we three went out at dawn over the silver-green, dewy fields. On our left, beyond the Oka, above the ruddy sides of the Hill of Dyatlov, above white Nijni-Novgorod, on the hillocks in the gardens, on the golden domes of churches, rose the lazy Russian sun in its leisurely manner. A gentle wind blew sleepily from the turbid Oka; the golden buttercups, bowed down by the dew, swayed to and fro; lilac-colored bells bowed dumbly to the earth; everlasting flowers of different colors stuck up dryly in the barren turf; the blood-red blossoms of the flower called "night beauty" opened like stars. The woods came to meet us like a dark army; the fir-trees spread out their wings like large birds; the birches looked like maidens. The acrid smell of the marshes flowed over the fields. My dog ran beside me with his pink tongue hanging out, often halting and snuffing the air, and shaking his fox-like head, as if in perplexity. Grandfather, in grandmother's short coat and an old peakless cap, blinking and smiling at something or other, walked as cautiously as if he were bent on stealing. Grandmother, wearing a blue blouse, a black skirt, and a white handkerchief about her head, waddled comfortably. It was difficult to hurry when walking behind her.

We entered the forest by a wet path between marshy hillocks and frail fir-trees. I thought that it must be lovely to go and live in the woods as Kyril of Poreshka had done. There are no chattering human creatures there, no fights or drunkenness. There I should be able to forget the repulsive greediness of grandfather and mother's sandy



MAXIM GORKY
Author of "In the World"

grave, all of which things hurt me, and weighted on my heart with an oppressive heaviness. When we came to a dry place grandmother said:

"We must have a snack now. Sit down."

In her basket there were rye bread, onions, cucumbers, salt, and curds wrapped in a cloth. Grandfather looked at all this in confusion and blinked.

"But I did not bring anything to eat, good mother."

"There is enough for us all."

We sat down, leaning against the mast-like trunk of a fir-tree. The air was laden with a resinous odor; from the fields blew a gentle wind; the shave-grass waved to and fro. Grandmother plucked the herbs with her dark hands, and told me about the medicinal properties of St. John's-wort, betony, and ribwort, and of the secret power of bracken. Grandfather hewed the fallen trees in pieces, and it was my part to carry the logs and put them all in one place; but I stole away unnoticed into the thicket after grandmother. She looked as if she were floating among the stout, hardy tree-trunks, and as if she were diving when she stooped to the earth, which was strewn with fir-cones. She talked to herself as she went along.

We went farther and farther into the forest, into the dark-blue haze pierced by the golden rays of the sun. There was a peculiar murmur, dreamy, and arousing dreams. The crossbill chirped, the titmouses uttered their bell-like notes, the goldfinch piped, the cuckoo laughed, the jealous song of the chaffinch was heard unceasingly, and that strange bird, the hawfinch, sang pensively. Emerald-green frogs hopped around our feet; among the roots, guarding them, lay an adder, with his golden head raised; the squirrel cracked nuts, his furry tail peeping out among the fir-trees. The deeper one went into the forest, the more one saw.

Among the trunks of the fir-trees appeared transparent, aërial figures of gigantic people, which disappeared into the green mass through which the blue and silver sky shone. Under one's feet there was a splendid carpet of moss, sown with red bilberries, and moor-berries shone in the grass like drops of blood. Mushrooms tantalized one with their strong smell.

"Holy Virgin, bright earthly light," prayed grandmother, drawing a deep breath.

In the forest she was like the mistress of a house with all her family round her. She ambled along like a bear, seeing and praising everything and giving thanks. It seemed as if a certain warmth flowed from her through the forest, and when the moss, crushed by her feet, raised itself and stood up in her wake, it was peculiarly pleasing to me to see it.

As I walked along I thought how nice it would be to be a brigand; to rob the greedy and give the spoil to the poor; to make them all happy and satisfied, neither envying nor scolding one another, like bad-tempered curs. It was good to go thus to grandmother's God, to her Holy Virgin, and tell them all the truth about the bad lives people led, and how clumsily and offensively they buried one another in rubbishy sand. And there was so much that was unnecessarily repulsive and torturing on earth! If the Holy Virgin believed what I said, let her give me such an intelligence as would enable me to construct everything differently and improve the condition of things.

LUDENDORFF: THE MYSTERY MAN

By Herbert Bayard Swope

"No newspaper man has ever interviewed Ludendorff," says Herbert Bayard Swope in his new book "Inside the German Empire" (The Century Co., $2.). Despite this fact Mr. Swope in going about among the German people and interviewing prominent persons, quickly came to the conclusion that Ludendorff is the man whose brains give power to the mailed fist. From many observations the author records the following description of Germany's master strategist:

Ludendorff is Germany's man of mystery, the grim, inscrutable, silent man whose picture is on sale in every shop, whose name is in every mouth, but whose real personality is hidden even from his own countrymen.

Ludendorff is Hindenburg's indispensable right-hand man. When Hindenburg took command on the east front in mid-August, 1914, Ludendorff was rushed from Liège, where he had led the first brigade to enter the conquered city, in a special train all the way across Luxemburg and the Rhineland, across Hanover and the Mark of Brandenburg, to Hindenburg's headquarters on the eastern frontier. He became Hindenburg's *Generalstabchef*—chief of his general staff.

Since then the two have been inseparable. When Hindenburg became chief of the great general staff, commanding all the armies of Germany—and as things stand to-day that comes near to meaning commanding all the combined German, Austro-Hungarian, Bulgarian, and Turkish armies—in September, Ludendorff went with him. He succeeded General von Freytag-Loringhoven as first quartermaster general, Freytag succeeding Moltke, the former chief of the grand general staff, as chief of the supplementary general staff.

There are those who say that Ludendorff is Hindenburg's brain, and that Hindenburg's greatest successes have been planned by his silent, retiring assistant. Hindenburg, when in the mood, becomes very talkative and chatty, and at such times he often attributes his success to his assistant. There is a perfect

LUDENDORFF
From "Inside the German Empire"

harmony between the two; Ludendorff plans and Hindenburg decides.

It is Ludendorff who prepares the official army announcements, and the innovation of naming the commanders on the west front in the daily communiqués has been attributed to him; but beyond these bare, impersonal statements of what others have done, which he never signs, he says nothing for publication.

No newspaper man has ever interviewed Ludendorff. Sometimes, when Hindenburg is being interviewed, he sits beside his chief and occasionally interjects a remark. They are the remarks of a soldier, short, crisp, determined, and to the point. "We do not think of peace," he once said. "No way but war leads to peace."

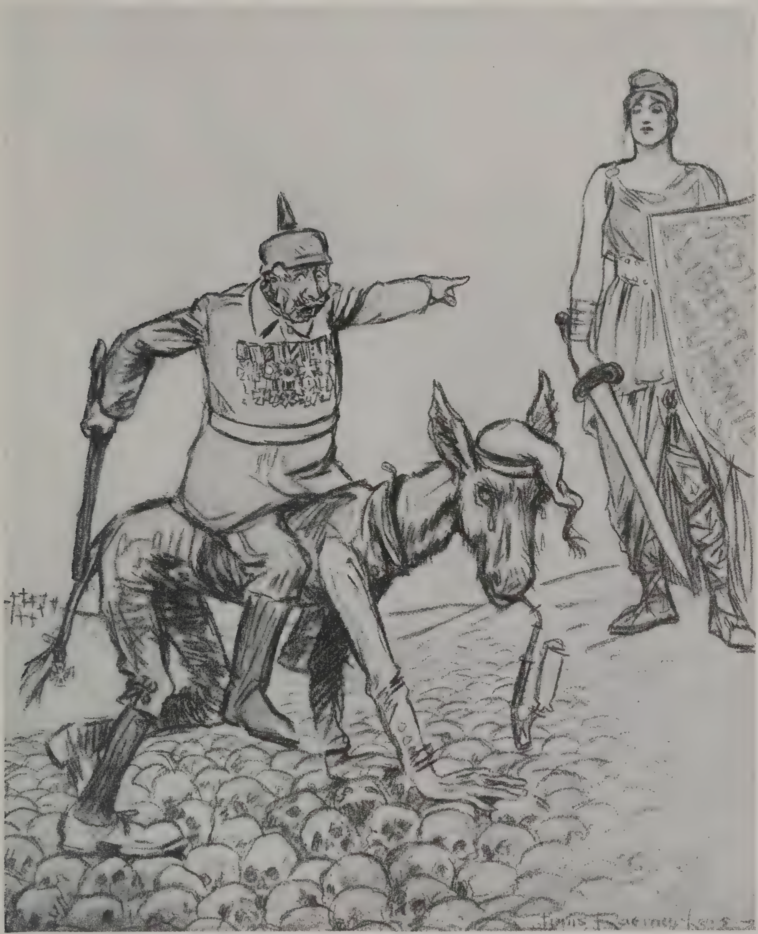
He does not fear superior numbers, but has implicit confidence in the German ability to surmount all obstacles. "There is no blind fate," he says. "Numerical superiority and danger exist only for the weak. A firm will commands fate."

Ludendorff as a strategist was a disciple of Count Schlieffen, whose motto always was, "Annihilate the enemy!" He also sympathizes with his chief, Hindenburg. "You can't make war sentimentally," says Hindenburg. "The more mercilessly you make war, the more merciful you are in reality, for so you end the war the sooner. The most humane method of waging war is and remains that which brings peace most quickly."

All Germany breathed freer when on August 29, 1916, it was announced that Hindenburg would succeed Falkenhayn as chief of the great general staff, and that Ludendorff would be his quartermaster-general. And with the German armies advancing on Bucharest and the Roumanian king appealing to the Allies to save his kingdom from extinction, with the west front still holding after months of bloody fighting at the Somme, the German *Hausfrau* mingles the names of Hindenburg and Ludendorff in her prayers for the Kaiser.

Outside of Germany the fame has been Hindenburg's, at home Ludendorff is the name which commands the applause of the crowds; but those who know do not speak of one without the other. "Hindenburg and Ludendorff," they say. No man knows what share of the glory belongs to the silent, hard-working strategist who pores over the maps and orders by day and night, and what to the big man of action.

In "Rodin; the Man and His Art," Judith Cladel describes how Rodin obtained the beautiful Hotel Biron in Paris where he made his home of late years and which now, as the Musée Rodin, has passed into the possession of the State: "The house was to be torn down and sold as junk; but Rodin was on guard. Ever since he had learned that this masterpiece was condemned his heart bled, and for the first and only time in the course of his long experience an outside interest took him from his work. He wrote letters, took legal steps, called to his assistance artists, people of culture, and men in politics. M. Clemenceau, then president of the cabinet; M. Briand, who succeeded him; M. Gabriel Hanotaux, one of his great friends, listened to his pleading. Finally, the Hotel Biron was classified as a historical monument, henceforth inviolate."



"BALAAM AND HIS ASS"
From Raemaekers' "Kultur in Cartoons"

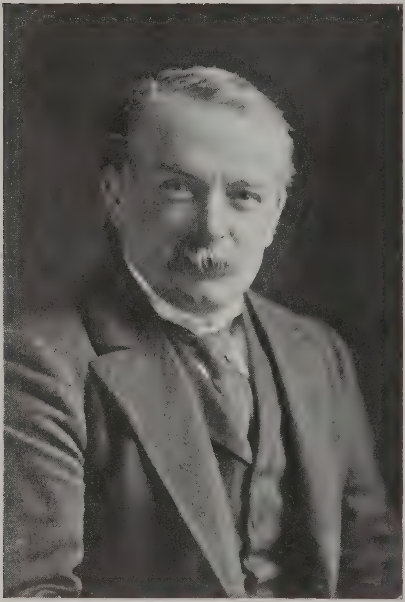
Above is a typical example of the genius of Raemaekers, champion of civilization. Here he has used the biblical story of Balaam with telling effect, but this is only one of more than a hundred such cartoons which The Century Co. have bound into an attractive volume. Printed in two colors, accompanied by explanatory text by such prominent writers as Eden Phillpotts, Sidney Lee, Edmund Gosse, John Oxenham, and others, these pictures, at five dollars, are an irresistible argument—if argument be necessary—why Americans must carry on the fight to make the world safe for democracy.

LLOYD-GEORGE

By Arthur Gleason

Great Britain is passing through an ordeal of fire. Such an experience is bound to cause a shifting of values and bring new leaders to the fore. Chief among the latter is Lloyd-George and in his latest book "Inside the British Isles" (The Century Co., $2.) Arthur Gleason gives an intimate pen picture of the great British democrat. He says in part:

Lloyd-George has the same desire for a frank presentation of facts that Henry Ward Beecher revealed in his appeals to the British public in the industrial cities. What he wishes is that our people should hold the same sympathy with the struggle of the European democracies that the working-classes of England learned to feel for our Civil War struggle, after Lincoln and Beecher had made clear to them that we were fighting for human liberty. Mr. Lloyd-George does not regard the war as a dog-fight or as a sporting proposition. He sees it as an incalculable tragedy. With his Celtic imagination he lives in a profound sense of the pity and the waste of it. He has as little hate and bitterness as the soldiers of England and France with whom I have lived at the front.



DAVID LLOYD-GEORGE
From "Inside the British Isles"

Lloyd-George's Future

Lloyd-George faces the most difficult years of his life, and he knows it. A man of his temperament can conduct a great war. All that was needed was the inspirational quality to rouse his people, the energy to set them at work, the creative imagination to see the war in its extent, its duration, its requirements. None of these tests has overtaxed his powers, for they all lay inside the area of his competence. But when peace comes, there is no longer one straight road to a clear goal. All the forces of reaction will coalesce. All the bad counselors will make a cloud of witness about him. All the paths to immediate power will lie in "playing safe." If he remains true to himself, he will be cursed with a vehemence which will make his early years seem a sweet season of delight. There will be no easy victories. All will be turmoil and bitterness, for we are at the beginning of the greatest fight of the ages—the fight of the democracies inside themselves.

The coming years of Lloyd-George will be determined by the kind of persons who surround him and touch that sensitive, quivering mind to action. If he holds fast to his good Welsh friends and to men like Dr. Clifford, the sturdy old radical warrior of nonconformity, he will go simply all his days, and continue to express the living element of his people. But if he leans toward the men of power, and listens to those voices, who will tell him of the kingdoms of this world, and who will promise him the leadership of a reactionary militaristic Tory party, he will lose his own soul. For the genius of the man is his human sympathy. He was meant to be a pathfinder for feet too tired to win their own way into the open. He was meant to think himself inside the mind of other men and other races.

The Coming World

The future rests with him as with no other single man among the Western peoples. He will face a world no longer sharply defined into enemies, allies, and neutrals, but a world where unguessed tendencies are forming, and new forces of emancipation are fighting for recognition. We have this to go on for hope: Lloyd-George is a democrat by temperament and he understands America.

WHAT CONSTITUTES A NATION?

By Bertrand Russell

The Great War has already altered the map of Europe. Nations have been invaded and boundary lines have disappeared. In the light of these developments it is interesting to learn just what constitutes a nation. Bertrand Russell, one of the ablest thinkers along international lines, brilliantly explains this puzzling question in his new book "Political Ideals" (The Century Co, $1.). The heart of his argument is as follows:

What constitutes a nation is a sentiment and an instinct, a sentiment of similarity and an instinct of belonging to the same group or herd. The instinct is an extension of the instinct which constitutes a flock of sheep, or any other group of gregarious animals. The sentiment which goes with this is like a milder and more extended form of family feeling. When we return to England after being on the Continent, we feel something friendly in the familiar ways, and it is easy to believe that Englishmen on the whole are virtuous, while many foreigners are full of designing wickedness.

Such feelings make it easy to organize a nation into a state. It is not difficult, as a rule, to acquiesce in the orders of a national government. We feel that it is our government, and that its decrees are more or less the same as those which we should have given ourselves if we had been the governors. There is an instinctive and usually unconscious sense of a common purpose animating the members of a nation. This becomes especially vivid when there is war or a danger of war. Any one who, at such a time, stands out against the orders of his government feels an inner conflict quite different from any that he would feel in standing out against the orders of a foreign government in whose power he might happen to find himself. If he stands out, he does so with some more or less conscious hope that his government may in time come to think as he does; whereas, in standing out against a foreign government, no such hope is necessary. This group instinct, however it may have arisen, is what constitutes a nation, and what makes it important that the boundaries of nations should also be the boundaries of states.

National sentiment is a fact, and should be taken account of by institutions. When it is ignored, it is intensified and becomes a source of strife. It can only be rendered harmless by being given free play, so long as it is not predatory. But it is not, in itself, a good or admirable feeling. There is nothing rational and nothing desirable in a limitation of sympathy which confines it to a fragment of the human race. Diversities of manners and customs and traditions are, on the whole, a good thing, since they enable different nations to produce different types of excellence. But in national feeling there is always latent or explicit an element of hostility to foreigners. National feeling, as we know it, could not exist in a nation which was wholly free from external pressure of a hostile kind.

And group feeling produces a limited and often harmful kind of morality. Men come to identify the good with what serves the interests of their own group, and the bad with what works against those interests, even if it should happen to be in the interests of mankind as a whole. The group morality is very much in evidence during war, and is taken for granted in men's ordinary thought. Although almost all Englishmen consider the defeat of Germany desirable for the good of the world, yet nevertheless most of them honor a German for fighting for his country, because it has not occurred to them that his actions ought to be guided by a morality higher than that of the group.

A man does right, as a rule, to have his thoughts more occupied with the interests of his own nation than with those of others, because his actions are more likely to affect his own nation. But in time of war, and in all matters which are of equal concern to other nations and to his own, a man ought to take account of the universal welfare, and not allow his survey to be limited by the interest, or supposed interest, of his own group or nation.

So long as national feeling exists, it is very important that each nation should be self-governing as regards its internal affairs. Government can only be carried on by force and tyranny if its subjects view it with hostile eyes, and they will so view it if they feel that it belongs to an alien nation.

This principle meets with difficulties in cases where men of different nations live side by side in the same area, as happens in some parts of the Balkans. There are also difficulties in regard to places which, for some geographical reason, are of great international importance, such as the Suez Canal and the Panama Canal. In such cases the purely local desires of the inhabitants may have to give way before larger interests. But in general, at any rate as applied to civilized communities, the principle that the boundaries of nations ought to coincide with the boundaries of states has very few exceptions.

The Century Co. announces a ninth edition of that popular handbook of military training, "The Plattsburg Manual," by Captains Ellis and Gary.

LET'S BURY THEM!

By John M. Siddall

"A dynamo of inspiration for those who are striving for success in life." This is the way the "Brooklyn Daily Eagle" characterizes "Sid Says" (The Century Co., 60 cents), a collection of twenty-four essays by John M. Siddall, editor of "The American Magazine." One of the timeliest of these essays has for its theme the Liberty Bonds and what we ought to do with them. If the author's advice is followed—but read what he says:

Well, you and I have got our Liberty Bonds. In buying them I suppose we think we have conferred a great favor on Uncle Sam. And in a way we have. But looking at it another way we are just plain lucky—lucky that a situation arose which compelled us, for at least once in our lives, to put something aside for a rainy day, and to put it aside in the most conservative and solid form. The rate of interest may not look very big to us — but the *principal is safe*. That is the main thing. John Rockefeller may lose his wits and his coin and have to go to an old men's home, but those government bonds will still be good. They are backed by Uncle Sam's power to tax the combined assets of the nation. Therein lies the peculiar beauty of a government bond. The Government can do what no private corporation can do—it can go out and compel people to pour in taxes enough to enable the Government to meet its obligations. North America would just about slide off into the sea before anything could happen to destroy the value of those bonds.

What the Insurance People Say

The reason I am so emphatic about the importance of a sound investment like this is that I have been thinking about the ordinary man's incapacity in normal times to lay by and hang on to money. A big life insurance company gathered some facts about this not long ago. Here they are:

Take 100 healthy men at the age of 25 and follow them. At 65 here is where you will find them:

36 will be dead.

1 will be very rich.

4 will be wealthy.

5 will be supporting themselves by work.

54 will be dependent upon friends, relatives, or charity.

5% "Well Fixed"!

Or, to sum up, only 5 out of the 64 living will be "well fixed." The rest will either not have saved anything because of their extravagance, or they will have lost their capital through trying to make it yield an absurd return.

In other words, this Liberty Loan is one of the few direct benefits to be derived from the Great War—but a real benefit nevertheless. For it encourages all of us to be thrifty, and to put at least a part of our money into an absolutely safe place—where its protection does not depend upon any individual but is guaranteed by the combined assets and earning abilities of a whole nation.

Thank God, therefore, for the Liberty Loan. Hide those bonds and try to forget them. They will be pretty little things to dig up and show to the meat man when you are 65.

THE NATURE OF THE BEAST

By Julian Street

Some critics claim that Julian Street's greatest asset as a writer is his sense of humor. Whether this be true or not, no passage in "American Adventures" (The Century Co., $3.50) gives a better idea of this author's capacity for clever fooling than the one in which he describes his feelings as he is about to mount a "sure 'nuff" Virginia thoroughbred. Mr. Street writes:

Dr. Bell had a bright brown eye; there was something alert in the gaze with which he watched us moving toward him. However, to my great relief he stood quite still while two of the sisters who preceded me by a few steps, went up and patted him. Evidently he liked to be patted. I decided that I would pat him also.

I had approached him from the left and in order to mount I now found it necessary to circle around in front of him. I was determined that if the horse would but remain stationary I should step up to him, speak to him, give him a quick pat on the neck, gather the reins in my hand, place my foot swiftly in the stirrup, take a good hop, and be on his back before any one had time to notice.

Dr. Bell, however, caused me to alter these plans; for though he had stood docile as a dog while the sisters patted him, his manner underwent a change on sight of me. I do not think this change was caused by any personal dislike for me. I believe he would have done the same had any stranger appeared before him in riding boots. The trouble was, probably, that he had expected to be ridden by one of the young ladies, and was shocked by the abrupt discovery that a total stranger was to ride him. This is merely my surmise. I do not claim deep understanding of the mental workings of any horse, for there is no logic about them or their performances.

Horse lovers, who are among the most prejudiced of all prejudiced people, and who regard horses with an amiable but fatuous admiration such as young parents have for their babies, will try to tell you that these great creatures which they love are not mentally deficient. Ask them why the horse, with his superior strength, submits to man, and they will tell you that the horse's eye magnifies, and that, to the horse, man consequently appears to be two or three times his actual size.

Nonsense! There is but one reason for the yielding of the horse: he is an utter fool.

Everything proves him a fool. He will charge into battle, he will walk cheerfully beside a precipice, he will break his back pulling a heavy wagon, or break his leg or his neck in jumping a hurdle; yet he will go into a frenzy of fright at the sight of a running child, a roadside rock, or the shadow of a branch across the path, and not even a German chancellor could shy as he will at a scrap of paper.

As I passed in front of Dr. Bell he rolled his eyes at me horribly, and rose upon his hind legs. . . .

"What's the matter with him?" I asked, stopping.

"I guess he just feels good," said the Efficient Sister.

"Yassuh, tha's all," said the groom cheerfully, "*He's* aw' right. Gentle ath a lamb."

" 'WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH HIM?' I ASKED, STOPPING"
One of Wallace Morgan's illustrations in Julian Street's "American Adventures"

FOOD ECONOMY

By Mary Ronald

"Save food and win the war!" This slogan is ringing through every town and hamlet in these United States. But how few there are who possess the requisite knowledge to put food economy into practice. To those who honestly decide to coöperate with their Government Mary Ronald's "The Century Cook Book" (The Century Co., $2.) comes as a welcome aid. Here is expert advice on everything pertaining to the preparation of food. Not the least interesting passage is quoted below:

It is evident that in order to accomplish a small cost of living, one must first understand the comparative values of foods, so as to select those which at low prices furnish the necessary nourishment, and secondly, to be able to cook them in such a way as to make them acceptable; in fact the rule holds good, however high the scale of living, that the proper cooking of food counts for more than the cost of it. The cheap and the expensive articles can be equally spoiled in the cooking; while the cheap ones, well cooked, are more esteemed than the high-priced ones poorly prepared. The first thing excluded from the list of cheap nutritive foods is white bread. Refining the flour to the whiteness of the so-called best qualities takes out most of its nutritive elements, while the lower grades or brown flours retain the gluten, and make a bread which is preferred when one becomes familiar with it. Beans, peas, and corn-meal have an important place on the list of accepted foods. They supply the wastes of the system and afford a hearty meal. Meat, which is the most expensive food, has come to be regarded here as a necessity, but in the old countries the classes who perform the hardest labor consider it only as a luxury, and seldom use it oftener than once a week. Often the cost of living is more in the waste than in the actual consumption of food. Another needless and unwise expense is buying more than is required, providing for three persons enough for six; and still another extravagance is in buying articles which are out of season. For instance, in the spring veal is a very cheap meat; in the autumn it is the most expensive one, but, at the right times, one may indulge in sweetbreads, calf's head, calf's brains, and liver. In its season game is frequently abundant and reasonably cheap. The idea prevails that, in order to have variety, it is necessary to buy whatever the market offers, whereas variety may be attained by variation in the ways of cooking, in serving with different sauces, and with different accompaniments, and in arranging the menu so that one course is in pleasing contrast to the preceding one, thus avoiding surfeit.

As a rule the family life of America does not represent opulence, yet it has become a familiar saying that a French family could live on what an American family throws away. Again, it is said that in American kitchens half the provisions are spoiled and the other half wasted. There is no need today of being open to such accusations. At small expense a woman can have the benefit of lessons in cooking-schools and should not be accepted as a cook until she has some knowledge of the duties, and is qualified to bear that name. The gage of a woman's rank in her profession can be definitely determined by what she wastes or utilizes, and the high wages paid a first-class cook are often saved by the intelligent use she makes of all her materials. Many of her best entrees are but a combination of odds and ends which another cook would throw away. Her delicious sauces, which gives a very ordinary dish that requisite something which makes it highly esteemed, may be but the blending of many flavors obtained from little scraps.

The waste in foods need be so small as practically to have no waste material; not a crumb of bread, a grain of sugar, a bit of butter, a scrap of meat or fat, a piece of vegetable or leaf of salad, but can be utilized with profit. The soup pot is a receptacle for everything too small for other uses, and from this source can be drawn seasonings which will give richness and flavor to innumerable dishes, which are greatly improved by using stock instead of milk or water in their preparation.

TESTING AN AIR FIGHTER

By Francis A. Collins

Individual initiative has been largely eliminated in modern warfare, but there is one branch of the service where this quality remains paramount. An air fighter is at all times dependent solely upon his own skill and stamina. It is small wonder, therefore, that a candidate for this perilous duty is subjected to the stiffest of tests. What the French have done to perfect their system of examination is told by Francis A. Collins in "The Air Man" (The Century Co., $1.50). Mr. Collins writes:

For more difficult feats of airmanship which qualify the brilliant fighting pilots, the aviator must be born, not made. To withstand the strain of long flights and, especially, of air battles, a man must enjoy more than average good health. He must cheerfully face constant danger. The man who fears to face death, grows nervous while anticipating dangers to come, sleeps badly and so finds himself in a nervous condition, had better give up flying at once. It is not enough that he should be brave, even enthusiastic in his work. Come what may, the air man must possess absolutely untroubled nerves.

The physical, as well as moral, strain in such flying is far greater than commonly supposed. The fatigue of guiding an aëroplane hour after hour, with every sense on the alert, soon tells on the strongest constitution. In extremes of heat or cold, often without food, the air man must prove as dependable as his machine.

The Standard of Fitness

As the demands made upon pilots have become more exacting with the progress of the war, the standard of fitness has risen correspondingly. In examining recruits for any other service of the army the examination usually consists merely in estimating the applicant's lung capacity, chest measurement, condition of teeth, eyesight, weight, and general condition of health, but the prospective air pilot must stand far more rigid and searching tests.

The method employed for testing the

nerves of would-be air pilots for the French army is doubtless the most complete and scientific. A number of highly ingenious scientific instruments have been especially devised for the purpose. The first care of the examiner in their system is to ascertain what is called the "personal equation" of the candidate—or, the time it takes him to give expression to the impressions he receives. For this purpose a chronoscope is used, which consists of a clock-face divided into a hundred parts, with a pointer which makes one complete revolution of the dial in one second. The indicator when set in motion may be arrested by squeezing together two strips of metal held in the right hand of the men being examined. The doctor taps with the hammer on a tin box, and sets the hand spinning round the clock-face.

The instant the sound of the tap reaches the ears of the examinee, he squeezes the strips of metal together, and stops the revolution of the pointer. The distance that the pointer has traveled before he stops it shows the number of hundredths of a second that it has taken him to record his impression. The applicant's impressions of sight are tested by stopping the motion of the pointer on signal. A successful candidate will stop the pointer in fifteen-hundredths of a second after receiving impressions of touch or hearing, and nineteen hundredths of a second in the case of impressions of sight. If his figures run up to from seventeen to thirty-three hundredths for hearing, twenty to thirty-nine hundredths for touch, and twenty-two to forty-eight hundredths for sight, he is unfit to attempt the dangers of flying.

Nerve Tests

The strength of the candidate's nerves is also thoroughly tested with an instrument known as the pneumograph, which records the rate of his respirations. The first two fingers of his left hand are inclosed in a little apparatus which shows the action of his heart or pulse; while

THE GREAT FRENCH AVIATOR PEGOUD STARTING ON HIS LAST FLIGHT
From "The Air Man"

he holds in his right hand the "trembler," which registers the steadiness of his hand in much the same way as the seismograph records the tremors of the earth. All three are connected with pointers, each of which traces a line on a revolving drum covered with lampblack. The shock to the nerves is given either by the firing of a revolver close to the examinee, by the magnesium flare used by photographers, or by the unexpected placing of a cloth dipped in iced water on the examinee's bare skin. By these means three separate lines or "curves" are simultaneously traced on the revolving drum.

So much depends upon the pilot's resisting the fatigue of the nerves and muscles of the hands and arms that tests are made by a special instrument. The would-be pilot places his right hand palm upwards on the apparatus, inserts a finger in a kind of finger-stall so contrived that the bending of the finger raises a small weight, while the "curve" produced by the repeated bending of the same finger before the consequent fatigue of the muscles makes this contraction painful or impossible is recorded on a disc. The importance of a high degree of endurance in this respect may be judged when one considers the number of times the controlling levers of an aëroplane have to be pulled and the firmness of the grip that the airman has to keep upon them.

The recent death of Auguste Rodin cast a shadow across the world, even in these tragic times. He was a universal figure, belonging to no age or country, and this fact is nowhere better shown than in "Rodin: The Man and His Art" just published by The Century Co. In this work, compiled with an introduction by Judith Cladel, we have the actual leaves from the note-books of the master sculptor, and his meditations on his art, on modeling, on flowers, on portraiture, on nature, and on the great works of the past, expressed in the most lucid language and with the simplicity and veracity of profound experience and observation. Perhaps in no other way could the average person gain a knowledge of the heroic mould in which this giant among men was cast than by reading this carefully compiled collection of Rodin's views. In it we hear the master chat, now in his atelier about some piece of antique sculpture that has come into his possession, or about a work he has in hand, now while he rambles in his garden or through the museums or the old streets of Paris. And through it all runs the golden strain of personality that aids the mind to grasp the lofty nature of the greatest of modern sculptors. About half of the book is devoted to a biographical study of the sculptor, for which Mlle. Cladel was unusually well-equipped. She is the daughter of Léon Cladel, one of the oldest friends of Rodin, and grew up, so to speak, in his studio. He placed at her disposal all sorts of documents to which no one else has had access and continually aided her in her work with his counsel and criticism.

While the public has already shown warm appreciation of the value of this book, interest is bound to increase as the shock of Rodin's death lessens and the loss of his influence in the realm of art becomes more keenly felt.

THE FIRST "TANK"

By Jessie M. Tatlock

We have become so accustomed to thinking of the "tanks" as the last word in modern warfare that it gives us a distinct shock to remember that this idea, in cruder form, was practiced by the wily Greeks hundreds of years ago. Jessie M. Tatlock in her entertaining and instructive book "Greek and Roman Mythology" (The Century Co., $1.50) tells of the success of their ruse in the following passage:

The final device by which Troy fell into the hands of its besiegers was planned with the help of Athena. A huge hollow structure in the form of a horse was set up near the wall, and in the belly armed men, the bravest of the Greeks, were placed in ambush. Then the hosts sailed off, pretending to be returning to Greece, while, in reality, they concealed themselves behind the island of Tenedos, ready to return at a given signal. The Trojans poured out of the city, rejoicing in the unexpected freedom and wondering at the wooden horse. The question as to what it meant and what should be done with it was decided by the testimony of a clever Greek named Sinon, who, having gained the confidence of the Trojans, explained the horse as a final tribute to Athena, which, if taken within the city by the people of Troy, would certainly protect them from harm. Laocoön, the priest of Apollo, suspecting the wiles of the Greeks, urged that it be thrown into the sea and raised his weapon to strike the wood a blow. Immediately two horrible serpents appeared on the sea, and glided with their slimy lengths over the water, caught Laocoön and his two sons and strangled them with their coils. Then all believed that the gods had sent retribution upon the priest for his impious doubts, and resolved to draw the horse within the walls. As it was too high to go under the gates, a piece of the wall was thrown down and the horse brought in amid great rejoicing.

The Fall of Troy

That night while all Troy slept, the Greek spy Sinon unloosed the bolts and let out the heroes concealed in the horse. At the signal given by fire, the fleet returned from Tenedos, the gates were opened from within, and the Greeks fell upon the sleeping city. The brave resistance offered by the Trojans, taken unawares in the blackness of the night, was useless. The prophetic daughter of Priam, Cassandra, was dragged from the sanctuary of Athena and carried into slavery; the same fate overtook Hector's wife Andromache, after she had seen her infant son dashed from the wall that his father had so long defended. Priam was cut down in his own palace, and all the city sank in ashes.

An echo of the Russian revolution comes to The Century Co. in the news that Marie Sukloff, author of "The Life-Story of a Russian Exile," that remarkable account of her childhood, girlhood in prison, and escape from Siberia, is on her way back to the land of her birth. With her is Mr. Gregory Yarros, who helped her to put the tragic life-story into English and who later married her.

THE FEBRUARY CENTURY

The frontispiece of the February CENTURY will be a reproduction in full color of the famous painting "Lady, Writing," by Johannes Vermeer.

The fiction feature of this number will be the first instalment of a two-part story by Rebecca West entitled "The Return of the Soldier." So much has been written about the Great War that the public has become jaded in its attitude toward war literature. This talented young English authoress, however, has hit upon a phase of the world tragedy hitherto untouched, and her depiction of the consequences that follow a case of shell shock is so masterly that the reader is left wondering whether this is fancy or fact.

Other fiction that will appear in the February number of THE CENTURY is "A Timber-Wolf," by Erle Johnston, an exciting tale of how a lumber thief was run to earth; "Alley Ways," by Helen R. Hull, the second adventure in life by the heroine of "The Fire," that remarkable story recently published in THE CENTURY; and the fourth instalment of Alice Duer Miller's absorbing serial, "The Happiest Time of Their Lives."

In "Soldier-Making at Camp Devens" Henry Rood will contribute to the February CENTURY an article that should interest every American who has his country's interests at heart. Conscription was an experiment and so THE CENTURY MAGAZINE sent Mr. Rood to learn how it was working out. The author gives a frank, unvarnished account of what he found at this cantonment, and the result should dispel any remaining doubts as to the success of the draft. It is illustrated with photographs taken on the spot.

Herbert Adams Gibbons, THE CENTURY's special correspondent in France, will have a most timely article in the February number. It is called "The Tiger of France" and is a keen analysis of the conditions that brought about the offer of the premiership to Georges Eugène-Benjamin Clemenceau. Mr. Gibbons knows France as few Americans do and his clear statement of the real reasons for Clemenceau's elevation will be illuminating to many on this side of the Atlantic.

HERBERT ADAMS GIBBONS

An artistic feature of the February CENTURY will be a series of seventeen drawings by Lester G. Hornby. They are grouped under the heading "Where Lincoln Lived" and depict scenes connected with the life of the great Emancipator whose birthday will be especially memorable in a year when America is fighting to make the world safe for democracy.

M. E. Ravage, who will have an article entitled "The Religion of Sanity" in the February number, is already well known to CENTURY readers. His former articles interpreting to native-born Americans the viewpoint of the newcomer toward our institutions and method of living have met with wide appreciation, and in the present one he handles the religious question in this country in the same frank manner. His conclusions are novel and should awaken new faith in those who have the habit of saying the United States is "going to the dogs" because of materialism.

Famous buildings, like famous people, are apt to have interesting histories. In "The Genesis of the White House," Fiske Kimball will tell in the February CENTURY how this home of Presidents developed architecturally during the passing years until to-day it stands as a model for executive mansions.

Louise de Wetter will paint an unforgettable picture of a recent trip "Across Siberia, Homeward Bound" in the February number of the CENTURY; and Stanwood Menken, in "Raemaekers, a Mainspring of Armed Force," will explain the tremendous value to humanity of this famous Dutchman's unique cartoons.

Other features in the February CENTURY will be: "Appreciation of Etching," by Frank Weitenkampf; and "On a Certain Condescension Toward Fiction," by Henry Seidel Canby; "The Citizen Paper," a story by Alma Estabrook Ellerbe and Paul Lee Ellerbe, with illustrations by W. T. Benda; and "The Efficient Use of Coal," contributed by the U. S. Food Administration. Poems will be contributed by Amy Lowell, Mary Carolyn Davies and Grace Hazard Conkling; and Raymond S. Harris will have a masterpiece of native humor in "Little Annie," a leading feature of the department "In Lighter Vein." W. R. Burlingame and W. E. Hill also continue their amusing "Hall of Infamy" in this number, and Louis Untermeyer's witty "Arts and the Man" will delight many.

China now has a "five-foot shelf" suggested by President Eliot's, a list, that is to say, of the thirty-five best books on the celestial republic. The list was made up by Professor W. Reginald Wheeler of Hangchow Christian College and unanimously selected as the prize winner from a large number of similar lists by a committee of three composed of Dr. Wu-Ting-fang, Dr. F. L. Hawks-Potts, and Mr. Julian Arnold. It is interesting to note that two of the American books on this list are Professor Edward Alsworth Ross's "The Changing Chinese" and Thomas F. Millard's "The Far Eastern Question."

Harry A. Franck, now a Lieutenant attached to American Staff Headquarters in France, continues to win greater audiences for his unique travel books. The Century Co. announces that "A Vagabond Journey Around the World" has just gone into an eleventh edition, while "Vagabonding Down the Andes," the latest work of this delightfully entertaining soldier-author, has already been sent twice to the printer.

ST. NICHOLAS FOR FEBRUARY

The February issue of St. Nicholas will contain the usual abundance of good reading matter for young people.

Appropriate to the month in which occur the birthdays of two of our greatest statesmen is an article containing two hitherto unpublished anecdotes concerning Abraham Lincoln, one of them illustrating the martyr President's kindness to a little girl.

Another timely article will be "Our Greatest Monument," by Mary V. Worstell. This is a well written account of the building of the Washington monument. Even a visit to the Capital could not give boys and girls a better idea of this splendid memorial to our first Executive.

In the February St. Nicholas will also begin the first instalment of an exciting three-part story by George E. Walsh. It is called "The Code Signal" and the plot involves the discovery and capture of a German submarine off the coast of Maine. We guarantee that if you once begin this tale you will not be satisfied until you have read the last word.

Another charming story in the February issue will bear the curious title "Jo-An of Ark." The author, George Merrick Mullett, has an original turn of mind, but it would spoil the reader's enjoyment to give an inkling of the plot.

The foot-ball season is over and basket-ball is now in full swing. St. Nicholas recognizes this fact by giving in its February issue a rattling good basket-ball yarn entitled "Skeeter." Oscar Lewis who writes the story evidently knows the game from A to Z and in the rush and tussle on the "gym" floor your breath will come fast as you read how little "Skeeter" saved the day for his side.

Illustrating the February St. Nicholas

Quite a contrast to the above but of great interest to our younger readers will be the delightful story "Bounce and Miss Gibbs," by Eleanor Stimson Brooks. This is an appealing tale about two rabbits and how they saved a Western town from fire. The author is a welcome addition to St. Nicholas contributors.

All boys—and girls, too, for that matter—will be eager to read "Driving the Enemy Out of the Air," by E. Russel Bond, in the February St. Nicholas. The author is the managing editor of the "Scientific American" and this fascinating account of what the Allies are doing to bring the war amid the clouds to a victorious conclusion is authoritative as to facts and splendidly written.

A notable feature of the February issue will be the printing of those tributes lately delivered at Mount Vernon by such visiting statesmen as Lord Balfour, ex-Premier Viviani, etc. All young Americans should become familiar with the sentiment of the nations with whom we wage a common war, and in no other way could they gain a better conception of the high ideals which are guiding our cause than by reading these glowing testimonials to the father of our country.

The department "For Country and Liberty" will contain in February a strong appeal to all St. Nicholas young people to aid in the campaign which the United States Government has undertaken to push the sale of War Saving Stamps. This article will explain how a military system of awards to successful workers is being developed and how "thrift societies" will be organized in all schools throughout the land. As the Treasury Department puts it: "We are hoping to sell two billion dollars' worth of these stamps, which means twenty dollars for each individual in the country, and we are relying upon *boys and girls more than anyone else* to help us accomplish this great purpose." There you are, boys and girls! America has asked you to get busy. What will your answer be? We thought so!

The other departments will be filled with their customary quota of interesting material, "The Watch Tower" appearing as usual under Edward N. Teall's able supervision, and the February issue will close with the sections devoted to "Very Little Folk," "The St. Nicholas League," "The Letter Box," etc.

The Century Co. announces the forthcoming publication of "The Life and Confessions of the Mad Monk, Iliodor —Sergius M. Trufanoff." Mr. Trufanoff, as many Americans know, was for many years the closest friend and confidant of Rasputin, the "holy devil" of the Russian court. As Father Iliodor, Abbot of the great Russian monastery of Tsaritzin, he was entrusted with the preparation of Rasputin for the priesthood, and the latter, at a time when he was hard pressed by his accusers, sought in every way to promote the fortunes of his friend in order to gain his powerful support and that of his immense popular following. Later, Iliodor obtained indisputable evidence of the scandalous "exploits" of Rasputin. He then broke off his irksome friendship and led a popular campaign not only against the "holy devil" himself but also against the Holy Synod and the Czar and Czarina who shielded him from the indignation of the Russian people. Unfrocked and imprisoned, Iliodor escaped to Norway and eventually to New York, where he is living at present. The Century Co. has taken the greatest pains to corroborate the very complicated evidence in his amazing story. Fortunately, Mr. Trufanoff has in his possession photographs and other documents that will leave no doubt of his veracity in the most sceptical mind. His publishers consider that the book is not only of extraordinary interest from the popular stand-point but of great historical value as well, Iliodor being one of the most striking figures of modern Russia.

BOOKS AND THEIR MAKERS

Ruth Comfort Mitchell, whose book "The Night Court and Other Verse" contained some of the most poignant poetry written in recent years, recently arrived in New York from her bungalow in California. She informed her publishers, The Century Co., that she will sail shortly for Europe with the intention of penetrating into Germany in an endeavor to ascertain the present conditions there. Mrs. Young's husband, William Sanborn Young, the talented artist, will accompany her on this trip and will illustrate any material she may gather.

Anne Douglas Sedgwick, author of those brilliant novels, "Tante" and "The Encounter," has been engaged in Red Cross work in France for some time past. A recent letter to The Century Co., her publishers, contained the information that she is to transfer her energies to American Red Cross work, and there is a hint that during the rare moments when she is free her pen has not been idle.

The Reverend Dr. Arthur Cushman McGiffert, author of "Martin Luther: The Man and His Work" which The Century Co. published not long ago and which has since gone into four editions, has been elected to the presidency of Union Theological Seminary. Dr. McGiffert is considered one of the broadest of modern biblical scholars and is widely known as a theologian and the author of many works of a religious nature. During the recent Luther Centenary celebration, Dr. McGiffert's book about the great founder of the Protestant branch of the Christian Church attracted wide attention from the reading public. The writer speaks with authority on this subject as he has made a deep study of Martin Luther, and his sojourn as a young man at the Universities of Berlin and Marburg gave him a background that is invaluable in a work of this nature.

LIEUTENANT HARRY A. FRANCK,
Author of "Vagabonding Down the Andes"—Now Somewhere in France

Fortier Jones, author of "With Serbia Into Exile," that thrilling account of an American's adventures with the Serbian army on its famous retreat to the sea, has joined the Canadian Royal Flying Corps. Mr. Jones reported to Toronto for duty and is now receiving preliminary training for aerial work at a Canadian camp. Mr. Jones wields a graphic pen, and if his adventures in the air prove as interesting as those on land he will undoubtedly have something to say to an appreciative audience.

The recent death of Walter Hale recalls the fact that, in addition to being an accomplished actor, Mr. Hale also possessed much talent as an author and illustrator. When failing health forced him to retire from the stage, he turned to these allied arts and shortly after the Great War broke out was sent to the western front by the Century Magazine. He was at Arras and Rheims during the bombardments and was one of the few civilians who remained as a guest in the Citadel at Verdun, spending two hours at night on the ramparts under fire. Mr. Hale's impressions of these experiences, told in descriptions and pictures, have been gathered into book form by The Century Co. under the expressive title "By Motor to the Firing-Line."

It is reported that the moving-picture rights to "Calvary Alley," Alice Hegan Rice's entertaining tale of the slums, have been sold to a prominent theatrical syndicate. Ann Pennington, the popular little comédienne, is understood to have been entrusted with the rôle ot "Nance Molloy," the pathetic, courageous heroine of Mrs. Rice's latest story, and the screen version will be seen shortly.

Frances Little's new book, "Camp Jolly," is a decided departure for the author of "The Lady of the Decoration" and "The House of the Misty Star." Instead of a Japanese background we have the Colorado Canyon, and in place of black-eyed maidens in kimonos we meet two men, three boys, and a dog in search of Western adventures. A small negro, Robert Lee Abe Lincoln George Washington Sherman—known for short as "Rags"—is a distinct addition to the author's gallery of portraits.

Holworthy Hall is evidently a firm believer in the element of luck in daily life. In proof of this we quote the following passage from "Dormie One," his unique collection of golf stories: "When you come right down to the determining factors in any man's success or failure, you can't eliminate luck. I *defy* you to eliminate it! Take the Duke of Wellington. Where would be his place in history if Napoleon had ordered a different menu? Or, if you follow the other theory, if Grouchy hadn't been deaf; or if his guide hadn't been stupid. Take Newton, and suppose his apple hadn't fallen until the next day. Take Watt: if his mother hadn't made him watch the kettle. Take Columbus: if a bit of driftwood hadn't floated along. What would have been the result? A Continental empire, a country school-teacher, a village blacksmith, and a murder on the high seas."

A recent cable informed The Century Co. that Madeleine Z. Doty, author of "Short Rations: An American Woman in Germany (1915-1916)," has arrived at Peking, China. Miss Doty is en route to Petrograd where she will remain for some time, during which she will write a series of articles on present vital conditions in the distracted Russian capital.

So great was the demand for "Kultur in Cartoons," the new collection of drawings by Louis Raemaekers, the famous Dutch cartoonist, that a second edition was necessary before the book went to press.

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THE
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THE LUSITANIA GOES DOWN

By Mary Dillon

Mary Dillon is known to a very large public as the author of a number of romances of which perhaps "The Rose of Old St. Louis" is the most famous. She has just written a new novel, "Comrades" (The Century Co., $1.40). It is a love-story with the great war as background, and the scene shifts between many countries. One of the most thrilling moments in the book is the sinking of the Lusitania, on which both the hero and the heroine are travelling. A part of this scene follows:

"Aunt Hester!" Beatrice began to expostulate, but was too shocked for the moment to go on.

"You don't mind, Hugh, *do* you?"

"Aunt Hester" turned to me with the winning smile that always made her old face beautiful.

"Not a bit," I smiled back at her. "In fact, I rather agree with you, and I 've been enjoying this 'Battle of the Amazons.' I——"

But I went no further.

"A periscope!" shouted one of the two young men on watch.

"A torpedo!" shouted the other the next moment.

Every one sprang to the rail at the first call, Miss Martin, Beatrice, and I with the rest. We were in time to catch a glimpse of a long streak of white rushing through the water toward us. It was instantly followed by the shock of impact. The great ship seemed to stand still for a moment, shuddering from stem to stern; and every man and woman on board shuddered with her.

MARY DILLON
Author of "Comrades"

Like the great ship, for one moment we, too, stood still, dazed beyond action. Then as realization followed like a rushing tide, I said with what calmness I could command:

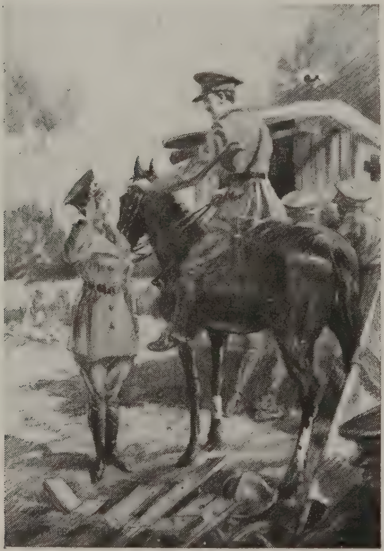
"We must have life-belts. Stay here; I will get them."

The crew, without waiting for orders, had sprung from their stations, and every man was rushing to his appointed life-boat as I started for the belts. But I was called back by an agonized cry from Beatrice.

"Let go! Let go! O *Hugh!*"

I turned quickly. Miss Martin's spy had hold of Beatrice's arm and was dragging her toward the life-boat by which he had been standing. The crew were already lowering it from the davits and into it men and women were beginning to crowd.

I sprang back to Beatrice's side and struck off the man's hand with an angry exclamation. He paid no attention to me, except to bestow a black scowl upon me, but in labored English, with a strong German accent, urged Beatrice excitedly:



From "Comrades"

"Come, Miss Ludlow! We must be quick! The boat is filling. I will save you."

For answer Beatrice turned to me and seized my hand.

"Hugh, send him away!" she implored, and I could feel her trembling violently.

"I will look after Miss Ludlow and Miss Martin. Be off with you!" I ordered. But the man lingered long enough to urge once more:

"It is your only chance, Miss Ludlow. Come!"

The Spy Unveils

Beatrice simply clung the tighter to me, and I had to whisper in her ear, "Let go one moment, dearest."

She dropped my hand instantly, and I sprang toward the fellow. But the threat in my eyes and my raised fist were enough. He turned and ran toward the life-boat. Roughly pushing aside a woman about to step into it, he made a leap for a place in it.

But the steward who had been ordered to watch him, and who now was helping women and children into the boat, was too quick for him. As the man made his spring, the steward gave him a violent push that sent him careening headlong into the water. His head struck the edge of the ship as he went over, smashing his goggles and tearing off his red wig and mustache before he made the great plunge.

For a moment we three stood gazing after him, bewildered and awe-struck at the sudden end of the man. In that moment he rose to the surface and gazed wildly up at the boat, struggling desperately, but apparently not knowing how to swim.

"Oh, I knew it!" Beatrice moaned. "I knew it was he the moment he touched me. O Hugh!" She clung to me again, shuddering violently. For that struggling, agonized figure, with the black hair, the sinister eyes, and the cruel mouth of Keltowitch, uttering wild ravings, as we could guess from the contortions of the lips, quickly sank once more and forever beneath the waves.

THE BRITISH POSTAL CENSORSHIP

By Eric Fisher Wood

The following interesting account of the workings of the British postal censorship is taken from Major Eric Fisher Wood's "Note-Book of an Intelligence Officer" (The Century Co., $1.75). Major Wood has probably witnessed more behind the scenes in the English management of the war than any other American publicist:

In the testing department, Britain's best research chemists and scholars match their wits against those of the wily enemy spy to discover his secret writings and decipher his complicated codes. An extraordinary lot of men they are—gleaned from Oxford and Cambridge, from Edinburgh and London, from Dublin and Glasgow. Intense workers—quiet and reserved, but deadly keen—they become so absorbed in their subtle and fascinating game of hunting the King of Big Game, that they know not the eight-hour day, but often work from morning till evening, and from evening round the clock again to morning.

Some of their feats in checkmating the German Secret Service are playing an important part in the outcome of the war. For instance, the German forces in East Africa had been cut off from communication with other German forces and from Berlin by the destruction of their wireless sending station at Dar-es-Salaam. This caused serious complications, since it was of vital importance that reports of the exact state of their campaign should reach the great General Staff in Germany.

The Germans in East Africa learned that prisoners taken by the British, after having been put upon parole not to abuse the privilege by attempting to forward military information to Germany, were immediately allowed to write home. Taking this fact as a point of departure, the Germans worked out a plan which they believed could not fail their purpose.

They concocted an invisible sympathetic ink, and with it filled the toothwash bottle of a trusted Prussian officer, who thereupon went out scouting and purposely allowed himself to be captured by the British. As had been anticipated, he was allowed the privilege of writing to Germany to announce his capture, and to state that he was well and unwounded. He composed a long letter, praising the treatment he received from the English and saying that he was happy and contented.

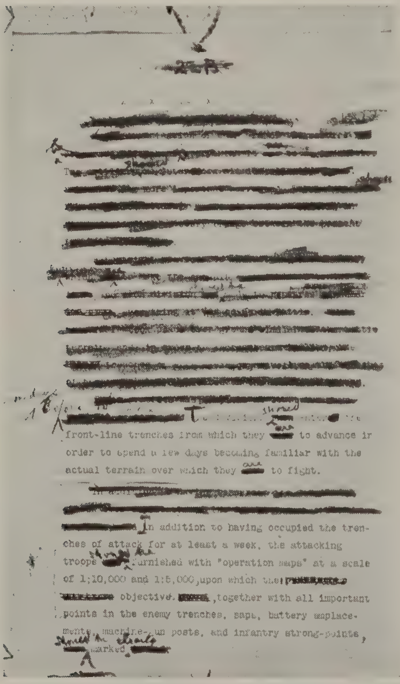
Before he posted this perfectly innocent missive, however, he steamed the envelope in which it was to be sent until it could be unfolded into a flat sheet of paper. He then wrote his military report in secret ink on the inside, remade the envelope, placed his letter therein, and posted it to Germany.

In due time it reached the British Censorship, where the head of the testing department had given orders that all communications written by Prussian officers, whether under parole or not, should be submitted to him. He merely glanced through the letter and immediately called an assistant.

"The writer of this," he said, "is up to some deviltry. I deduce this from the fact that he omits to complain of not having a servant to wait on him. Such a grumble is invariably the first one that a Prussian officer makes when he reaches prison—that is, unless he is up to some crookedness and is trying to sugar the pill. Take this letter and examine it carefully; and don't bring it back to me until you find what is wrong with it."

Within an hour the assistant had discovered and developed the secret writing on the inside of the envelope. The testing department thus converted their opponent's forward pass into a touchdown for their own side; for the information contained in the document was far more valuable to the British than it would ever have been to the enemy, as will be incontrovertibly shown by the partial translation which follows:

"The commandant expects a ship from America to Southwest Africa next month. . . . The commandant intends . . . to hold up the British Army of sixty thousand men by a slow retreat and thus keep it away from more important theatres of war. . . . The state of health of our army is satisfactory, there being only twenty-five cases of typhus at P's hospital in Mombo. . . . Medicaments, however, are very short; but we have begun to produce quinine at Amani and along the Central Railway. All other stores for Europeans are available; even cigarettes, chocolate and schnapps being manufactured, and also leather boots. . . . Until the end of March rainfall was so slight that there was insufficient water for our native troops. The traitor Von Maidell is at New Moschi, with the British."



[redacted]

front-line trenches from which they [redacted] to advance in order to spend a few days becoming familiar with the actual terrain over which they are [redacted] to fight.

[redacted] In addition to having occupied the trenches of attack for at least a week, the attacking troops should be [redacted] furnished with "operation maps" at a scale of 1;10,000 and 1:5,000, upon which the [redacted] objective. [redacted], together with all important points in the enemy trenches, saps, battery emplacements, machine-gun posts, and infantry strong-points, should be clearly [redacted] marked [redacted]

"PASSED BY THE CENSOR"
From "The Note-Book of an Intelligence Officer"

MESSRS. BLINKINSHAW & BEPSTOW

By Stacy Aumonier

A new novel by Stacy Aumonier, author of those remarkable stories, "Olga Bardel" and "The Friends," has just been published by The Century Co. It is called "Just Outside" ($1.35) and is a study of a man of temperament, a painter and playwright, and his love affairs, and of his attempts to adjust himself to his environment. Mr. Aumonier, as thousands of readers know, is a delightful writer. The following passage from his new novel is a good example of his descriptive gift:

All the world knows the famous house of Blinkinshaw & Bepstow. With its huge central block of buildings in Soho, and its equally imposing branches in Manchester, Glasgow, Paris, and Montevideo, the tentacles of its ramifications exert their influence in every part of the civilized globe. It combines the laudable ambition of supplying the public with "the maximum of taste" in furniture, decoration, and upholstery, with the silent workings of huge financial operations. Everyone knows a Blinkinshaw & Bepstow cretonne or bedroom suite, but no one knows the details of the vast ululations of capital that flow secretly behind the balance-sheets of this very distinguished firm. Huge hotels spring up, are stamped with the hall-mark of Blinkinshaw & Bepstow's crowning reputation, pass into other hands, and either succeed or fail. Great liners ply the waters of the Atlantic and Indian Ocean, and their proprietors are justifiably entitled to charge the maximum rates, because their ships have been "decorated throughout by Blinkinshaw & Bepstow." To say that your house has been done up by Blinkinshaw & Bepstow is to say that you have done the very best and the most expensive thing. You become at once a very desirable member of society.

When you enter the premises of Blinkinshaw & Bepstow in Soho, a tall military-looking man in pale-blue and gold ushers you through a cunning arrangement of double doors, and deposits you in a sort of large marble atrium, where you stand on a thick-pile Turkish carpet, and blink feebly into the mysterious lights and shadows. You are allowed a few moments to accustom yourself to your exalted location, when a very old gentleman with snow-white hair and gold pincenez comes forward and looks into your eye. He has a melancholy but sympathetic expression. He seems to want to convey the idea that your sorrows are his sorrows, that your hopes are his hopes, that he has no other object in life than to be kind and gentle with you. You mention some vague project, but he does not reply. He leads you reverently into the shadows, and switches on electric lights. You find yourself in gorgeous fitted rooms of carved oak and tapestry; knights in armor scowl down at you from galleries; huge Chinese vases stand dumbly for you to bow your knee before them as you pass. You are impressed. You lose all sense of time or social values. The mission you came on is forgotten; neither does your cicerone remind you of it. He speaks in his soothing, melancholy voice, and extols the fading glories of the crafts. He becomes your brother. You are like pilgrims wandering hand in hand in search of revelation. Your

An illustration from "Just Outside"

imagination riots with the moving possibilities of it all. That Chinese lacquer bed with the maroon hangings; how gorgeous that would look in the little white room at home! But the dear old gentleman shakes his head. There are tears on the brink of his eyes. He does not seem to want to part with the lacquer bed. He touches the smooth surface lovingly, and turns away. You feel that he is too overcome to speak. And then your desire increases. You become passionate. You follow him doggedly, and other ideas present themselves, but at the back of your mind is the vision of the lacquer bed. Over an inlaid Dutch table he becomes lyrical in his quiet way, but you can tell by his eyes that he knows how you are suffering. He, too, is suffering, and there is a poignant moment as you hover by a Boule cabinet. Suddenly he turns to you, and his eyes are clear, as though the struggle is over, as though some sympathetic chord in yourself had moved him so deeply that he is forced to make a concession to you. You find yourself seated at a desk, writing. The Chinese bed is yours; and everything you have is his. What does it matter? Are you not fellow-sufferers? Is the world so pitiable a place that a few hundred pounds one way or the other will affect it?

Getting the Uttermost Out of Life

You part from him, you don't know how, and find yourself in the street. You walk gaily homeward, dreaming and humming snatches of half-forgotten melodies, and it is only when the dim shadows of evening creep over the city, and your wife says, "Did you remember to order that ceiling paper for Lucy's bedroom?" that you realize that there is a genius behind all the works of God and man, the indefinable quality of getting the very uttermost out of life. Was n't it Carlyle who extolled this quality so profoundly?

The Century Co. announces the forthcoming publication of "Roving and Fighting: Adventures Under Four Flags," by Major Edward S. O'Reilly. "Tex" O'Reilly, as he is widely known, has fought as a soldier of fortune all over the world, in the Spanish war, in the Philippines, and in Mexico. His other adventures include the O'Reilly School of English in Kobe, Japan, rent collecting in China, bouncing in a Chinese theatre, and hoboing across America.

PUBLIC SPEAKING IN BUSINESS

By James Albert Winans

Leading authorities in many branches of activity have testified to the practical excellence of James Albert Winans' book "Public Speaking" (The Century Co., $1.60). What distinguishes it from other books of the kind is its emphasis upon the useful as distinguished from the oratorical elements of the art of public speaking. It is adapted not only to the college man but to the practising lawyer, business man and minister. Professor Winans points out in the following passage how valuable this art is to the "plain business man."

An important member of the law department of one of our greatest railways, a strictly office lawyer, tells me he is greatly hampered by his inability to make a speech, and that he could serve his company much better if he were able to represent it, particularly at dinners. The dean of a certain college of civil engineering declares that if graduates in engineering could have thorough training in speaking, and some training in law, they could take their places as presidents of all the corporations in the land. In the new generation, he holds, the engineer will cease to be the hired man and will take charge of affairs. A graduate of the same college, a practising engineer, has established generous prizes to encourage engineering students to cultivate skill in speech. And in opening the contest last year, the dean of a college of mechanical engineering declared that the donor of the prizes had acted wisely in anticipating the future; and that the engineer must be able to carry conviction of the truth of his results, for otherwise great enterprises cannot be carried on.

In a certain university the only students *required* to take a course in public speaking are those in architecture. The reason for this requirement is that the faculty concerned has been impressed with the failures of certain practitioners to secure acceptance for excellent plans, when presenting them before boards and committees.

For the "Plain Business Man"

But no class of men dwells more earnestly on the ability to speak well than that which describes itself as consisting of "plain business men." "It is n't oratory I want," such a man hastens to say, "but just the ability to get up and say what I think when things are being discussed." And those who have had a little training will testify to its help in meeting and dealing with men in all sorts of relations; for example, in dealing with their workmen, in selling goods, and in taking part in the affairs of their communities. Of course, men do succeed in most vocations without the ability to make a speech. The just claim is that they find this ability a help in most callings and indispensable in some.

An interesting proof of the widespread interest in the drama among Americans may be found in the fact that copies of Arthur Hobson Quinn's "Representative American Plays" have been ordered for all the cantonment libraries of the new national army. The book contains more than twenty complete plays.

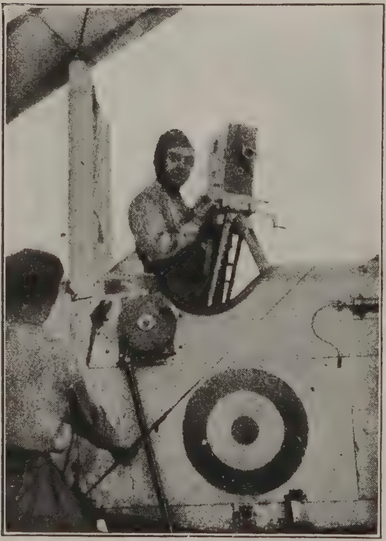
THE TRAINING OF AVIATORS

By Henry Woodhouse

Henry Woodhouse is the author of two recent books of vital importance to everyone interested in aviation, "Textbook of Naval Aeronautics" and "Textbook of Military Aeronautics" (The Century Co., each $6.00). Both are very fully illustrated. From the "Textbook of Naval Aeronautics" we quote the following:

The training of aviators is fast becoming an exact science. When, early in the war aviators were needed in large numbers and were employed mainly for scouting, aerial coast patrol, and spotting of shots, even the European navies were willing to forego practically all the qualifications apart from flying. Later, as the duties of aviators increased rapidly, and the shortage of trained men made it necessary to "break in" civilians, their training had to be carried out on scientific lines.

Whenever the personnel available is untrained in naval matters, it is necessary to teach the students the rudiments of naval discipline and naval regulations as well as aeronautics. Great Britain has been obliged to do so to obtain military aviators, and the British system, which has been adopted by her Allies and Canada, is undoubtedly the best system to follow to-day.



From "Textbook of Naval Aeronautics"

General W. S. Brancker, R. A., Director of British Air Organization, has given a clear idea of the extent to which civilians are considered suitable for service at the front. He says in part:

"The civilian who wishes to join the Army or Navy Air Service in Great Britain or Canada at present has first to join the Service as a cadet and go through a course in the cadets' school, at which military subjects as well as aeronautic subjects are taught. He gets a grounding in drill and discipline, care of arms, interior economy, military law, and the use of the machine-gun; this course lasts about two months. From this the cadet is sent to a Flying Corps Training School, School of Military Aeronautics, where he begins his technical training on the ground. In Canada, and in some cases in England, he gets the first mentioned military training at the same time as he gets the rudimentary training in flying or operation of dirigibles and observation balloons. He goes through a course in the care of engines and rigging, is given some idea of the theory of flight, and is taught wireless signaling and receiving.

Courses of Instruction

"He gets instruction in the care of machine-guns, in the use of the camera, in map-reading, in the observation of artillery fire with models, and in his spare moments he gets a certain amount of drill. This course lasts another two months, and if he gets through this successfully, he is given a commission on the General List. He then joins a preliminary training squadron as a pupil and starts his instruction usually on the slow Maurice Farman aeroplane, his training both in military and technical subjects going on concurrently. After reaching a certain standard of efficiency and having completed a certain number of hours in the air, he is sent on to an advanced training squadron or service squadron, where he learns to fly Service types of machines for military purposes, and eventually qualifies for his wings. He is then gazetted as a flying officer of the Royal Flying Corps and posted to a service squadron. If he shows exceptional promise as a pilot after his qualification, he is sent to the Central Flying School, where he is given extra higher instruction on flying scouts. During the period of advanced training, he goes through a course of aerial gunnery away from his squadron. The total time in the air usually required to reach the qualification stage is about thirty hours' solo in present circumstances, but, of course, the length of time that it takes to reach this standard depends entirely on the weather and the number of aeroplanes available. During the winter it works out to about four months, but in the summer it is considerably shorter."

All this may seem a long process, but it is doubtless the best and will prove the shortest in the end in producing well-trained aviators.

"A POOR UNFORTUNATE"

His hoss went dead, an' his mule went lame,
He lost six cows in a poker game;
A harricane come on a summer's day
An' carried the house whar he lived away,
Then a earthquake come when *that* wuz gone
An' swallered the land that the house stood on!
An' the tax collector, he come roun'
An' charged him up for the hole in the groun'!
An' the city marshal he come in view
An' said he wanted his street tax, too!
Did he moan an' sigh? Did he set an' cry
An' cuss the harricane sweepin' by?
Did he grieve that his old friends failed to call
When the earthquake come and swallered all?
Never a word o' blame he said,
With all them troubles on top his head!
Not him! He climbed on top o' the hill
Whar stan'in' room wuz left him still,
An', barin' his head, here 's what he said:
"I reckon it 's time to get up an' git,
But, Lord, I hain't had the measles yit!"

—*From Julian Street's "American Adventures."*

BOY SCOUT DISCIPLINE

By Joseph B. Ames

"Under Boy Scout Colors" (The Century Co., $1.35), by Joseph B. Ames, is primarily a story, but it has been officially endorsed by the Boy Scout Organization of America as an admirable presentation of the actual life of the Boy Scouts, their work and their ideals. The following is a characteristic passage:

For a long moment Bob Gibson stood like one petrified. He thought of the crowd, of the narrow, twisted stairs, of panic. What ought he to do? What was there possible for him to do? He tried to remember what the scout book said about fires and panics, but his brain seemed numb. Before it had cleared there came a choking cry from the other side, and Bennie Rhead, the youngest scout in the troop, slipped out of the line, and before any one could stop him, had jerked open the door to let in a rolling cloud of dense black smoke.

Like a flash Wesley Becker leaped after him, dragged him back, and slammed the door; but the damage was done. There was a long, gasping, concerted sigh, as of hundreds of people catching their breath in unison; in a second more the hall resounded with that cry which chills the blood and sends shivers chasing down the spine. To Gibson, standing pale and frightened, it seemed as if that whole close-packed assemblage surged up like some awful monster and rushed toward him, a bedlam of shrill sound; while out of doors the wild clamor of the fire-alarm suddenly burst forth to add horror to the scene.

Shaking and terrified, Bob nevertheless stood motionless, partly because he did not know what else to do, but mainly because the fellows on either side of him had not stirred. He dug his teeth into his under lip to keep back a frightened whimper, and then of a sudden the clear, high voice of Mr. Curtis rang out above the deafening din and turmoil:

"UNDER BOY SCOUT COLORS"

"Troop Five prepare to form double riot wedge! One!"

Instinctively Bob leaped two paces forward and a little to the right. In like fashion the others darted to their positions with the swift precision of machines. Not a scout failed. Even Bennie Rhead, frightened as he was, made no mistake, and in a trice the wedge was complete.

"Two!" shouted the scoutmaster.

Down swung the staves, interlocking in a double barrier of stout hickory backed by equally sturdy muscle. The scoutmaster had barely time to place himself at the apex of the wedge before the mob struck it.

"Hold fast, boys!" he cried. "Brace your feet and don't let them break the line!" He flung up both arms in the faces of the maddened throng. "Stop!" he shouted. "You can't get out this way. The stairs are impassable. Stop crowding! There's no danger if you keep your heads. The fire-escapes are in good order. The windows—"

The rest was choked off by the crushing weight of the mob dashing against the barrier. Even in the second row Bob felt the double line shake and give under strain, and instinctively he dropped a shoulder against the pressure and spread out his legs to brace himself. MacIlvaine noticed what he was doing, and shouted to the others to follow Bob's example; and presently the line steadied and held. Then a shrill whistle cut through the clamor, stilling it a little and making it possible to hear the stentorian voice of Captain Chalmers from somewhere in the rear of the crowd.

"You can't get out by the stairs! There are fire-escapes at both front and rear. Ladders will soon be raised to the other windows. There's no danger if you only keep your heads. Stop crowding and form in line at the windows. Scouts will see that these lines are kept and that the women and children are taken out first."

Victory

An inarticulate murmur followed his words, but the wild din of a moment before was not resumed. In a moment, too, the pressure of bodies against the double line of scouts about the door began to relax as those in the rear made haste to seek other ways of escape. Presently it had ceased entirely, and as the boys straightened up from their cramped positions Mr. Curtis turned to face them.

"I'm proud of you, fellows," he said in a low, quick tone. "That was corking! Steady, now, for a minute or two longer."

SOCIAL INSURANCE

By F. Stuart Chapin

Professor F. Stuart Chapin has followed up his "Social Evolution" with "An Historical Introduction to Social Economy" (The Century Co., $2.00), a history of the more important social movements in medieval and modern times, with special emphasis on the development of charitable relief. We quote the following passage:

Just how solid a front against the encroachments of such misfortunes as industrial accident, sickness, unemployment, and dependent old age, social insurance throws about the "average" workman may be shown if we will but follow an insured workman through the various vicissitudes of his life-history.

It is probable that the early years of work will be quite free from misfortunes such as sickness and accident, but since industrial depression is no respecter of youthful and agile persons, our workman will be likely to experience the loss of his job. We will assume that he has spent the week in diligent search for work, but without avail. Yet his failure to find a new job does not consign him to a discouraging period of privation, for he begins to draw unemployment benefits after the first week. This payment continues for fifteen weeks, if necessary. It is practically certain that long before the maximum period is up, he will have found a new position. Indeed, experience has shown that ninety-nine per cent. of the beneficiaries of unemployment insurance secure work before the expiration of fifteen weeks. Thus, social insurance has tided him over a crisis which the ordinary experience of workmen makes large with possibilities for evil, and has permitted his reëstablishment as a self-supporting citizen.

As the years go by, sickness is sure to come, with its consequent suffering, incapacity, and loss of income. At this point sickness-insurance steps in and provides medical attention and supplies which the wage-earner's small savings and uncertain income could not obtain. Moreover, the loss of income due to absence from work is made up in considerable measure by the payment of a weekly benefit of two thirds of his wages. When invalidity follows, a pension is paid, and the burden of dependence upon the family made bearable, or at least considerably reduced. In cases of death, there is this pension for the wage-earner's dependents, besides funeral money. Again our workman has been tided over misfortune, saved from sinking into dependence, and restored to economic independence, by adequate provision for an economic and moral, as well as physical, recovery.

Then, perhaps, the misfortune of industrial accident occurs. There is a class of injury to the workman which results in complete or partial incapacity for a considerable length of time. Once more social insurance, this time in the form of compensation for industrial accident, or perhaps sickness-insurance, wards off the worst physical, moral, and economic effects of the misfortune, by providing medical attendance and two thirds of his wages. The period of privation and suffering is lightened, permanent disability, if it occurs, is relieved by a pension, or in a case of death, the dependents are assisted by a pension payment adapted to their peculiar needs. Thus, for a third time, social insurance has stepped in and helped solve the problems of a life's vicissitudes.

Finally, when our worker is no longer adaptable in mind and body, social insurance provides a modest annuity sufficient to diminish the burden of aged dependents upon the self-supporting children. This small pension is increased by whatever private savings the workman had been able to gather together in his period of greatest productivity, and by the fund he may have accumulated under unemployment insurance because of his unusual regularity at work. Thus all the ordinary risks of life that workmen are unable individually to assume, because of inadequate wages, are covered by a socialized form of insurance which becomes a preventer of poverty, as well as a constructor of citizenship.

The Century Co. announces the forthcoming publication of "Donald Thompson in Russia," being letters home from a free lance newspaper photographer and moving picture man who spent months going up and down the Russian fighting front and in Petrograd during the revolution.

FOOD IN THE ARCTIC

By Rear Admiral Robert E. Peary

In "The Secrets of Polar Travel" (The Century Co., $2.50), Rear Admiral Peary describes the remarkable methods, many of them devised by his own American ingenuity, by which he achieved the discovery of the North Pole. The book also contains a vast amount of the most fascinating incidental information about life in the Arctic—such as the following:

Seen a few feet under one's boat in the pale-green, icy water of Whale Sound, a herd of rushing walrus, as swift and sinuous as seals, the great uncouth gray shapes rolling from side to side to leer upward with little, bloodshot eyes and show a flash of white tusks, is like a night-mare dream of the inferno.

Stuffed and baked, the heart of the walrus is as great a delicacy as a beef heart. Dr. Senn, a Chicago traveler and writer, a summer visitor on one of my auxiliary ships, was greatly captivated by it, and Percy, my Newfoundland steward of numerous expeditions, incited by the praise of his discovery, became a blue-ribbon chef in cooking it. Some explorers have highly praised the walrus liver and urged its value as a preventive and cure for scurvy. Never having been obliged to use it for that purpose, and spoiled perhaps by the more delicate seal, reindeer, musk-ox, and hare livers, the members of my expeditions never seemed to care for it.

The thick, tough hide of the walrus furnishes a dog food of wonderful staying qualities. A small piece of it when frozen will keep the strongest jawed Eskimo dog occupied and interested for hours in his efforts to soften it to the point where he can swallow it whole.

I have always taken on just as much walrus meat and blubber as the ship, already filled almost to her capacity with coal, etc., would allow—some fifty walrus, perhaps. This, together with seventy or more tons of whale meat bought at Labrador, has carried the dogs through the winter, and has also helped feed the Eskimos, who virtually live on narwhal, seal and walrus.

Seals are obtained in abundance at Cape Chalon, the spring hunting-ground of the Eskimos, and at the end of some seasons large piles of this meat are stacked along the ice-foot at the village. Equipped with a seal spear, and dressed in the warmest of furs, with feet padded with bearskin to muffle their tread, and with small three-legged stools, men, boys and even women may be seen sitting for hours beside a hole in the ice waiting for a seal to appear for a breath of air. Occasional seals were always captured on our way to and from winter quarters, and they frequently appeared near the ship during the winter.

For the fresh-meat supply of my men I have always depended on the musk-ox, and on all my expeditions have been able to find numbers of these animals within a radius of a hundred miles of the ship or other winter quarters. They can be found at any time of the year, even during the long polar night, by those who know how. The grass and creeping-willows furnish subsistence for them the year round, the strong winds peculiar to those regions sweeping large tracts of land bare of snow in winter, thus enabling them to eke out an existence.

The presence of musk-oxen can be detected very quickly by the patches of luxuriant grass which mark all their rendezvous, although along the inhabited parts of the Greenland coast an unusual growth of grass may be a sign of a former igloo. A careful examination of these places will soon show whether musk-oxen have been about, bits of wool and hair shed from the shaggy coats being scattered here and there on the ground, while their tracks show how recent has been their visit. Fresh tracks of musk-oxen being discovered, it does not often mean a great distance to travel before the animals themselves are sighted; and musk-oxen once seen may be considered dead musk-oxen by an experienced hunter with a good dog or two. On approaching to within a mile or so of them, the dogs are let loose, and the hunter can follow at a comfortable pace, knowing that on his arrival the herd will be rounded up. A musk-ox, if alone, will retreat to the nearest cliff and back up against it at the appearance of dogs. A herd, however, will round up anywhere, with their tails together, facing the intruders, while their leader takes his stand on the outskirts of the group and charges the dogs as they come up. As soon as the leader is shot, another steps out from the herd to take his place, and so on. When things begin to look too bad for them, they will sometimes make a wild break to escape, or the whole herd may charge the enemy.

RAEMAEKERS, A MAINSPRING OF ARMED FORCE

By S. Stanwood Menken

The cartoons of Louis Raemaekers are now known to countless thousands the world over. Two volumes of them, "Raemaekers' Cartoons" and "Kultur in Cartoons," (each $5.00) have been issued by The Century Co., the exclusive publishers of the famous Hollander's work in book form in America. A third volume, "America in the War," is announced for the spring. Many of our readers therefore will be interested in the following article which, in a somewhat extended form, appears in the February Century and is reprinted here with the editor's permission:

To justify the translation of the art of Raemaekers into a direct instrument of war, a mainspring of armed force, requires understanding of certain less apparent, yet important, forces of modern conflict. This can be had only through the knowledge that wars are won through the maintenance of one nation's morale, while compassing the destruction of the enemy's spirit. Germany understood the worth of both of these principles, and acted accordingly. Raemaekers checked her plans.

That the army of Germany exemplified the perfection of the machinery of conquest was well known before July, 1914. Its manœuvers had shown the superiority of its discipline and the completeness of its equipment. No one, however, not even those acquainted with the black record of German troops in China, with their creed of terror, designed to destroy morale, believed it possible that they had been trained to use like methods against fellow-Europeans. Civilization expected civilized warfare of Germany. When the code of decency was supplanted by brute rule, the general impression was that the course of the military did not accord with the views of the German people. We were certain that rapine and plunder, poison and torch, would be as strongly condemned in Dresden and Munich as in Boston and Philadelphia.

We thought then that we knew the Germans; we recalled them as earnest students, kindly philosophers, energetic and capable merchants, apparent devotees of the great arts, and singularly faithful members of the family circle. Their general support of the terrorists of Louvain and the murderers and mutilators of the innocent constitutes too great a transformation in character to be the result of any incidental change; it cannot be condoned on the plea of war craze or battle fever. It is the direct expression of the law of cause and effect.

The psychology of rule or ruin was due to a cruelly false system of education deliberately instituted by the Prussian authorities. Their conduct in China, Belgium, and Armenia was not wanton, but designed, cruelty. Terror had a definite place in their war program. To appreciate this, we must recall the Hohenzollern conception of state and its very practical way of asserting divine right by marshalling all its human powers and resources. In this effort, stimulated by forty years of ambition for world conquest, the Hohenzollerns used the most modern business methods and made the scientific application of organization the great development in government of our generation.

An integral part of the design of the Germans is to provide for the destruction of the spirit of the enemy. Any weakening of their opponent's support by the people behind the line is to their advantage; accordingly, they endeavor to introduce among their foes political disturbance, financial stress, and economic destruction. The extreme possibilities of their program have found expression in the Russian revolution and the Italian retreat.

LOUIS RAEMAEKERS

In their attempts upon a foe's morale, the instruments are the spoken word, the falsely printed newspaper, and the pen and brush, each designed to misinform the civilian population and misdirect popular emotion.

Early in the war the great writers and poets of the Allied nations joined in combating, with all the inspiration of the cause of liberty, the campaigns launched in varied guise by seditionists here and abroad. In this effort literature has made a worthy contribution to the battle for civilization. It remained, however, for the art and genius of Raemaekers to rout the propagandists of the enemy by delineating the great basic truths of war as waged by the Huns. It has been his work, more than that of any other person, to delineate the righteousness of the Allied cause.

Indictment and Inspiration

His portraiture is a protest, an indictment, and an inspiration. He destroys the foe's misrepresentation and exposes his mendacity while constructively informing the mind and awakening the imagination. He enables us to grasp all the details of sorrow, of devotion, together with all the splendor of modern battle behind his story. He horrifies us with the brutality of uncivilized warfare, and at the same time arouses within us the determination to right the wrongs of an outraged world. His very shock is a stimulus, for in telling us of the horror of war, Raemaekers makes us understand that to stop it forever by victory is the only thing worthy of thinking and feeling human beings. By speaking the universal language which art alone possesses, he has made the war clear to those who cannot read. Because of this genius for arousing our emotions, he is the premier recruiting agent of the armies of civilization for and behind the battle-line. He is truly a mainspring of our armed forces.

It was Germany's recognition of this fact that led Maximilian Harden to say that Raemaekers' cartoons have done more harm to the Prussian cause than any armed division of Allied troops.

To particularize as to the value of any of Raemaekers' cartoons is impossible; all are fine in spirit and execution. To us of America those which make the strongest appeal relate to Belgium, its women and its children; they stir most profoundly our very soul. There is also particular strength in his conception of America in the person of a greater, nobler, and more impressive Uncle Sam, whom he dignifies in many of his pictures. When looking at him, we are moved by the portraiture of the national figure, inspired by justice, to support the right. The public appreciation of these pictures of Uncle Sam—and there are many of them—proves that Raemaekers, by grasping the highest spirit of American patriotism, has done much of the vital work of unifying America in its belief of the necessity of our entrance into the war. For America he transforms the struggle from a war for England, France, or any other nation, great or small, into a battle for democracy, for liberty, and for all the progress of all the ages. He makes it a war to maintain American principles for Americans, with full warning of the dangers of defeat, just as in his Belgium cartoons he makes the struggle one to procure for Belgium that little that can be done for it after all havoc and destruction. It is his power of suggestion that the cause of the Allied nations is a common one, to win a victory for humanity, that constitutes Raemaekers' most important service to mankind.

We Americans must take our lesson from Raemaekers, and ever have in mind the reasons for the German view of the importance of his work. Those of us who have learned from his preachments and can prevision the full extent to which this war will test the strength of the nation must do our part to awaken the body politic here generally to feel that the war is their war and for their liberties. We must repeat, and again repeat, that to them and those who come after them in this free land victory is the one thing worth while to Americans who have America first in their hearts. If we do not do this at once and thoroughly, we shall come to a time, perhaps not far distant, when the people will object to a continuance of the war, or at least there will be such a division of public sentiment as to make its conduct difficult. The little troubles that we have had to face are mere incidents compared with the sacrifices demanded of our Allies. We must help our fellows to learn and, learning, be ready to do and do and give and give until victory is attained.

We shall soon have the returns from the battlefield. We shall read with anxiety the rolls of dead and wounded, mounting into the thousands; and then, when the burden has become heavy and the cloud of uncertainty dark, we shall face the greatest danger, and have to be prepared to meet the culmination of the campaign of sedition sown here by ignorant pacifists, pro-Germans, and their paid agents.

Unless we succeed in bringing the teachings of Raemaekers to the people, they will not know how to deal with these conditions. We may then have riot and disorder. We must be ready for situations that have not existed since the days of Lincoln; so that when the test comes the people will prove the strength and quality of their democracy in their answer to the question of America's continuance in the war. Whether the United States decides in favor of national honor and liberty or dishonor and vassalage will be largely determined by the effect of the campaign of patriotic education which is now being conducted by the National Security League and other far-sighted organizations to inform the people of the reason of the war and its import to each of them.

An excellent aid to national security at this time would be to provide for the reproduction of Raemaekers' cartoons in such popular form as to place them in the hands of every man, woman and child in the country. They should be part of every moving-picture program, and issued to the country press throughout the United States. The doing of this would bring to the workers in the field, the toilers in the mines, and the artisans in the shops the full story of the evil of Germany's plan, and would afford a stimulus to that awakening of the national soul which alone will preserve democracy, the hope of all lovers of liberty throughout the world.

A short time ago the newspapers reported a counter revolution in Southern Russia which was being led by Iliodor, Abbot of Tsaritzin and former friend and accuser of Rasputin, who has been living in this country. According to the report Iliodor's revolution was carrying all before it. This is a striking instance of the unreliability of the Russian news at present. In point of fact, Iliodor has not left this country at all. Every morning, during the very days of his reported activities in Russia, he was appearing at the offices of The Century Co., where he has been spending much of his time of late dictating his life and confessions. The book will appear within a few weeks.

TO CENTURION READERS

Navy's Call for Binoculars, Spy-Glasses and Telescopes—"The Eyes of the Navy"

The United States Navy is still in urgent need of binoculars, spy-glasses and telescopes. The use of the submarine has so changed naval warfare that more "EYES" are needed on every ship, in order that a constant and efficient lookout may be maintained. Sextants and chronometers are also urgently required.

Heretofore, the United States has been obliged to rely almost entirely upon foreign countries for its supply of such articles. These channels of supply are now closed, and as no stock is on hand in this country to meet the present emergency, it has become necessary to appeal to the patriotism of private owners to furnish EYES FOR THE NAVY.

An appeal is now made through The Centurion to impress upon our readers, by announcing, in addition to the above general statement, the following salient features in connection with the Navy's call:

All articles should be securely tagged, giving the name and address of the donor, and forwarded by mail or express to the Honorable Franklin D. Roosevelt, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, care of Naval Observatory, Washington, D. C., so that they may be acknowledged by him.

Articles not suitable for naval use will be returned to the sender. Those accepted will be keyed, so that the name and address of the donor will be permanently recorded at the Navy Department, and every effort will be made to return them, with added historic interest, at the termination of the war. It is, of course, impossible to guarantee them against damage or loss.

As the Government, cannot, under the law, accept services or material without making some payment therefor, one dollar will be paid for each article accepted, which sum will constitute the rental price, or, in the event of loss, the purchase price, of such article.

"In powers of endurance, in ingenuity and intelligence in adapting themselves to their surroundings, in using to advantage every one of the all too few possibilities of their land, the Eskimos are, in my opinion, unequalled by any other known aboriginal race," says Rear Admiral Peary in his new book, "The Secrets of Polar Travel." "A party of Eskimos, sent out to hunt, to scout, or to establish a depot, needs only to be told what they are going out for. It is not necessary to go into every detail of how to do it, or to caution them in regard to all the *minutiae* of field work and its dangers. All these things they know, and when they have started, the leader many dismiss them from his mind. They will return in good condition. In this way they count very prominently for conservation of the leader's nerve force."

THE MARCH CENTURY

The March number of *The Century* will contain a frontispiece in full color by Thornton Oakley; the subject will be "Building a Battleship." In this same number, Mr. Oakley will have three additional illustrations in color, showing the industrial activity of the United States of America in relation to the Great War.

The leading article of the number will be a brilliant, authoritative, convincing statement of France's case as regards the return of her lost provinces, Alsace and Lorraine, by Herbert Adams Gibbons. It is entitled, "World Justice for France." Mr. Gibbons, who has gone into the lost provinces and knows the feelings of the inhabitants, reports upon the effect that a continuance of the German occupation would have upon them; and he pictures the emotions of the inhabitants if Alsace and Lorraine go back to France. He shows how vitally important the French consider their Alsace-Lorraine programme. He believes that the United States should definitely include the return of Alsace-Lorraine among its war aims.

The Century will offer its readers as a fiction feature for this number an inimitable story by John Gallishaw, entitled, "Jake Bolton, 551." It has been a long time since a story has been published that gives such a delightful interpretation of the quaint humor and fearlessness of the British soldier. The author was at Gallipoli, and it is from there that he received the inspiration for the story.

Probably the first authorized account to be published in America of the great Italian retreat in October, 1917, will appear in the March *Century;* the author, G. Ward Price, was the official British war correspondent with the Italian forces, and he was not only an observer but a participant in this now unforgettable retreat. As an example of the greatest quality of military strategy against the most fearful odds, this retreat, no doubt, will go down in history as one of the most important factors in this Great War.

Other interesting articles that will appear in the March number of *The Century* are:

"Mars, Revolutionist of Industry," by Harold Kellock. Mr. Kellock takes up, in a very interesting manner, the industrial problems that face the Government as the result of our becoming such a great factor in the war, and at the same time attempts to demonstrate the important constructive possibilities for the future as a result of the present condition.

"The Freedom of the Seas," by Ellery Stowell, Professor of International Law at Columbia University, attempts to cover in a succinct manner the international importance of the idea conveyed by the title.

"Louis Orr, Painter-Etcher," by Lawrence Chamberlain. This will be the first account of the work of this remarkable American etcher, who is now in France working under the auspices of the French Government. The article will be illustrated by eight full page examples of Mr. Orr's best work.

Another most important and timely article will be "Jugoslavia: a New European State." The author, Milivoy S. Stanoyevich, is a prominent Serbian writer, who received his education in

European and American universities. His publicistic activities, necessitating a thorough acquaintance with Slavic affairs, caused his appointment as political adviser to the Russian Consul-General at San Francisco. Mr. Stanoyevich gives a conscientious account of the aspirations of the Southern Slavs.

Another timely article will be "An Appreciation of Rodin," by Judith Cladel. Miss Cladel was an old family friend and pupil of Rodin and the article conveys, with great feeling, her impressions of the last days of the great sculptor.

Among other fiction features in the March number will be a delightful story, mysterious and fantastic, by Algernon Blackwood, and entitled, "S. O. S." Walter Prichard Eaton contributes a story, "He Understood Women." The second and concluding instalment of Rebecca West's fine narrative, "The Return of the Soldier," appears in this number, as well as the fifth instalment of Alice Duer Miller's serial, "The Happiest Time of Their Lives."

The March number will be rich in verse of very fine quality, including poems by Louis Untermeyer and Francis Ledwidge. In the humorous vein will appear a short sketch by Raymond S. Harris, entitled, "The Deer Hunt," with appropriate illustrations by A. B. Frost. Mr. Harris is another *Century* discovery.

"Only *The Century* has kept the faith unbrokenly."

"Both the *Atlantic Monthly* and the *Century* (first called *Scribner's*) were set up by men in revolt against the reign of mush, as *Putnam's* and the *Dial* had been before them. The salutatory of the *Dial*, dated 1840, stated the case against the national mugginess clearly. The aim of the magazine, it said, was to oppose 'that rigour of our conventions of religion and education which is turning us to stone' and to give expression to 'new views and the dreams of youth.' Alas, for these brave *révoltés!* Only the *Century* has kept the faith unbrokenly. It is, indeed, *the one first-class American* magazine that has always welcomed newcomers, and that maintains an *intelligent contact with the literature that is in being,* and that consistently tries to make the best terms possible with the dominant Philistinism. It cannot go the whole way without running into danger: let it be said to the credit of its editors that they have more than once braved that danger."

From "A Book of Prefaces" (1917) by Henry L. Mencken

ST. NICHOLAS FOR MARCH

The opening feature of the March *St. Nicholas* will be "When Betsy Ran Wild on Honey Run," by A. May Holaday, the story of a thrilling automobile ride down a mountain, some boy campers being the heroes. How the boy driving the car saves the whole party from death by his clearheadedness and courage is also told in the admirable illustrations contributed by Mr. Bayha.

In "Betsy Buys a Bond" the little heroine of "Jo-An of Ark" in the February issue shows how two young folks by a most ingenious method do their duty by Uncle Sam. The pictures are by Denman Fink.

"The Code Signal," by George Ethelbert Walsh, enters its second installment in the March number and will leave all its readers eager for the April number in which the story will be concluded. In "Lost Island" for March, Dave and Tempest, who have left the island, work their way little by little toward their objective. A new character is introduced this month who turns out to be quite different from what the comrades at first thought he was. In "The Joyous Travellers" series the older sister will tell her story in the March number, while W. M. Berger will continue his delightful pictures and Emilie Poulsson her equally delightful verses. "Cinderella's Granddaughter," Beth B. Gilchrist's charming serial, illustrated by Clyde Squires, will reach a conclusion which will be not less satisfying that the prince turns out to be a real boy.

In "Motoring Through the Golden Age," Albert Bigelow Paine continues his fascinating account of a motor tour in France. This time he will retrace the steps of Joan of Arc and incidentally take his readers through the Château country.

ILLUSTRATION FROM "THE JOYFUL TRAVELLERS" SERIES.

Another interesting article will be "Training Soldiers How to Play," by Montrose J. Moses, an account of the lighter side of life at the cantonments of the national army. Mr. Moses will tell about the indoor and outdoor pastimes of the young soldiers and the article will be illustrated with photographs made at the various camps.

The March issue will also contain, among many other features, "The Captain of His Soul," by Mary R. Parkman, a delightful biographical study of Captain Scott of the Antarctic, with photographs taken by members of the Scott party. There will, of course, be all the regular features, including "For Country and For Liberty," "Nature and Science for Young Folks," "The Watch Tower," etc.

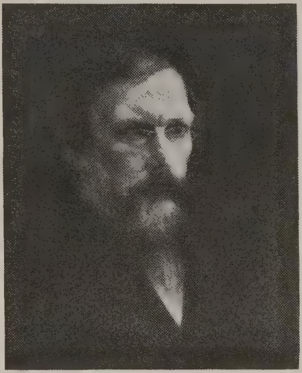
"We should long ago have recognized that much of the opportunity for education which is offered the adult immigrants should be in their native language," says Grace Abbott in "The Immigrant and the Community." "Many of the older men and women will never learn English, and with others it will be many years before they will understand it easily. Most of them have lived in the country and are having their first contact with the problems of city life in the United States. They need at once a knowledge of the city's sanitary regulations; of the labor laws designed for their protection; of the naturalization requirements; something of the history of the United States; and more of the problems of municipal government with whose right solution they as much as any one else are concerned. The public libraries are beginning to meet the cultural needs of the immigrant, but books with concrete information along these lines are not available for the educated and would not be used by those of little education or by the illiterate. These people must be reached by moving pictures explained by lecturers who speak their language."

MARIE SUKLOFF
Author of "The Life-Story of a Russian Exile"

BOOKS AND THEIR MAKERS

Herbert Adams Gibbons, author of "The Reconstruction of Poland" and other books, has just been appointed honorary member of the Geographical Society of Marseilles.

The Century Co. has received word from Mlle. Judith Cladel, intimate friend and biographer of Rodin, that copies of her new book, "Rodin: the Man and His Art," arrived in Paris just in time for the great sculptor to examine them before he died. Mlle. Cladel writes: "The book arrived November 12, the anniversary of the birth of the master. I took it to him on that day. He had just fallen ill but was able to look at the book. I can state that it was the last pleasure of the artist. You must know that he was deeply touched with the tribute paid by the United States of America to his work and that this testimony of admiration from your great country was a satisfaction to him. Auguste Rodin told his secretary to cable this message: 'Thank my friends in America for these volumes which arrived on my birthday.' The formalities which accompany the sending of telegrams during war time retarded this message several hours; then the illness of the master became terribly severe and his secretary forgot the request of the great artist. Today, it is I alone, alas, who am able to tell you of the satisfaction of my noted friend."



GEORGE INNESS
From "The Life, Art and Letters of George Inness"

Mary Dillon, author of "The Rose of Old St. Louis," whose new novel, "Comrades," is just issued by The Century Co., is one of the group of writers, including Alice Hegan Rice, Cale Young Rice and Fanny Caldwell Macaulay who have made St. Louis one of the literary capitals of the country. A Pennsylvanian by birth, she was a small girl in the Civil War, living in one of the border towns, and she says that the love of romance was created in her by the great events of those days. She remembers one night when FitzHugh Lee shelled the town all night long and shells struck her house and fell thick and fast in the grounds around it. Later Mrs. Dillon taught for several years and married and settled in St. Louis early in the seventies. Her new novel reflects some of her experiences of warfare; it is not the Civil War this time, however, but the Great War and the present hour.

Charles H. Caffin, who has just died, though he was perhaps the best known art critic in the country, was not an American by birth. He was an Englishman, a graduate of Oxford in 1876, who came to this country in 1892 to take part in the decorative work of the Chicago World's Fair. Subsequently he made his home in New York, where he was at various times art critic to several prominent newspapers. He was the American editor of "The International Studio," and had been a regular lecturer at both the University of Pennsylvania and the Yale School of Fine Arts. "How to Study Pictures" is perhaps the most important of his books. It presents the general point of view which was followed out in his books on special schools, "The Story of French Painting," "The Story of Dutch Painting," and "The Story of Spanish Painting."

In "The Note-Book of an Intelligence Officer," Major Eric Fisher Wood describes an interesting interview he had in London with Louis Raemaekers, the famous Dutch cartoonist. "Great men so seldom look the part they play that it is refreshing to find one who, like Raemaekers, looks what he is—a great artist," says Major Wood. "Although he is a rather shy little man with blond hair, pale blue eyes, and a fine pointed Van Dyke beard, one would never mistake him for anything but a man of power. When one gets to know him, one perceives, half-hidden below his mild and gentle manner, a certain splendid fanaticism, which every now and then flashes out intensely. Mr. Raemaekers, when referring to the Germans, invariably speaks of them as 'beasts.' It is 'The beasts did this,' or 'The beasts think that.' He uses the term quite as a matter of course and seems to expect his hearers without explanation to understand what he means."

Raemaekers was unheard of before the war began. On August 1st, 1914, he was living quietly with his family, contentedly painting the tulip-fields, waterways, cattle, and windmills of his native Holland. Four days later he drew the first cartoon, "Christendom After Twenty Centuries," of a series that was to reveal him as a champion of civilization and make his name a household word in every country. Raemaekers personally investigated the Belgian horror, and though a hundred of his early cartoons bear witness to the burning impression made upon his mind, he has only once brought himself to speak publicly of this experience. It was at a dinner given the artist at the Savage Club, London, and pointing to the portraits of Peary, Scott, Nansen, and Shackleton, Raemaekers said: "I, too, have been an explorer, gentlemen. I have explored a hell, and it was terror unspeakable." Raemaekers is in his forty-eighth year. He is of medium height and build, with the fair beard and hair, light blue eyes and ruddy complexion of the typical Hollander. With his wife and three children he lives modestly in a suburb of London, thinking always and only of the war and planning pictures to aid the Allies' cause. He is a quick worker,—scarcely one of his black and white drawings takes more than a couple of hours to execute—wielding his crayon in swift, vigorous lines. He scarcely changes a line once it is down, and never uses a model. As a mere material record of industry, Raemaekers is probably unique in the world's history. Since the beginning of the war he has drawn over six hundred cartoons. There is not a single phase of the war, military, naval, or political, that has not formed a basis for his artistic comment, and the cream of his later work has been gathered between the covers of "Kultur in Cartoons."

NOTABLE NEW BOOKS

Sold by All Booksellers

LADIES MUST LIVE. By Alice Duer Miller. A comedy story of New York high society. 8 illustrations by Paul Meylan, jacket in color. 12mo, 250 pages. Price $1.25.

MRS. HOPE'S HUSBAND. By Gelett Burgess. The liveliest comedy story an American author has produced in a long time. Illustrated by Henry Raleigh. 16mo, 161 pages. Price $1.00.

NOTE-BOOK OF AN INTELLIGENCE OFFICER, THE. By Major Eric Fisher Wood, author of "The Note-book of an Attaché". An inside account of the transportation, housing, training, etc., of Allied troops at the Western front. Illustrations and maps. 12mo, 300 pages. Price $1.75.

POLITICAL IDEALS. By Bertrand Russell, author of "Why Men Fight". Brilliant, philosophic essays pointing out the future internationalism which shall make possible an enduring peace in the world. 16mo, 140 pages. Price $1.00.

REBUILDING OF EUROPE, THE. By David Jayne Hill, LL.D., ex-Ambassador to Germany. A survey of old Europe and the promise of the new. 12mo, 250 pages. Price $1.50.

RODIN: THE MAN AND HIS ART. By Judith Cladel. A critical and biographical study of the great sculptor, with seven chapters written by himself. 50 illustrations. Quarto, 356 pages. Price $5.00.

RUSSIA OF YESTERDAY AND TO-MORROW. By Baroness Souiny. A vivid account of the Russia that was and an indication of the Russia that is to be. Octavo, 382 pages. 16 illustrations from photographs. Price $2.00.

SECOND FIDDLE, THE. By Phyllis Bottome. A new story by that born story-teller, the author of "The Dark Tower". Illustrated. 12mo, 350 pages. Price $1.35.

SECRETS OF POLAR TRAVEL. By Rear-Admiral Robert E. Peary. Revealing the secret methods by which Peary achieved the discovery of the North Pole. 32 illustrations from photographs. 8vo. 313 pages. Price $2.50.

SID SAYS. By John M. Siddall. Pungent words of advice to young Americans by the well-known editor of The American Magazine. 16mo, 108 pages. Price 60 cents.

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TRAMPING THROUGH MEXICO, GUATEMALA, AND HONDURAS. By Harry A. Franck, author of "A Vagabond Journey Around the World", etc. 88 photographs. 8vo, 284 pages. Price $2.00.

UNDER BOY SCOUT COLORS. By Joseph B. Ames. A story written under the special auspices of the American Boy Scout Organization. 12mo, 400 pages. Price $1.35.

VAGABONDING DOWN THE ANDES. By Harry A. Franck. A study of the human nature of half a continent, a foot-note to Pan-Americanism. 200 illustrations from photographs taken by the author. Royal 8vo, 500 pages. Price $4.00.

(See inside of front cover)

By the Author of "The Rose of Old St. Louis"

COMRADES

By Mary Dillon

A LOVE story with the Great War as background. The scenes are in Germany, France, Italy, England and in the United States; and the characters are all sooner or later caught in the colossal conflict.

The story begins in Germany, in Dresden, where most of the principal characters have gathered for the opera. This is almost a year before the outbreak of hostilities, but the reader is made to feel the storm gathering.

The scene shifts to the old student city of Leipzig, where the principal characters gather in a *pension*. They are preparing to attend lectures at the university.

The war breaks, and the reader follows the thrilling narrative as it traces the stories of the scattered characters until, finally, they are gathered together once again.

Of such is "Comrades." It is a straight-away story full of action and stimulating dialogue and rich in the element of romance.

4 illustrations by R. M. Brinkerhoff. Price $1.40.

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MARCH, 1918

CENTURION AUTOBIOGRAPHIES
VII. Alice Hegan Rice

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(Continued on inside of back cover)

THE
CENTURION
MARCH, 1918

CENTURION AUTOBIOGRAPHIES

VII. Alice Hegan Rice

The great success of her novel, "Calvary Alley" (The Century Co., $1.35) shows that the author of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" has lost none of her power to charm her fellow-countrypeople. Mrs. Rice has very kindly written the following delightful sketch for The Centurion's series of autobiographies:

The part of me that belongs to the public began to manifest itself at a very tender age. I insisted upon dictating stories before I learned to write and a doting auntie patiently put down many rambling effusions to amuse a delicate little girl who spent most of her winters indoors. In fact, most of my stories since then have been written primarily to amuse myself. Life has always been infinitely more interesting and worthwhile to me than art, but when life fails to supply adventures than my imagination creates them.

During my school days my secret ambition was to be an illustrator, and the stories I wrote about my friends were copiously illustrated, usually on the fly leaves of our text books. But soon after I left school I sent a joke to one of the comic papers and received fifty cents for it. That must have been the turning-point of my career, for from that time on my stories, or "skits," as the editors were pleased to call them, went forth unaccompanied by sketches, and my artistic talent languished and died.

In 1900, a friend suggested that I put on paper some of my experiences in the philanthropic work in which I have always been interested. The idea appealed to me, and I set to work at once. In an old half-used business ledger of my father's I jotted down my story, writing around the entries and drawing pictures as I went along. When I reached the last page of the ledger I ended my story, no more paper being handy, I suppose. Then I coaxed my father to send me a typewriter from his office, and I proceeded laboriously to hammer out those twenty thousand words with my two forefingers. I am not sure but that my real achievement, both to myself and to my family, at that time was in the typed copy and not in the original.

The MS. was forwarded with many misgivings to The Century Co., where it met with a warm welcome, and the result was "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch."

Close on the publishing of my first book came my marriage to Cale Young Rice, and after that a long stay in

Europe, and it was not until two years later that I answered my publisher's question: "Are n't there any more stories in your Cabbage Patch?" by bringing out "Lovey Mary."

By that time I was fully launched on a professional career and there was no backing out even had I desired it. I was like a little fish that had wriggled out of its glass bowl and tumbled into the sea. I was not at all sure that I wanted to commit myself to regular hours, to the task of mastering my technic, to discouragement, and to inevitable criticism. It was a new experience to me to take my work seriously and to allow business to interfere with pleasure. But my husband, who has devoted his life to the service of art, was very firm with me: "Give it the best that is in you or give it nothing," he urged. So I reluctantly curtailed all other activities, except my philanthropic work, and with a sigh for all those vanishing fads and fancies so dear to the heart of a born dilettante, I settled down to the business of concentration.

ALICE HEGAN RICE: A Recent Portrait

In fifteen years I have written eight books and a dozen or more short stories, and between times my husband and I have made long sojourns in distant lands, finding workshops and playgrounds all the way from the Riviera to Yokohama, from Pekin to Singapore. Only two of my longer stories, however, grew out of these foreign experiences, one, a child's story, "Captain June," is laid in Japan, and the other, "The Honorable Percival," takes place almost wholly on shipboard.

For the most part I prefer to take Kentucky for my background, and to write of the humble characters that slip unnoticed through the city streets or live out their simple lives in some obscure town.

It is interesting to trace a story to its source. An incident, or a stray word even may lie dormant in the brain for years, and then sud-

MR. AND MRS. RICE, ON THE PORCH OF THEIR HOME AT LOUISVILLE

denly blossom into a novel. An editorial in a village paper stating: "Owing to a severe hemorrhage from our lungs we were unable to get out last week's *Journal,*" started me on my quest for my favorite character, "Mr. Opp." Another time, years ago, we were tramping through Edinburgh, when our progress was interrupted by a street fight. Half a dozen small boys were pelting each other with mud, and in their midst was a radiant tow-headed little girl fighting with savage joy, while a big boy standing near shouted: "Swat it to 'em, Gussie! Swat it to 'em good!" A small peg to hang a romance on, but Gussie stayed with me through the years, and never gave me any peace until I got her on paper under the name of Nance Molloy, and told what I imagine might have happened to her had she been born in "Calvary Alley."

Baron Spiegel von und zu Pecklesheim, author of "The Adventures of the U-202," the day-by-day record of the German submarine which he commanded, has been captured by the English and is now in an English prison camp. According to a report which has reached the publishers of the book, the baron has confessed that one detail of his story is a fabrication. In the book he reports that the Germans were sinking English hospital ships because they were carrying active troops along with the wounded, and that he himself saw this through his observation glasses. The author now admits that he never saw anything of the kind.

I TRY TO PREPARE RASPUTIN

By Iliodor

Most astonishing, perhaps, of all the astonishing books that have come from Russia of late is "The Mad Monk of Russia—Iliodor," the life and confessions of Sergius M. Trufanoff (formerly Abbot Iliodor of the great monastery of Tsaritzin), just published by The Century Co. ($2.00). Iliodor was for years the greatest religious leader of the Russian people. He was the close friend and confidant of Rasputin—and became his bitterest enemy. His revelations of the inner life of the "Saint" and his imperial victims of the czar's court are verified by documentary evidence. The book is at once more thrilling than any romance and an invaluable historical source-book for students of modern Russia. In the following passage Iliodor describes his attempt to prepare Rasputin for the priesthood:

From Petrograd, at the beginning of May, I went to Saratoff to see Bishop Hermogenes on business. I found that Gregory had just arrived there from Kazan. Passing from Hermogenes' study into my own room, I beheld a strange sight; in a far corner of the room stood Rasputin, clad in my cassock and wearing my gold pectoral cross.

Seeing me, he began to smile in a repulsive, servile manner, as though he had just got through doing something offensive, and said:

"Well, well, my friend, how does the cassock become me? Tell me, will you?"

"It is all right," I replied slowly, though I could hardly keep from blurting out my disgust.

"And would it not be nicer like this?"

With these words Gregory took my cowl off the table and put it on.

"No, that does not become you," I said, thinking to myself, "Just let him into a convent, and he 'll carry on there like a fox among geese." And at the same time I was wondering: "What makes him try on the cassock and the cross? Does he intend to become a priest? The vile creature! And he may become one, too. Did he not say to me once, 'They 'll make me a priest, and I 'll become the czar's confessor; then I 'll always stay at court' ?"

I was right in my surmise. In an hour or so I was enlightened on the subject. I was beginning to get ready to leave for Tsaritzin when Hermogenes said to me:

"Wait; do not go. There is something to be done here."

"Your Reverence, everything is at a standstill there in my absence, and the construction of the monastery has come to a halt. As it is, I have been idle for more than a week. Let me go."

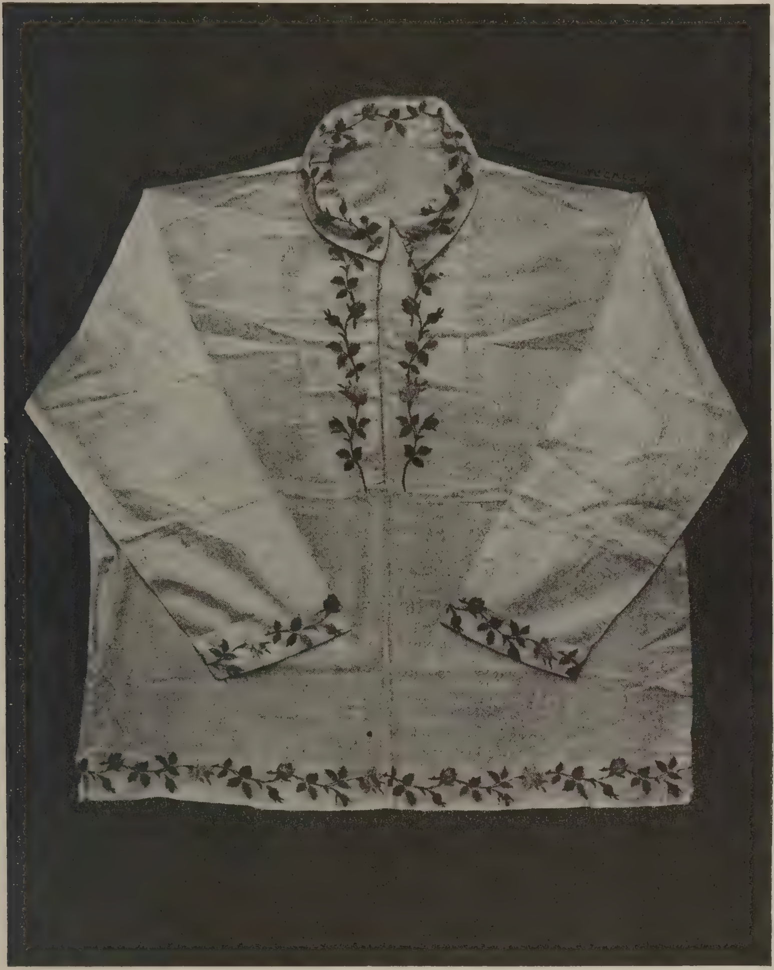
"You are always in a hurry," said Hermogenes, a little irritably. "I have something important for you to do. The people in Tsaritzin will have to wait."

"Very well, your Reverence; I 'll stay. Do not be offended. What is it that you have for me?"

"You must prepare Gregory Ephimovitch for the priesthood."

"Your Reverence, he is illiterate; he cannot read or write. And then his life——"

"Never mind; he will repent. All



WHITE SILK SHIRT EMBROIDERED BY THE CZARINA AND GIVEN BY HER TO RASPUTIN
(Presented to Iliodor by Rasputin)

ILIODOR

you have to teach him is the liturgical prayers and exclamations."

"Very well. To obey you I will begin at once."

Gregory and I sat down in the parlor at the round table, on a soft divan. Hermogenes brought his large-type mass-book, and I began to instruct Rasputin:

"Well, Brother Gregory, just say this, 'Let us pray to God all together.'" Gregory did not follow the book. He held his finger approximately on the spot where the prayer was printed, tilted his head backward, drawled out in a monotonous, snuffling voice, 'Let us pray to God all together.' It was as if he were picturing himself in the rôle of a priest, falling in love with himself and dreaming how his cassock would completely and firmly establish him at the court and make him the imperial confessor.

It took him the whole of the first day to learn the first prayer. "There won't be much progress with a pupil like this," I said to myself. And there was not. The whole of the second day I spent trying to teach Gregory the second prayer, "Let us pray to God for peace above and the salvation of our souls." It would not get into his head. Now he would begin to read it from the end, now from the beginning, and then he would wander back to the first prayer.

A Whole Day Without Results

Finally I could stand it no longer. I went to Hermogenes and said:

"Your Reverence, please let me go to Tsaritzin."

"How about Brother Gregory?"

"Will you believe it? We have spent the whole day on the second prayer without any results. He cannot master it, and keeps running to the steward's. Let me go, your Reverence. He is a blockhead; he cannot learn anything."

Hermogenes bent his head low and kept still for a long while; then he said:

"Yes, I see myself that Gregory is dull. Well, God be with you! Return home." I made a low bow and went to my room.

Later, whenever he was asked by newspaper men or other people whether he had ever intended to become a priest, Gregory would invariably give the same answer:

"Nonsense! How could I enter the priesthood—I, an illiterate peasant?"

"But people say that you tried to."

"They lie; what can you do with liars?"

THE RETURN OF THE SOLDIER

By Rebecca West

Rebecca West has probably won a greater reputation with a smaller body of published work than any other writer of the last two or three years. Intensely modern, vivid in her convictions, her opinions, her likes, and her dislikes, she is perhaps best known as a critic and champion of her own sex. "The Return of the Soldier", just issued by The Century Co. ($1.00) is her first novel, and it is a story of astonishing originality and power. The following is a brief selection from the book:

We stood up. Through the thudding of the engines came the sound of Chris's great male voice which always had in it a note like the baying of a big dog. "Thanks, I can manage by myself." I heard, amazed, his step ring strong upon the stone, for I had felt his absence as a kind of death from which he would emerge ghostlike, impalpable. And then he stood in the doorway, the gloom blurring his outlines like fur, the faint, clear candle-light catching the fair down on his face. He did not see me, in my dark dress, or huddled Kitty, and with the sleepy smile of one who returns to a dear, familiar place to rest he walked into the hall and laid down his stick and his khaki cap beside the candlestick on the oak table. With both hands he felt the old wood, and stood humming happily through his teeth.

I cried out, because I had seen that his hair was of three colors now, brown and gold and silver.

With a quick turn of the head, he found me out in the shadows.

"Hullo, Jenny!" he said, and gripped my hands.

"O Chris, I am so glad!" I stuttered, and then could say no more for shame that I was thirty-five instead of twenty. For his eyes had hardened in the midst of his welcome, as though he had trusted that I at least would have been no party to this conspiracy to deny that he was young, and he said:

"I 've dropped Frank in town. My temper 's of the convalescent type." He might as well have said, "I 've dropped Frank, who had grown old, like you."

"Chris," I went on, "it 's so wonderful to have you safe."

"Safe," he repeated. He sighed very deeply and continued to hold my hands. There was a rustle in the shadows, and he dropped my hands.

A Forgotten Face

The face that looked out of the dimness to him was very white, and her upper lip was lifted over her teeth in a distressed grimace. It was immediately as plain as though he had shouted it that this sad mask meant nothing to him. He knew not because memory had given him any insight into her heart, but because there is an instinctive kindliness in him which makes him wise about all suffering, that it would hurt her if he asked if this was his wife; but his body involuntarily began a gesture of inquiry before he realized that that, too, would hurt her, and he checked it half-way. So, through a silence, he stood before her slightly bent, as though he had been maimed.

"I am your wife." There was a weak, wailing anger behind the words.

"Kitty," he said, softly and kindly. He looked around for some graciousness to make the scene less wounding, and stooped to kiss her; but he could not. The thought of another woman made him unable to breathe, sent the blood running under his skin.

With a toss, like a child saying, "Well, if you don't want to, I 'm sure I would n't for the world!" Kitty withdrew from the suspended caress. He watched her retreat into the shadows as though she were a symbol of this new life by which he was baffled and oppressed, until the darkness outside became filled with the sound like the surf which we always hear at Harrowweald on angry evenings, and his eyes became distant, and his lips smiled. "Up here—in this old place—how one hears the pines!"

She cried out from the other end of the room, as though she were speaking with some one behind a shut door:

"I 've ordered dinner at seven. I thought you 'd probably have missed a meal or two, or would want to go to bed early." She said it very smartly, with her head on one side like a bird, as if she was pleading that he would find her very clever about ordering dinner and thinking of his comfort.

"Good," he said. "I 'd better dress now, had n't I?" He looked up the staircase, and would have gone up had I not held him back; for the little room in the south wing, with the fishing-rods and the old books, went in the rebuilding, absorbed by the black-and-white magnificence that is Kitty's bedroom.

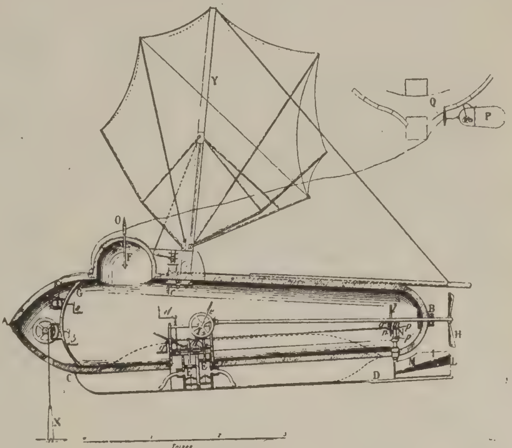
"Oh, I 'll take you up," Kitty rang out efficiently. She pulled at his coat-sleeve, so they started level on the lowest step. But as they went up, the sense of his separateness beat her back; she lifted her arms as though she struggled through a fog, and fell behind. When he reached the top she was standing half-way down the stairs, her hands clasped under her chin. But he did not see her. He was looking along the corridor and saying, "This house is different." If the soul has to stay in its coffin till the lead is struck asunder, in its captivity it speaks with such a voice.

ROBERT FULTON: SUBMARINE INVENTOR

Did you know that Robert Fulton invented a submarine? Farnham Bishop tells about this and many other points connected with submarine history and construction in his popularly written "Story of the Submarine" (The Century Co., $1.00).

Robert Fulton was probably the first American who ever went to Paris for the purpose of selling war-supplies to the French government. Unlike his compatriots of today, he found anything but a ready market. For three years, beginning in 1797, Fulton tried constantly but vainly to interest the Directory in his plans for a submarine. Though a commission appointed to examine his designs reported favorably, the minister of marine would have nothing to do with them. Fulton built a beautiful little model submarine of mahogany and exhibited it, but with no results. He made an equally fruitless attempt to sell his invention to Holland, then called the Batavian Republic. Nobody seemed to have the slightest belief or interest in submarines . . .

Napoleon overthrew the Directory and became First Consul and absolute ruler of France in 1800. He appointed three expert naval engineers to examine Ful-



PLAN OF FULTON'S "NAUTILUS"

ton's plans, and on their approval, Napoleon advanced him 10,000 francs to build a submarine.

Construction was begun at once and the boat was finished in May, 1801. She was a remarkably modern-looking craft, and a great improvement on everything that had gone before. She was the first submarine to have a fish-shaped metal hull. It was built of copper plating on iron ribs, and was 21 feet 3 inches long and 6 feet 5 inches in diameter at the thickest point, which was well forward. A heavy keel gave stability and immediately above it were the water-ballast tanks for submerging the vessel. Two men propelled the boat when beneath the surface by turning a hand-winch geared to the shaft of a two-bladed metal propeller. (Fulton called the propeller a "fly," and got the idea of it from the little windmill-shaped device placed in the throat of an old-fashioned fireplace to be revolved by the hot air passing up the chimney and used to turn the roasting-spit in many a French kitchen for centuries past.) The third member of the crew stood in the dome-shaped conning-tower and steered, while Fulton himself controlled the pumps, valves and the diving-planes or horizontal rudders that steered the submarine up and down. Instead of forcing his boat under with a vertical-acting screw, like Bushnell and Nordenfelt, Fulton, like Holland, made her dive bow-foremost by depressing her nose with the diving-planes and shoving her under by driving her ahead. Fulton was also the first to give a submarine separate means of propulsion for above and below the surface. Just as a modern under-sea boat uses oil-engines whenever it can and saves its storage batteries for use when submerged, Fulton spared the strength of his screw by rigging the *Nautilus* with a mast and sail. By pulling a rope from inside the vessel, the sail could be shut up like a fan, and the hinged mast lowered and stowed away in a groove on deck. Later a jib was added to the mainsail, and the two combined gave the *Nautilus* a surface speed of two knots an hour. She is the only submarine on record that could go faster below the water than above it, for her two-man-power propeller bettered this by half a knot.

"Cale Young Rice is the author of the very best poetic dramas ever written by an American," says the *Los Angeles Times.*

RODIN'S STATUE OF BALZAC

By Judith Cladel

In a recent letter to her publishers, Judith Cladel, an old family friend and pupil of Robin, said that copies of her book, "Rodin: The Man and His Art" (The Century Co., $5.00), which arrived at Meudon on Rodin's seventy-seventh birthday, gave the great sculptor his last pleasure before death. The work is a profoundly intuitive and sympathetic study of Rodin, biographical and critical. Here is an interesting passage:

What strikes one in the statue of Balzac at first sight, is its strange block-like aspect, its monolithic simplicity. People say quite rightly that it looks like a stone *lovée,* a druidic monument. Ever since "The Burghers of Calais," one of the figures of which at least, that of the man with the key, already suggests the idea of a monolith, Rodin had been going further and further in his stubborn search for the simplification of planes, and here he finally achieved his object. In order to obtain it, he went back all the way to the primitive Gothic and even to the archaic Greek, which likewise preserves in the general outline of its statues the rigid aspect of those statues of wood that had preceded it. In all these early epochs of art one finds the form of the tree trunk in which their sculpture was cut. One of the examples of this art that had most forcibly impressed Rodin was the statue of Hera of Samothrace in the Louvre. The beauty of this figure, denuded of all foreign artifice in the exact research for masses, the public little comprehends; but the sculptor perceives its justness, the power of its relief and its modeling, disconcerting in these primitive artists, qualities that are concealed under the extreme simplicity of its appearance. In this magnificent Hera it is as if one saw the rotundities of woman coming to birth and undergoing in the tree, the vegetable column, one of those metamorphoses familiar in the fables of paganism. The "Balzac," with its athletic body, veiled in a spread robe that envelopes it, does not it also resemble a powerful tree trunk from the summit of which looks down, like a solitary, monstrous flower, the head of the inspired writer? . . .

Rodin knows by experience that nature repeats herself. Has not a humorist said: "It is useless to make a bust of you; it exists already. You have only to look for it in the museums"?

He set out to find a man who resembled Balzac, going all the way to Touraine, the writer's native province, a hundred times depicted by him in his books. The family of Balzac was originally from Languedoc, but that made no difference; the intuition of a great artist is always rewarded. Rodin found at Tours the model he desired; he was a young countryman, a carter, who resembled his hero to an almost miraculous degree. Of him he made a very animated bust, in which one sees the full face, the nose, concave and large at the end, but voluptuous and full of spirit, the rounded chin, the vast shoulders of the master of the "Comédie Humaine." There was lacking, however, the flame of thought that spiritualized and rendered buoyant this mass of human substance. Rodin modified the expression, illuminating his physiognomy with delicacy and frank gaiety.

ICARUS
From "Rodin: The Man and His Art"

It is Balzac at twenty-five, a peasant Balzac, breathing at every pore youth, self-confidence, and the love of life. Not yet is it the man tormented by fate, the tragic visionary of the "Comédie Humaine," the slave of his work who in twenty years wrote fifty novels, staged a thousand characters, and gave life to an entire society. It is not the man who has suffered, thought, meditated, with all the power of one of the most extraordinary organisms known to us; it has not the appearance of a phenomenon.

After this Rodin skilfully altered these features; he gave them the scars of the interior effort, he made them soft and hollowed them, he made them old and grave. In a few weeks he did the work that nature had taken years to accomplish. He finished by creating that Titan's mask which we know, that head as round as a bullet and, like a bullet, terrible in its concentrated force. Later he augmented this; that is to say, he doubled its proportions: and this head, almost frightening in its expression, recalls the masks which the Greek tragedians wore when they played in the open air. Finally he modeled the body of the colossus, making it entirely nude, with arms crossed, braced against the earth with the tension of the whole will, evoking the idea of some prodigious birth. Then he draped this heavy body in the monk's robe in which the writer used to envelope himself for work and the straight folds of which enwrapped him like the sheath of a mummy, offering to the sight nothing but the tumultuous head—the head ravaged by intelligence and savage energy.

Rodin felt almost frightened by his own work.

Preston Gibson, whose brilliant, dramatic account of fighting in France, "Battering the Boche," is announced for March publication by The Century Co., is a Yale man, a journalist and the author of "The Vacuum" and "The Turning Point," both plays, the latter of which ran for an entire winter at the Hackett Theatre in New York City. When war was declared on Germany he sailed for France, where he joined a French ambulance corps until it was replaced by an American corps. For a time he served the Allies in a unique capacity: he was a volunteer with, attached to and paid by the French Army, at the same time being a volunteer with and fed by the United States Army.

DESIGN IN LANDSCAPE GARDENING

By Ralph Rodney Root

Now that spring is approaching, many readers will be glad to learn of the existence of a book like "Design in Landscape Gardening" by Ralph Rodney Root and Charles Faben Kelley (The Century Co., $2.00). It is a delightfully illustrated handbook for everybody interested in gardens:

In a country where gardens are the exception rather than the rule, it is disappointing to find that the existing specimens are not always such as would inspire a man to acquire one of his own. There is either an unkempt riot of bloom or a melancholy severity that says "Keep off the grass" much more pointedly than any sign. There is the obvious love of display on the one hand, and the passion for growing things on the other, that will pay no attention to the selection of material.

The American garden, with, of course, many well-known exceptions, is thrust under one's nose, so to speak, and, as the show-part of the estate, is given the most prominent position. The idea is not noticeably present that privacy and solitude are part of a garden's charm.

It is to such a garden-loving race as the English that we must go to find out what gardens can really do for a man and for his home. Nevertheless, an intelligent interest in gardens is daily growing stronger, and our gardens are not so few and far between or so unfortunately conceived as they were a few years ago.

Garden design is one of the most interesting phases of landscape work, because it combines many features found separately in other fields of landscape design. The garden should be an intimate sort of thing, shutting one in more or less, and centralizing one's interest in the things which it contains. It may sometimes be used as an outdoor room, and in many cases where the climate permits a great deal of time is spent in the garden rather than in the house.

The great prevalence of gardens in England seems to be in the face of climatic conditions, so far as occupying them is concerned, but the enormous amount of wet weather is so well suited to the growing of all sorts of garden planting material that this fact must be accountable for the numerous gardens. Notwithstanding these drawbacks, they are so beautiful as to be inspiring and satisfactory, though it may rain perpetually. The outdoor room feature is always there, to be sure, and can be viewed from within, when it is impossible for one to be out of doors with any degree of comfort. . . .

Almost all garden design can be analyzed as falling more or less under one of the two great divisions, the formal and the informal. The garden is a personal sort of thing, really the most intimate part of any landscape scheme, and if it does not reflect something of its owner it falls short of its possibilities. It may be as small as one of the tiny cottage gardens of England or as large as the gardens at Versailles, but it is sure to conform to certain general *principles,* not *rules.* Stated simply, it may be said that every part of a garden must contribute toward the beauty of the general scheme, and that it will not do this if it seems to be present without a purpose. Every part of a garden should be esthetically utilitarian.

RAEMAEKERS THE GREAT

By Eric Fisher Wood

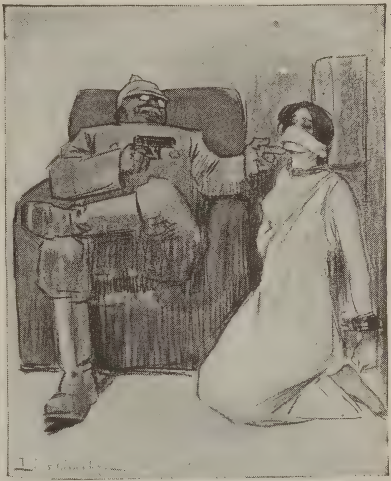
Major Eric Fisher Wood's "Note-Book of an Intelligence Officer" (The Century Co., $1.75) contains an immense amount of information from "behind the scenes" in England's conduct of the war. One of Major Wood's interesting chapters deals with Louis Raemaekers, the great Dutch cartoonist, whom he met in London. A part of the chapters follows:

Mr. Raemaekers, the famous Dutch cartoonist, took lunch with me today. His anti-German cartoons have travelled all over the civilized world to excoriate Prussianized Germany. So frightful are they that the Kaiser, after first unsuccessfully trying to bribe Mr. Raemaekers to discontinue publishing them, has set a price on his head, to be paid to any one who murders him or entices him into Germany.

I asked him about this, and with an air of self-consciousness and some hesitation he said: "Yes, they have put a price on my head. I am sorry to say that it is only twelve thousand marks. I had thought it worth more than that to get me out of the way. Perhaps German efficiency realized that such a sum would seem fabulous to any criminal, while millions would be insufficient to tempt an honest man to become a professional murderer."

Great men so seldom look the part they play that it is refreshing to find one who, like Mr. Raemaekers, looks what he is—a great artist. Although he is a rather shy little man with blond hair, pale blue eyes and a fine pointed Van Dyke beard, one would never mistake him for anything but a man of power. When one gets to know him, one perceives half-hidden below his mild and gentle manner a certain splendid fanaticism, which every now and then flashes out intensely.

Mr. Raemaekers, when referring to the Germans, invariably speaks of them as "beasts." It is "The beasts did this," or "The beasts think that." He uses the term quite as a matter of course and seems to expect his hearers without explanation to understand what he means. I laughed at this little idiosyncrasy, whereupon he said: "Well, perhaps I am a little unkind to the true beasts, of whom I am really fond." . . .



"AIN'T I A LOVABLE FELLOW?"
From Raemaekers' "History of the War"

During our conversation I happened to mention that I had been a student in the Ecole des Beaux Arts at Paris. This seemed to interest Mr. Raemaekers very much and led our talk for a time into channels connected with French art and life in Paris. "Is n't that amusing," he said, "that in France even the cab-drivers consider their work an art, as soon becomes evident if one climbs into a *fiacre* and invites the *cocher* to point out the sights of the city. It is inexplicable that such a race of artists have in recent decades produced almost nothing of first importance. *Depuis la Directoire c'est le vide.*

"I am convinced, however, that France is now on the threshold of another great artistic epoch of which Rodin is the forerunner."

I reminded Mr. Raemaekers of the old saying that "every man of whatever nation can claim two countries—his own and France."

"Yes," he replied, with sudden vehemence, "that is true of *every* nation except Germany. France has always stood for some high ideal, and it has always been an ideal which one can understand and with which one can sympathize. Moreover, France has been unfailingly ready to make national sacrifices for her ideals. She has ever been willing to expend her toll of blood and money."

A little later he said: "France is the country of liberty. In Paris, no matter what your nationality, you are permitted to be a human being. In fact, the French take it so much for granted that you are human that you generally become so when in France, even if it is not your true nature."

The conversation touched upon the subject of cooking.

"The French consider cooking, like cab-driving, a fine art," said Mr. Raemaekers, "and in this particular I am rather inclined to agree with them. What is art in the last analysis but making attractive or beautiful the various incidents and necessities of life! When one marries one does not bolt down an ugly wife, but rather does one's best to obtain an attractive and beautiful mate. Why should it not be likewise with the meals which one must also confront three times a day all one's life?

"I hold that, within the home, cooking should by all means be ranked as a fine art. I believe that a great deal of domestic unhappiness and much drunkenness could be prevented if it were invariably so regarded by the woman of the house. One must not forget that the working classes live in terms of fundamentals, and much of the pleasure which they are able to derive from life comes from eating the meals which they find so hard to earn.

"At night when the working man comes home tired and hungry, if he finds that his wife has cooked and presented the humble evening meal *au point du vue artiste,* he finishes the day with a feeling of contented happiness.

"If, on the other hand, a lot of fodder is, so to speak, thrown at him, he feels unsatisfied and discontented and desires to go out and have a few drinks."

Since the beginning of the year Miss Phyllis Bottome, author of "The Second Fiddle," has changed her name. She is now Mrs. Forbes Dennis, her husband being an officer in the British army. Mrs. Dennis is living in Paris.

UP-TO-DATE SWIMMING METHODS

By L. DeB. Handley

"The Boys' Book of Sports" (The Century Co., $2.00), edited by Grantland Rice, is a book for all boys at all seasons of the year. It contains the latest information on all the sports, contributed by the best available experts. Here is a selection that will grow still more interesting as warm weather comes on:

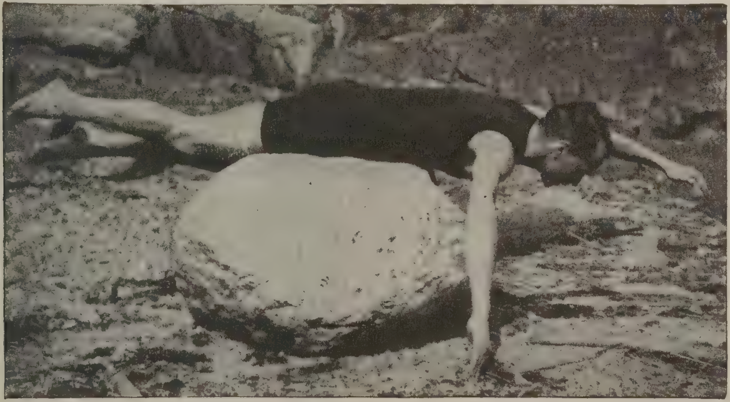
Many a swimmer endowed by nature with every qualification for becoming a champion has failed solely owing to too much eagerness. You may attain partial success even without the proper grounding, but you will never reach the front rank.

Acquire form before you take part even in a novice race. Check the natural inclination for speed work, and devote all your energies to the development of a correct stroke. Take easy stretches, paying attention to making every movement perfect, and so gain knowledge of pace-judging, which is the fundamental principle of competition, and can be learned only through long, intelligent, conscientious work. You should in no circumstance do any racing until you can swim a good furlong without tiring and without losing form.

Give early and careful study, too, to starting and turning, which play an important role. Often, in sprinting, a good or bad dive has decided the victory, and many an event has been won by ability in turning, particularly in pool contests.

A diving-start should be made with good spring, obtained by rising well on the toes and swinging the arms hard; endeavor to strike the water pretty flat, so that you will not sink more than a couple of feet, and hold the head high, the back arched, and the legs straight and rigid, that you may come at once to the surface and have good momentum.

To turn quickly, adjust your stroke



SIDE VIEW OF THE CRAWL STROKE
From "The Boys' Book of Sports"

as you approach the wall, so that you reach it with top-arm leading. Just as you are about to spin around, roll on your side, take a good breath, and throw back your head and shoulders, turning always in the direction opposite to the one of your top-arm. The twist given to your body in arching the back will throw you half around, and you complete the circle by resting the hand on the board and giving a quick push. As you come about, you backwater with the under-arm, to bring the hips close to the wall, then thrust the arms ahead, take a good shove off, and let yourself glide. When the impetus wanes, resume swimming, but do not use the legs until the second stroke.

Guard Against Over-Speeding!

In taking up training, guard against overwork, and always bear in mind that it is speed work that makes men stale. Make your time trials few and far between, and aim at producing strength, stamina and condition, by means of easy swimming in good form. You will be surprised to find how quickly this method increases your speed.

THE HISTORY OF A MINUTE

By Alice Duer Miller

Alice Duer Miller is best known hitherto as the delightful story-teller of "Come Out of the Kitchen!" and "Ladies Must Live." But that she is a genuine poet, too, is proved by her new collection of verse, "Wings of the Night" (The Century Co., $1.00). Here is a characteristic selection:

I saw a lady on the stair,
And she was, oh, so strangely fair,
With a knot of butter-colored hair,
And a waiting, listening, wondering air.
She was tall as a lady ought to be,
And down she looked and smiled at me.
Her eyes were queerly brightly blue
As the bit of sky that last shines through
The gathering clouds oppressive gray
On a chilly, windy Autumn day.
There she paused on the stairs and smiled
Like a child who sees another child
With whom it would dearly like to play
If it only could get its nurse away.
And I know not what divine surmise
Leapt up like fire in my eyes,
But I know her smiling suddenly stopped,
And a curtain between us blankly
dropped,
And she passed me by as if I were
A man invisible to her.

ALICE DUER MILLER

ECONOMY IN FOOD

By Maria Parloa

The following timely pointers for housekeeping in wartime are taken from Maria Parloa's "Home Economics" (The Century Co., $1.50), an invaluable illustrated handbook on household management. It will save its cost every day in the average American home:

Economy does not mean going without things that are necessary to health and happiness, but a wise selection and preparation of materials. It means that everything is put to its proper use, and there is no waste. The great difficulty in the ordinary family is that we have too many kinds of food for one meal, and that there is neither the time nor the skill to prepare so many things in the best manner. Fewer things simply and perfectly cooked and served would mean greater economy, better health, and greater refinement in the table.

The housekeeper should study to get the right combinations for health, growth and repair. No one food substance, except milk, contains all the elements necessary to growth and repair, heat and force. Milk as a full diet is suitable only for young children and the very sick. In combination with starchy food, or as a beverage alone, or in combination with other things, as chocolate, cocoa, etc., it is a most valuable food adjunct.

Eggs in almost any form are a valuable and economical food. Milk and eggs, however, have a tendency to produce a bilious condition, and can be eaten only sparingly by some people.

The vegetable foods that may, in a measure, replace meats should be found often on the tables of the people who must study economy. The housekeeper should never lose sight of the fact that there are certain kinds of food—the albuminous compounds—which are absolutely necessary for the growth and repair of the body, and that there must be a certain amount of these compounds in the food provided for each meal. There are few food substances that do not contain a little of each of the food principles, so that, without any thought or planning on our part, we get a certain amount of each in our daily food. The following tables may be helpful to the housekeeper in arranging the menus for the day:

GROWTH AND REPAIR
Meat
Fish
Eggs
Milk
Beans }
Peas } With fat of some kind
Lentils }
Cheese
Nuts

HEAT AND FORCE
Starchy Food {
Potatoes
Rice
Corn
Cereals
Tapioca
Sago

Vegetables with little or no starch
Cabbage
Turnips
Parsnips
Beets
Green beans
Celery
Asparagus
Spinach, and, indeed, all the green vegetables
Egg-plant
Artichokes
Tomatoes
Squash
Cucumbers

If at every meal something is taken from each of the four tables, the balances will be maintained. Of course there are conditions of health and eccentricities of digestion that must be taken into account in many families. No one has a right to insist upon anyone's eating any kind of food that is injurious to him, or that is painfully distasteful. On the other hand, people should try to like all the ordinary plain foods, both for their own good, and for the comfort of those who provide for the table.

Purchase only what you need, prepare it carefully, utilize even the smallest particles of what is left over. You will find it possible to combine many little things which are ordinarily thrown away, so as to make a delicious dish. Mix, for example, a few spoonfuls of different kinds of vegetables, a little gravy or a small bone from steak or chops, a small piece of bread, water, salt and pepper, simmer for an hour, rub through a sieve, return to fire, add a teaspoonful of butter, boil up, and you have a delicious soup. If the greater part of the vegetables were beans or peas, a little milk added to the strained mixture will give you a cream soup. Or you have a little stuffing or gravy left from a roast; add this to a can of tomatoes, season with salt and pepper, cook half an hour, strain, and serve with toasted bread. This gives you a savory soup for a luncheon.

There Need be No Waste

A few spoonfuls of rice, hominy, macaroni or potato, mixed with a little chopped meat or fish, and a few spoonfuls of gravy to moisten the mixture, may be put in a little dish, covered with crumbs, and baked in the oven. Stuffing left from roast poultry may be sliced thin and browned in the oven, and served on slices of toast. Indeed, there need not be the slightest waste where brains and willing hands preside in the kitchen.

The Century Co. reports that one hundred copies each of Harry A. Franck's books, "A Vagabond Journey Around the World" and "Vagabonding Down the Andes," have been ordered by the Camp Libraries Association for the use of the national army.

Mrs. Maurits van Loben Sels, of California, who, under her maiden name, Helen Ellsworth, has written "The Blue Jays in the Sierras," just announced by The Century Co., says that the book was the outcome of a real camping trip in the mountains separating California from Nevada. There are four of her children in the story. A fifth "Blue Jay," a very frail little girl, was born in the summer of 1916. A season in the hot Sacramento Valley where her home is situated could not be considered, and so when the baby was six weeks old, at the risk of being thought utterly crazy by everybody except a sensible doctor, the family were loaded into a big touring car, with provisions and camping outfit, and they settled down at Highland Lakes, 9,000 feet above sea-level, where the snow lingers in the crevasses of the mountains all the year round. The new little baby needed constant attention, and to amuse herself and the older children Mrs. van Loben Sels, during the baby's sleeping moments, wrote out the story of the camping experiences of the previous summer and read it aloud to the children as they returned from fishing excursions or tobogganing down the snowy hillsides. Some of the chapters were written with the baby cradled in its mother's arm. The summer was a success, the baby grew so "incredibly," as Mrs. van Loben Sels says, that she was induced to publish her experience as a guide to other mothers who may hesitate to take their children to a rough summer camp—and incidentally to give boys and girls a jolly story of roughing it in the mountains.

THE APRIL CENTURY

"Number Ten Downing Street." These magic four words have permeated English history from the early part of the nineteenth century down to the present time. Number Ten Downing Street is the official residence of the Prime Minister of Great Britain, and has been the scene of the greatest historical events in modern English history. Sir Robert Walpole, Pitt, Canning, Lord John Russell, Disraeli, Gladstone, and Lloyd George are the names of some of England's first ministers who have sat at the head of the council table of this historic mansion. In the April CENTURY Mr. Harold Spender will give a short, but interesting historical description of this famous residence, and some of the great men connected with it.

A new story by Stacy Aumonier is now looked for with eagerness. The April CENTURY promises a short story, written in a new mood, by this popular writer.

Newspaper men all over the country have always looked upon the New York *Sun* as a newspaper man's paper, and no small part of the success of this great newspaper was due to the unsigned satirical articles on contemporary men and events. It was known that one man wrote them all—the style betrayed this fact—but, otherwise, of New York few knew that it was Frank Ward O'Malley who was responsible for puncturing many an insecure artistic and political bubble in his criticisms of spurious talent and political Pecksniffs. Mr. O'Malley begins his series of articles (to be published later in book form) on the maddening whirl of activity in wartime Washington.

To take a rough and uncouth youth, awkward in movement, ungraceful in poise, and indifferent as a man, and to turn him into a dignified, alert, and self-conscious citizen, has been the work of the men who have taken the charge of the new Great Army of Democracy. Henry Rood in the April CENTURY will tell our readers how this amazing result has been accomplished.

The German invasion of Belgium and Northern France has, among the horrors of war, created a situation that affected the Belgium and French women. With unusual delicacy and artistic reticence

THE CABINET ROOM, 10 DOWNING STREET, LONDON
From the April CENTURY

Fanny Kemble Johnson, now an established favorite, will use one of these unfortunate situations as a theme for her story, "Butterfly Dust."

The war in the air has become the great adventure of the men now fighting. It is probably the ambition of most of our young men to become aviators. Many apply, but few are chosen; the requirements for service being so drastic and technical. Lawrence L. Driggs in his article "Plane Tales from the Skies" gives a very interesting description of some of the important aces that won honors on the French and Italian fronts,—an "ace" being an aviator who has five victories to his credit.

Professor Edward Alsworth Ross of the University of Wisconsin, just returned from the turmoil of Russia, will continue his interesting series on the Russian situation in the April number of THE CENTURY with an article entitled "Soil Hunger in Russia." Professor Ross promises the CENTURY readers more authoritative articles on this great subject, to get the correct version of which he went to Russia for the magazine.

Wise and critical, and yet inspiring, Herbert Adams Gibbons sends us articles regularly from the center of Allied military preparation—Paris. In the April number will appear "One Weight and One Measure."

Nelson Collins first appeared in THE CENTURY in September, 1917, with his article "The First Convoy." In the April number he contributes a second article entitled "The Mood of an American Ship." Mr. Collins is a cadet officer in the Merchant Marine service of the United States Navy. He will have more articles on this subject in early numbers of THE CENTURY.

Other Articles, Stories, and Poems.

Mr. Henry T. Finck is the musical editor of the New York "Evening Post." In addition to this function Mr. Finck has devoted a great deal of time to the study of dietetics. He is an old contributor to THE CENTURY and his article entitled "War-time Pleasures of the Table," in the April CENTURY will be read with great interest.

It is twenty-five years since Edwin Booth's death, and in commemoration thereof the Players will unveil a monument to the great American actor in Gramercy Park, New York, during the month of April. David Belasco has written a fitting appreciation of Booth as an artist in the April CENTURY.

Short stories in the April number will include work by Charles D. Stewart, author of "The Fugitive Blacksmith," and John Brangwyn, a newcomer.

Verse will be contributed by Mary Carolyn Davies, Cale Young Rice, Dorothy Paul, and Walter Prichard Eaton.

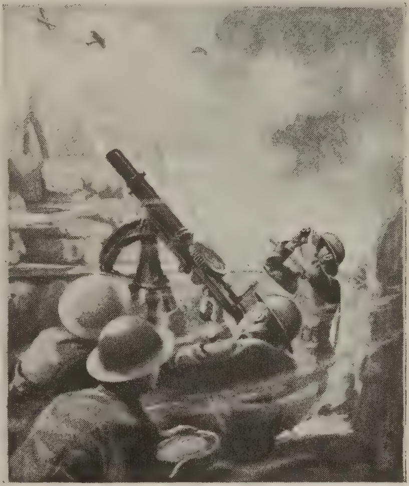
All the stories in Rob Wagner's "Film Folk," announced for March publication by The Century Co., are located in or near Los Angeles, a section more densely populated with makers of "movies" than any other section on earth. The author lives there, in sympathetic contact with these votaries of this new art since its beginning, and his statements are entirely trustworthy. Mr. Wagner contrives to set forth in the course of the book the entire movie-making world. The reader gets a clear idea of how the films are made, and is immensely entertained with the manners and customs of the vast "movie" villages.

ST. NICHOLAS FOR APRIL

The opening feature of the April St. Nicholas will be an article on "The Grand Canyon of Arizona," with a remarkable series of photographs that will appeal to a good many people who are now making their summer plans.

Another article of great and timely interest, especially perhaps for boys, will be "Guns that Fire Themselves," by A. Russell Bond, managing editor of "The Scientific American," a splendidly illustrated account of the machine-gun, its history and its many varieties. Just how the Browning gun is fired the American public will not know until one of them falls into the hands of the enemy, which will render it no longer necessary to keep the secret.

Of the stories, "Wolf," by Albert Payson Terhune, has for its hero a collie dog which wins a silver cup from its master for an act of skill and heroism. What a real watchdog is—a watchdog that doesn't bark but *knows*, many readers will learn for the first time from this story. "Positively No Sugar," by Marguerite E. Alley, is a story of how the sugar shortage threatened to affect a young soldier's box. Doris had a brother in France and she found a way to fulfil his request, after all. "The Joyous Travellers," by Maud Lindsay and Emilie Poullson, will continue on their way to the delight of all younger readers, and the older ones too will enjoy the charming manner in which their stories are told. In "Betsy and Her Star," by George Merrick Mullett, author of "Jo-An of Ark," Betsy and Jo-An of the earlier story appear again. "The Code Signal," by George Ethelbert Walsh, comes to an end in this number and the interest never flags up to the concluding line. "A-Feared of His Shadow" is a new story by Florence Partello Stuart, author of "Piang, the Moro Jungle Boy." The interest of Ralph Henry Barbour and H. P. Holt's serial, "Lost Island," increases all the time. In this number Joe Flagg steals a march on the boys, who begin to find him out.



ILLUSTRATING "GUNS THAT FIRE THEMSELVES"
In the April ST. NICHOLAS

The April number will contain the report of the "Cranford" Competition postponed from March.

An article of extraordinary interest will be Talbot Worthington's "The Great American Boy and Girl Crusade," dealing with the Four-H (Head, Heart, Hands and Health) Club, an enormous agricultural movement that deserves to be universally known. How Jerry Moore raised 232 bushels of corn to the acre is, in itself, a true romance of real life.

The section "For Country and For Liberty" will continue to publish interesting articles and sketches to stimulate the interest of young patriots and show them how they can help their country in time of war. In addition to many other features there will be all the usual departments, "Nature and Science for Young Folks," "For Very Little Folk," etc., etc.

Notice to Centurion Readers

The publication of **The Centurion** is increasingly expensive. As most people know, the cost of white paper, of the metals that are used in illustrations, and of all kinds of labor have risen sharply in the past year or so. **The Centurion,** without a paid subscription, is not permitted to go through the mails as second-class matter; each copy must be mailed under a stamp.

In view of the increasing cost of **The Centurion** the publishers are anxious to know whether those who receive it really read it and value it, or whether it is largely a waste. The publishers, therefore, would be extremely obliged if those who now receive **The Centurion** will write on the blank postcard inserted in this number whether they think it worth while and whether they care to have it come on to them.

The publishers will be glad at any time to send **The Centurion** regularly and of course without charge to lists of people who **Centurion** readers believe will really be interested in the publication.

The Publishers of The Centurion.

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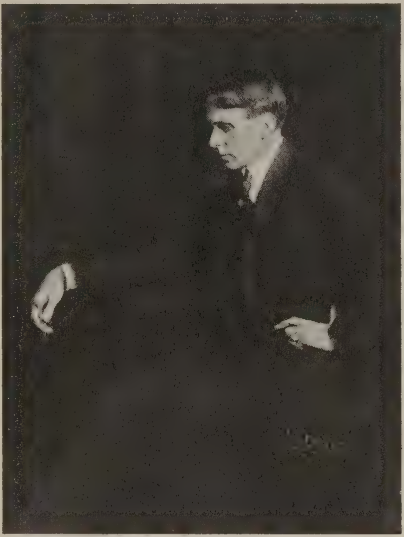
BOOKS AND THEIR MAKERS

It is interesting to note that the war has not destroyed the traditional interest of Americans in nature studies. A fourteenth edition of Thompson Seton's "Biography of a Grizzly" has just been published by The Century Co.

The Century Co. announces the following books for publication during March: "Film Folk," "close-ups" of the men, women and children who make the "movies," by Rob Wagner; "Donald Thompson in Russia," the story of a moving-picture man in the thick of the Russian Revolution; "Roving and Fighting," the adventures of Major Edward S. ("Tex") O'Reilly; "The Woman Voter's Manual," by S. E. Forman and Marjorie Shuler; and "Battering the Boche," the adventures of an American ambulance man, by Preston Gibson.



CALE YOUNG RICE
Whose new volume of poems, "Wraiths and Realities," has just been published by The Century Co.

"In the very near future," writes Rear Admiral Peary, in his new book, "Secrets of Polar Travel," "the biting air above both poles will be stirred by whirring aeroplane propellers, and when that time comes the inner polar regions will quickly yield their last secrets. Looking forward to this certain materialization, it is a source of satisfaction that the two last great physical adventures, the winning of the North Pole and the South Pole, the feats which clinched and made complete man's conquest of the globe—were accomplished without the aid of such modern devices and inventions. It seems entirely fitting that these tests of brute physical soundness and endurance which have engaged the attention of the world for several centuries should have been won by brute physical soundness and endurance, by the oldest and most perfect of all machines—the animal machine—man and the Eskimo dog."

Donald Thompson, author of "Donald Thompson in Russia," which the Century Co. announces for publication within the next few weeks, went to Russia to get photographs and moving picture films. He was fortunate in reaching Petrograd at the very beginning of the revolution. Favored by luck, he went everywhere through the country and along the firing lines, supported by a camera experience on every front in Europe that is without parallel. E. Alexander Powell, in his book "Fighting in Flanders," says of him: "Of all the band of adventurous characters who were drawn to the Continent in the outbreak of war as iron filings are attracted by a magnet, I doubt if there was a more picturesque character than a little photographer from Kansas named Donald Thompson. He not only saw war, all military prohibitions to the contrary, but he actually photographed it." In Russia Mr. Thompson fell into the biggest story he had ever dreamed of; and now it is reported that the spoils of his camera have made the "little photographer from Kansas" almost a plutocrat.

Marie Conway Oemler, author of "Slippy McGee," says that she finished her book during the first month of privacy and freedom she had ever known. "After the children outgrew their babyhood and I had been through the school of all infantile ills from colic and cholera infantum to measles, chicken pox, whooping cough, mumps, etc., I did manage to do a few verses and some stories which I sold. But I have had so little time at my disposal that when I have worked something else has had to be sacrificed. While I was writing one story the whole dinner burned up. Generally, in order to save my temper and reason, I have had to let the story-telling go by the board. This last summer, however, when I simply had to get "Slippy McGee" in order and wasn't well, I went away to North Carolina for a whole month. That was the only time in my whole life when I had any privacy, time, and freedom. The book has been written under almost insuperable difficulties."

"There is not an exploit of the hero in 'Comrades'," says Mary Dillon of her new novel, "either in battle, in his flight as a prisoner, in his experiences on the Lusitania that did not have its exact counterpart in the newspapers. My one great aim in writing the story was to accentuate the brotherhood of all the warring nations. I solemnly believe that the one great good the Ruler of the Universe will bring out of this holocaust and which will be worth its terrible cost will be the Brotherhood of Nations and a world peace that can never be broken." Mrs. Dillon says that her story was finished during the winter of 1915-1916 and could not therefore have been suggested by "Christine," which it resembles in certain respects. "I spent the summer of 1915 in the Rocky Mountains," she says, "and the description of the little mountain park in which the hero and Nitkowski lay concealed in a rocky crevice while the German cavalry passed by in pursuit is almost a word photograph of our Rocky Mountain park and the cave-like crevices the children discovered in the ridge back of our cottage and used as robbers' dens. And the sun rose on many a morning just as the two refugees saw it rise that morning."

Of Louis Raemaekers *The Philadelphia Ledger* says: "The cartoons, which have been verified by subsequent events, though they seemed to some at the time to be but bitter and ironical casual comment on things which most believed could never happen to modern civilization, had that insight that only a special inspiration and an inner illumination could give. One hundred years from now a Raemaekers will be sought primarily because of its story. He is easily the first cartoonist internationally to-day."

NOTABLE NEW BOOKS

Sold by All Booksellers

JUST OUTSIDE. By Stacy Aumonier, author of "The Friends." A study of a man of temperament and his love affairs. Frontispiece in color. 12mo, 344 pages. Price $1.35.

LADIES MUST LIVE. By Alice Duer Miller. A comedy story of New York high society. 8 illustrations by Paul Meylan, jacket in color. 12mo, 250 pages. Price $1.25.

MRS. HOPE'S HUSBAND. By Gelett Burgess. The liveliest comedy story an American author has produced in a long time. Illustrated by Henry Raleigh. 16mo, 161 pages. Price $1.00.

NOTE-BOOK OF AN INTELLIGENCE OFFICER, THE. By Major Eric Fisher Wood, author of "The Note-book of an Attaché". An inside account of the transportation, housing, training, etc., of Allied troops at the Western front. Illustrations and maps. 12mo, 300 pages. Price $1.75.

POLITICAL IDEALS. By Bertrand Russell, author of "Why Men Fight". Brilliant, philosophic essays pointing out the future internationalism which shall make possible an enduring peace in the world. 16mo, 140 pages. Price $1.00.

REBUILDING OF EUROPE, THE. By David Jayne Hill, LL.D., ex-Ambassador to Germany. A survey of old Europe and the promise of the new. 12mo, 250 pages. Price $1.50.

RETURN OF THE SOLDIER, THE. By Rebecca West. The first novel of this brilliant young English writer. Illustrated by Norman Price. 16mo, 185 pages. Price $1.00.

RODIN: THE MAN AND HIS ART. By Judith Cladel. A critical and biographical study of the great sculptor, with seven chapters written by himself. 50 illustrations. Quarto, 356 pages. Price $5.00.

SECOND FIDDLE, THE. By Phyllis Bottome. A new story by that born story-teller, the author of "The Dark Tower". Illustrated. 12mo, 350 pages. Price $1.35.

SECRETS OF POLAR TRAVEL. By Rear-Admiral Robert E. Peary. Revealing the secret methods by which Peary achieved the discovery of the North Pole. 32 illustrations from photographs. 8vo. 313 pages. Price $2.50.

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(See inside of front cover)

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(*Continued on inside of back cover*)

THE
CENTURION
APRIL, 1918

THE WOMAN'S DEATH BATTALION

By Donald Thompson

Donald Thompson is an American "movie" photographer, who has taken pictures of the war all over Europe. Having gone to Russia he caught the revolution, so to speak, on the wing. For months he was in the very thick of it, calmly turning his crank in hundreds of situations where other men would have run for cover. "Donald Thompson in Russia" ($2.00), just published by The Century Co., written in the form of letters to his wife, is the record of these experiences. Here is a passage that will interest every reader:

Petrograd, July 12, 1917.

The first women's regiment has gone to the front. This was organized by Marie Botchkareva, a woman born in a peasant home who is herself a peasant. She cannot read or write. The women when they left for the front vowed never to retreat. This regiment has a number at the War Office but is called the Battalion of Death by everyone you meet. A great many regiments of women have now been organized, two of them here in Petrograd and one in Moscow; there are now 20,000 of these women, armed, uniformed and trained. They came from all walks of life, and among them are members of the best families of Petrograd.

DONALD THOMPSON

Botchkareva has been to the front before and has been decorated three or four times for bravery. People say she is the first woman to be commissioned in the Russian army, but that is a mistake. In 1915 I met a woman who had served in the Russian army and had been promoted to a captaincy before they found out that she was a woman.

Botchkareva comes from a little village in Siberia and looks about 35 years of age. I had a talk with her and she told me she was one of a large family and that her father had been through the Russo-Japanese war and had lost a foot. She said that she was married when she was young to a butcher in her village and that they had lived very happily together, but that when the war broke out in July, 1914, her husband had been marched away with the rest of the men of military age and had been killed in one of the first battles he went into.

She said it was not so much her being all alone in the world that had determined her to take up the life of a soldier, as that she had no money and that she saw suffering in the village the like of which she had never seen before. This made her want to join the army to avenge her husband's death.

When she applied for permission to go with a certain regiment she was refused; but finally, after a week's persuasion, she induced them to consent. She said that she had been wounded three times and had been decorated for bravery under fire. After her last wound, which she said took place in 1916 and which kept her in the hospital for months, just before the revolution, she had gone back and joined her regiment. Botchkareva was a revolutionist herself and her regiment was composed mainly of revolutionists, and was one of the first to go over. She said that she had never been so happy in all her life as when she realized that Russia was free. She had always thought that some day it would come to pass, but that it would never be her fortune to see it. When the revolution was over and she thought that things would be better, to her surprise she found hundreds of her regiment deserting; none of them would obey their old officers; riots were a common thing in their regiment and finally grew to be a daily occurrence. Murders were committed before her eyes. It was then, hearing that other regiments were acting in the same way, that she decided to raise a regiment of women and then get other women organized to equip and train other regiments and shame the men into going back to the firing line. If they refused she was going to make the women themselves lead the attack.

A Ten-Hour Day

I met an American just after I had visited Botchkareva's regiment. He said, "I understand that the high school girls here are organizing a women's regiment calling themselves the Death Battalion." Well, these girls are not school girls but women from all walks of life, as I told you. They have been trained by drill sergeants detailed from the War Office. All these sergeants were men who had been decorated for bravery and they entered into the training of these women with their whole heart and soul while they remained in Petrograd. When they had finished, the women were drilled as well as any soldiers in Russia have ever been drilled. Two hours a day they spent in rifle practice and eight hours a day in training. Although ten hours was a hard day's work for them, when they had finished their training for the day you would go around to the barracks and find them dancing and singing in the courtyard until the bugle was blown ordering them to their beds. They were reluctant to go! They were a happy lot. Never in Russia have I seen such a happy bunch of women. Little did they

"THE BATTALION OF DEATH": FROM "DONALD THOMPSON IN RUSSIA"

dream, as they drilled and marched day after day, what they were going to face in the future.

To give you an idea of the women who have joined this regiment, one of them was Marie Skridlova, the daughter of Admiral Skridlova, one of Russia's greatest admirals, a man who distinguished himself during the Russo-Japanese war. Marie is about 18 or 20, very attractive, although not beautiful, very talented and belonging to the Russian aristocracy. She speaks several languages and had been educated abroad, I understand. She had given up her life to war work since Russia entered the war, and had devoted all her time to the Red Cross.

During the revolution this girl saw horrors that few people saw. She told Florence Harper that her father was attacked by soldiers who had been in his command and who tried to kill him; she begged them to spare her father and they did so. She said that the mob broke into the Marine Hospital where she was and murdered officers in their beds and that one patient whom she tried to defend was killed before her very eyes. She had taken off her Red Cross uniform and vowed that she would not lift a hand while such people were in power. Later, when she heard that the women's Death Battalion was being organized to help save Russia, she had gone to Botchkareva without even putting her hat and coat on, running most of the way, she was so happy that at last she could serve Russia as she wanted to serve her.

THE FIREFLY OF FRANCE

By Marion Polk Angelloti

If Dumas had been able to write about the Great War his story would have been something like Marion Polk Angelloti's "The Firefly of France" ($1.40), just published by The Century Co. In the following passage the romantic hero appears on the scene:

Miss Falconer made a swift movement toward the door, but I forestalled her. Whatever that room held, I must have a look at it before she went. I flung the door open, blocked her passage, and stopped in my tracks, for the best of reasons. A young man was sitting on a battered oak chest beneath a window, facing me, and in his right hand, propped on his knees, there glittered a revolver that was pointed straight at my heart.

I stood petrified, measuring him. He was lightly built and slender. He had a manner as glittering as his weapon, and a pair of remarkably cool and clear gray eyes. His picturesqueness seemed wasted on mere flesh and blood, it was so perfect. Coatless, but wearing a shirt of the finest linen, he looked like some old French duelist and ought, I felt, to be gazing at me, rapier in hand, from a gilt-framed canvas on the wall.

In the brief pause before he spoke I gathered some further data. He was a sick man and he had recently been wounded; at present he was keeping up by sheer courage, not by strength.

"Monsieur," he now enunciated clearly, "will raise both hands and keep them lifted. Monsieur sees, doubtless, that I am in no state for a wrestling-match. For that very reason he must take all pains not to forget himself—for should he stir, however slightly, I grieve to say that I must shoot . . . ."

I opened my lips to parley, but found myself interrupted. A cry came from behind me, a low, utterly rapturous cry. I was thrust aside, and saw the girl spring past me. An instant later she was by the stranger, kneeling, with her arms about him and her bright head against his cheek.

"Jean! Dear Jean!" she was crying between tears and laughter. "We thought you were dead! . . ."

It seemed to me that some one had struck my head a stunning blow. For an interval I stood dazed; then, painfully, my brain stirred. Things went dancing across it like sharp, stabbing little flames, guesses, memories, scraps of talk I had heard, items I had read . . .

There was a young man, a noble of France, who had been a hero. I had read of him in a certain extra, as my steamer left New York. He had disappeared. Certain papers had vanished with him. He had been suspected, because it was known that the Germans wanted those special documents. All the world, I thought dully, seemed to be hunting papers; the French, the Germans, Miss Falconer, and I.

Once more I looked at the man on the chest. He had dropped his pistol and was clasping the girl to him, soothing her, stroking her hair. My brain began to work more rapidly. The little flashes of light seemed to run together, to crystallize into a whole. I knew.

Jean-Hervé-Marie-Olivier, the Duke of Raincy-la-Tour, the Firefly of France!

A "MOVIE" GLADIATOR

By Rob Wagner

Rob Wagner has been associated with the moving picture world of Los Angeles since its inception. In "Film Folk": "close-ups" of the men, women and children who make the "movies" ($2.00), just published by The Century Co., he reveals the whole inner life of this romantic industry. All the votaries of the new art, the actor and actress, the studio mother, the child wonder, the scenario writer, etc., tell their stories. Here is a thrilling passage from the tale told by the handsome film hero:

I had determined to make an offer to the director of the animal stuff to go on and fight it out with a puma in front of the camera. From what the keeper told me, and with my knowledge of football tackling and wrestling, I decided that I could clinch with and hold one of these brutes with little danger to myself.

The director listened to my plans dubiously, but with much interest, and told me he would give me an answer later. The next day, however, he came to me with a telegram in his hand, and said that if I would sign a release for damages against the company, and provided we should get twenty-five feet of good film, he stood ready to pay me a thousand dollars.

I sent for my football clothes and had them reinforced in the abdomen and on the back. I intended to wear them underneath my costume. The keeper had promised to clip the beast's claws just enough to blunt the extreme sharpness. With these precautions I was to take my chances. The director was not particularly confident of my getting the picture, as was shown by the fact that no scenario was forthcoming; a story would be written round the incident, he said, if I made good on the big scene.

ROB WAGNER
With Charley Chaplin (at left of picture)

It is no exaggeration to say that I had the biggest gallery that had ever watched a scene at the studio since its founding. The regulars and several hundred extras occupied every possible vantage point about the lot; but they kept at a respectful distance, as the cats are easily disconcerted by a crowd and, likely as not, this one would sneak off and refuse to attack me. Armed keepers were hidden behind shrubbery and two sharpshooters stood just outside the corral. A formidable-looking doctor arranged his kit of bandages and dope. Most of the spectators, I believe, were hoping for the worst. At any rate, they were fully expecting "Sister" to get his! The only ones fully confident of success were the keeper and myself.

Twice—three times—I rehearsed the action, in order to time the footage of the film. At last the director called, "Action!" and the cameras began to click off their sixteen exposures per second. I came strolling slowly across the clearing in front of the bamboo. Hearing the opening of the gate in the rear of the inclosure and the rustling of the tall grass as the puma sniffed his way forward, I swung round. As I beheld the great, crouching beast, I was supposed to turn toward the camera and register "horror." I did so, and the puma bounded toward me. When he was only ten feet away, at a signal from the keeper I turned in my tracks; and as he sprang high at my head I sidestepped and clinched from behind. Then for fully a minute there was real excitement. They tell me they could scarcely see us at times for the dust, and the sound of the spitting was like a ten-cylinder motor car with the muffler cut out.

I called out every few seconds that I was all right; and when I thought we had

PAVLOVA CHOOSING HER COSTUMES
From "Film Folk"

gone for about a thousand feet of film I rolled the cat outside the angle of the camera, where the keepers pounced on him, manacled all four feet, and dragged him away. The camera man reported sixty feet. When it was seen that I was up and smiling the relief of the tense situation was sounded in rousing cheers. A slight scalp wound and one claw scratch deep in my foot were my wounds, the cauterization of the latter being the only pain I suffered.

And now the question is, How did I do it? I will tell; for maybe there lives another fool who wishes to try his skill on a tiger. But never again for me! Not that I have elaborate respect for the strength of a puma, but the gods might not again be so kindly disposed. I had in my left hand a pigeon, still warm, though dead. As I held it aloft the beast plunged for it; and as he did so I fell forward with my one hundred and seventy pounds full on his back. Bearing him tightly to the ground, I succeeded in getting a full nelson on his head, and I held his forepaws straight out at right angles; then I scissored his loins with my legs, and in this position we began to roll. At no time after I closed on him was I in any great danger. The result of my success was that I went on the pay roll as a regular, for it was necessary I should act in all the scenes that were to come before and after this one.

OUR SHIPPING AFTER THE WAR

By An American Jurist

What will America look like after the war? What must Americans know about their future in order to prepare for inevitable conflict and adjustment? "America After the War" ($1.00), just published by The Century Co., is an interesting contribution to this subject. In the following passage the author, an American jurist of eminence who prefers to remain anonymous at present, points out one development that will prove necessary:

There can be no more imperative duty than that immediately after the present war the American Government shall, cost what it may, speedily revive its merchant marine. Once the acknowledged mistress of the seas, America is now bound hand and foot by the great foreign shipowning powers of the world. It is thus rendered helpless in war and placed, in times of peace, at unnecessary disadvantage. Even the Government mails and the private dispatches are wholly at the mercy of foreigners, as America has no fast mail ships of its own. Almost every ton of freight produced in America pays rich tolls to aliens and is covered in transit by strange flags. American merchants are thus placed by a Government policy, as wrong as impolitic, at the mercy of foreign shipowners, while American citizens are humiliated by being forced to seek passage on foreign vessels, even when approaching or quitting their own shores. And yet America claims to be one of the richest and most advanced countries of the world. Why is it that its seaborne commerce is deliberately handed over to foreigners, its defensive warfare allowed to be paralyzed, and its citizens driven from the gainful occupation of the seas? A Government policy which suffers these things is as incompetent as it is unwise. Until this particular wrong to American citizens is remedied, America cannot be reckoned among the great and formidable powers of the world. Any of the great foreign Governments may at will interdict or impede American trade. This the American Government can prevent only by the re-establishment of its once prosperous merchant marine.

After the war, if America would remain at a high stage of national efficiency, the present laws affecting its merchant marine must be speedily altered. There is doubtless in America a popular disapproval of bounties and subsidies to American shipmasters. The spirit—correct in the abstract—is much perverted and encouraged by demagogic politicians, who prefer to waste the public moneys in grossly extravagant expenditures more directly profitable to themselves or their constituents. A well-directed campaign of education may be necessary to prove to the people of the interior of America that a great merchant marine is essential to their protection, and to the prosperity of the whole nation. Americans learn quickly, and they can be made to unlearn as quickly if desired. When they come to perceive that the nation can be neither strong nor highly prosperous without a merchant marine they will readily consent to all measures necessary for the upbuilding and the maintenance of American shipping. . . .

If American shipbuilders are at a natural disadvantage it must be overcome by necessary legislation. If the cost of maintenance of American ships is greater by reason of the greater cost of labor, or because of the unjust demands of labor unions, then the American Government which tolerates such things must foot the bill in the interest of the whole nation and a determined national policy. Nothing will pay the nation better than large and liberal encouragement to American shipbuilders and American shipowners. Such a policy will in all probability result in the ultimate independence of the ship industries of the country. In the end they will be made self-supporting, for shipmasters always fear to rely on the Government's continuing liberality. They naturally seek to become independent and self-supporting.

Cost the nation what it may, there can be no better investment of the public funds than in the support and maintenance of the American mercantile marine. When stately American ships cover every sea, when ocean greyhounds, American bred, carry Americans more swiftly and safely than the mailboats of other nations; when the American flag floats proudly in every foreign port, then, and not until then, will America be a supremely great power.

The Century Co. announces the immediate publication of "The Woman Voter's Manual," by S. E. Forman and Marjorie Shuler, with an introduction by Carrie Chapman Catt. The book explains the machinery of voting and supplies a background of information as to the organization of the government, the history of the chief political parties, and other related subjects. For the voters of New York, there is a digest of the election laws of the State.

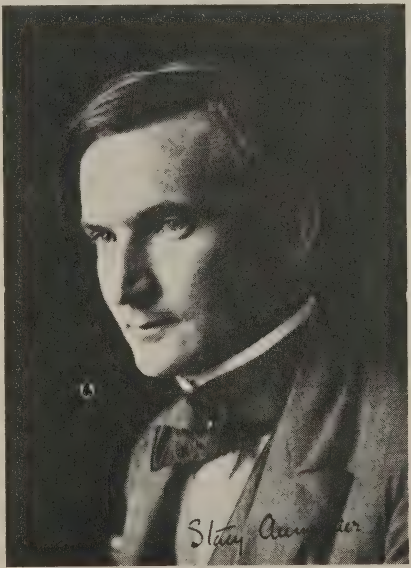
STACY AUMONIER: A Personal Note

Readers of Stacy Aumonier's work in fiction, "Just Outside," "Comrades," and "The Friends and Other Stories," will be glad to know something more about this delightful writer. Mr. Aumonier is a Londoner of Huguenot descent. His father was an architectural carver and the family can trace its genealogy back through a long line of artists and craftsmen to the sixteenth century when, escaping from the massacre of St. Bartholomew, they made their way to England and established themselves as silversmiths in Spitalfields.

It is not therefore very surprising that Mr. Aumonier gives evidence of an artistry that is in many respects unique. He has been eminently successful in at least three of the Arts!

His first success was as a landscape painter, and his water-colors are well known in the London and provincial galleries. They are characterized by an individual and poetic vision and by a direct and virile technique.

But it is by his second profession that he has become best known to the English public. And, curiously enough, that second profession evolved almost by accident. He has a natural gift of imitation and a very keen sense of observation. He had been in the habit of entertaining his friends with impressions and imitations of people. These were palpably so good that nearly everyone persuaded him that he ought to "try them on the public." He eventually did so by giving a recital of "his own character sketches" at Steinway Hall, London. The result was amazingly successful. He was immediately hailed by the press and the public as a new creative humorist of a very rich, subtle and versatile character. Mr. James Douglas concluded a whole column in the "Morning Leader" by saying: "Before long all London will be chuckling over this new humorist, whose mordant art cuts so deep into the solemn nonsense of the life we live." The entire London press spoke in the same strain and Mr. John Galsworthy wrote to him: "I cannot refrain from writing you a line to say what I thought of the character impersonations I heard you give the other evening. They were in their way quite extraordinary; they were got from within the character—a rare achievement."



STACY AUMONIER
Author of "Just Outside," etc.

Since those days Mr. Stacy Aumonier "in his own character sketches" has become a well-known figure in London, among the discriminating public. We say "discriminating" because, although he was hailed as a humorist, it was not as a humorist of the vaudeville type. All his studies are informed with artistry and a certain ironic quality. They are true to life and are not by any means necessarily humorous. He gives a character sketch of a pathetic old East End charwoman which, although charged with humor, is as far removed from the charwoman of the music-hall stage as an etching by Rembrandt is from a popular oleograph. "He has," as the London "World" says, "an individual vision of life—whimsical, penetrating, Attic."

The Gift of Writing Followed

It stood to reason that with his peculiar ironic sense and his faculty for keen reflection and power of creation, Mr. Aumonier would have the gift of writing. His character sketches, however, he has never written down. He contends that they are apart from literature, creations evolved from manner, and without value unless spontaneous. But the transition from this ability to create to the ability to "set down" was only an obvious step. He began to write—things quite independent of his platform studies but characterized by the same individual vision. He wrote short stories that were immediately accepted for publication in England and the United States. The first short story he ever wrote was called "The Friends." It was published in THE CENTURY and the "English Review," and was voted by the "Boston Transcript" one of the five best short stories of the year. Of his novels, "Just Outside" is one of the distinguished offerings of the present season, "Olga Bardel" having been issued last year.

It seems remarkable that Mr. Aumonier, who has been successful in three of the arts, should be allied to a fourth—music! He is married to Miss Gertrude Peppercorn, the famous pianist, who has had two successful tours through the United States and Canada, and is well known in all the musical centres of the world. As a matter of fact, this artistic couple spent their honeymoon in the United States. It came about in this way. Miss Peppercorn had a recital tour booked a year ahead. During the ensuing summer she met Mr. Aumonier. They became engaged. When the time came for the recital tour to commence they both agreed that the Atlantic Ocean was too great a distance to separate them at such a time. They were married the day before they left England. Mr. Aumonier complains that "the United States is not a good place for a honeymoon, being too strenuous. We spent three months on overheated trains and in hotels and were nearly killed by oysters, cocktails and kindness. On three occasions we were nearly killed on the railroad, once outside New York when the axle of our car broke, once in Pennsylvania, whilst on the third occasion we missed our train from Toronto when going South. We missed it by two minutes. You may imagine our feelings when we found out afterward that the train we missed fell over an embankment and nearly all the people were killed."

Mr. and Mrs. Aumonier now live at St. John's Wood, London.

AN ATTACK WITH GAS

By Preston Gibson

Preston Gibson, the young American playwright who has been decorated by the French Government for conspicuous bravery, is the author of "Battering the Boche" ($1.00), a dramatic account of fighting in all its phases on the Western front, from which we quote the passage that follows. The book has just been published by The Century Co.

The wind is favorable, the attack is for to-night. It is very dark and inky. You cannot even see the end of the fender in front of the car. There is but very little traffic, the main road to the front is quiet, there is little firing and the two lines of trenches seem to be getting a well needed rest. A few Boche star shells light up my car, but that is all.

I reached the *poste de secours* and got out. Of course I had on my helmet and carried both gas masks. This is a very bad gas sector. It was a close night, the wind blowing gently toward the German lines. I went into the dugout for a moment. Here were literally dripping surgeons and stretcher-bearers, soaked-in-blood heroes, men and boys, with great holes in their heads, arms and legs, or shot through the body, all silent in their suffering. By the dim candlelight the surgeons went about their task ploddingly and methodically.

I soon had my load and started back along the same road to our base hospital. An hour later I was again at the base. There were no more wounded to be transported. All was quiet. I saw two men standing on top of the third line dugout, so I climbed up and discovered they were a General and his aid. We smoked a cigarette and talked of Paris.

It was about a quarter of one in the morning. I must have stood there half an hour when by the light of occasional star shells I saw stealing over the meadow silent, death dealing and grim in its task, the gas, gas, gas. To the right and left as far as one could see, great masses of vapor went slowly toward the Boche lines. It was like a cloud of gray blue chiffon as borne by the wind it sought the lives of those who could neither advance nor retreat. And so I saw it go on and on till it hung like a pall over the enemy. It resolved itself into a great cloud, wave after wave, bearing death and the greatest agony.

PRESTON GIBSON
Author of "Battering the Boche"

Suddenly, as though God Himself had rent the heavens with His hand, there blazed forth from 800 guns a fiery roar that seemed as if hell had broken loose. The General remarked to his aid as he looked at his watch, "It 's 1:15. The wind is good." The *tir de barrage* (curtain of fire) had begun, throwing a curtain of fire in front of the Boche front line and a second curtain of fire back of the Boche third line, so that they could neither advance nor retreat, while they breathed the gas between.

The Star Shells

Now the star shells in thousands lit up the sky. It was a great sight. Back of me the 75s and 155s were sending their shells over my head and in front and to the right were thousands of star shells over the trenches, and hand grenades exploding and enemy artillery dropping bombs and shells near the road.

Wounded were now being brought in and French caught in their own gas. Here for the first time I saw a gas sufferer; the effect is terrible. The gassed men cannot get their breath; they cough, spit and vomit blood. When I reached the hospital with my first load the men had suffered great agony. But there was no murmur or complaint. It is a horrible death, that of a gassed man. But only four of the affected died, we got them to the hospital so efficiently.

The gas was shut off after dawn and the 155s continued all day and into the night. Then the order "Comrades, over the top!" Out, over, through and into the barbed wire they went, cutting, hewing, slashing their way to No. 1 trench, and they took it by storm. The Boches were finished by the gas. This continued until 4 A. M. Then our curtain of fire was lifted.

DEFENDING THE POOR OLD MOON

By Major "Tex" O'Reilly

Major Edward S. ("Tex") O'Reilly is a true soldier of fortune, old style. He has fought and hoboed all over the world and has served under four flags. With inimitable good humor he has now written his life story, a single incident of which formed the basis of one of Rex Beach's most successful novels. The book is called "Roving and Fighting" ($2 00), and The Century Co. has just published it. Here is an episode from Major O'Reilly's life as an officer in the Chinese army:

It was on Foochow Road that I experienced a wild night which, for the time, almost convinced me that I had been transported to another planet.

Reporting off day-duty one evening at the Central Police Station on Foochow Road, I was ordered to return in uniform at seven o'clock.

"What 's the reason for the extra duty?" I asked an old-time sergeant as we climbed the stairs to the mess-hall.

"Eclipse of the moon," he replied.

"The whole police force can't stop the moon having an eclipse when it feels like it," I protested. "What 's the idea?"

"You'll see to-night," and the old-timer grinned. "You 'll have to be defendin' the poor old moon from assault and battery by a million lunatics."

Having learned that a "greenhorn" gets much left-handed information by asking too many questions, I let the subject drop. Before the night was over I learned that the sergeant was right.

An ancient Chinese superstition regarding an eclipse of the moon was the cause of one of the wildest nights it has ever been my misfortune to witness. According to the belief of the Chinese, an evil old dragon of the skies is ever on the watch to swallow the moon. Sometimes he gets it in his mouth and occasionally he succeeds in swallowing it. Only by frightening the wits out of the old dragon is the moon ever restored to the skies.

When an eclipse occurs, every Chinese city becomes a collection of madmen. Each Chinaman tries to make all the din and racket he can in order to make the dragon disgorge the chief ornament of the heavens. They set off tons of firecrackers, build bonfires, beat tom-toms, and run yelling in hysterical panic through the streets.

When the appointed time came, I was stationed on upper Foochow Road, where the "sing-song" houses are. It was a bright, clear night, and the moon was sailing high. At last the shadow began creeping over the rim.

As if a signal had been given, the most frightful pandemonium broke loose. It was worse than any battle I have ever heard. Thousands of gongs were beating, and the rattle of the firecrackers rose to a steady roar, punctuated by the heavy boom of the giant crackers.

Shooting firecrackers is against the law in the foreign concession, on account of the danger of fire. It was the duty of the police to arrest the offenders, but an army would have been unequal to that job.

Thousands of panic-stricken Chinamen ran aimlessly about the streets, yelling hysterically. Some groveled in the road, throwing dust over their heads. I saw one venerable old fellow, clad in the silks of a mandarin, leap from his jinrikisha and pound his head on the pavement until his face was bloody.

It was no trouble to catch violators of the fire law. In a few minutes the compound of the station was filled with a howling mob of prisoners. Several fires were started, and the fire department was kept on the run. Many of the town militia volunteers joined with us to prevent more damage.

There was one man especially busy with his giant crackers in a narrow alley leading off Foochow Road. The alley was lined with flimsy wooden shacks, so that a fire in that quarter would have been hard to fight. Time after time I tried to catch him, but he escaped in the labyrinth of narrow passageways, only to appear

CHINESE WOMAN SELLING BABIES
From "Roving and Fighting"

a moment later to take another shot at the moon.

Finally I sent an old Chinese police-sergeant to one end of the alley and posted myself at the other entrance. Again the man appeared. The sergeant and I rushed at him. Seeing the Chinese policeman, the savior of the moon lit his giant cracker and turned to run. Then he saw me bearing down upon him. With a frightened yell, he threw the sputtering cracker.

That infernal bombshell hit me just above the belt-buckle and exploded like a three-inch shrapnel shell. It is no joke to have a giant firecracker explode just below the short-ribs. It felt like the kick of a mule, and for a few minutes I was seasick. My tunic was set afire, and my chin was blackened by the exploding gunpowder. The hysterical bombardier escaped.

Gradually the shadow on the moon began to fade. The noise increased. Over a million Chinamen can make a lot of noise when they set their mind on the job. At last the moon was sailing clear and full, on its regular evening jaunt across the sky. The old dragon had been frightened away.

If his dragonship was hit where I was by any of those cannon crackers, I don't blame him for disgorging that moon.

ILIODOR'S DREAM

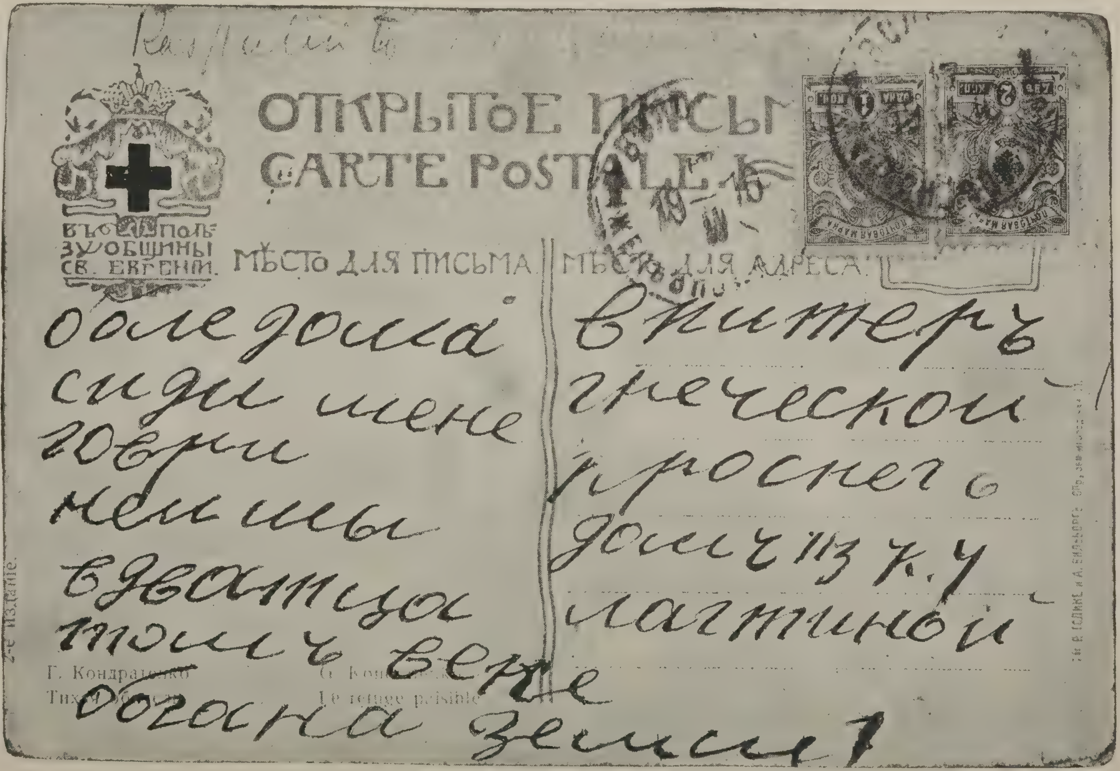
By Sergius M. Trufanoff (Iliodor)

The remarkable powers of mind which gave Iliodor his ascendancy over the Russian people and made him so feared by Rasputin and the Czar's court are revealed in the following passage, which concludes his autobiography, "The Mad Monk of Russia—Iliodor" ($2.00), just published by The Century Co.:

On the night of August 24th, 1914, I had a prophetic dream.

As a rule I do not like to listen to people who speak of dreams. Most of my own dreams I do not like, nor do I speak about them, for they are usually the result of an overtaxed brain. Still, I believe in prophetic dreams. They do not come to every one, but they come to natures that feel deeply. To assert that Rasputin owed his high position at Court only to the tricks of a charlatan would be quite untrue. In his nature Rasputin possessed much which is as yet unknown, and with these unknown potentialities he was able to obtain ascendancy over many people. One of them was the power to receive prophetic dreams in which he foresaw the future; and these prophetic dreams of his were not of secondary importance among his occult powers. As for myself, I also have these dreams, but rarely. All the principal chapters of my life have been predicted by them in a most remarkable way; and even now, on the strength of one of these dreams, I know who is right in this war, and who is wrong, and what the end of the war will be. For four years I have been trying to publish this prophetic dream. Every time, through circumstances independent of my will, I have failed.

On August 23rd, while living in Christiania, I found myself in the company of certain fellow-countrymen. We con-



Rasputin to

ОТКРЫТОЕ ПИСЬМ
CARTE POSTALE

ВЪ ПОЛЬЗУ ОБЩИНЫ СВ. ЕВГЕНІИ.

МѢСТО ДЛЯ ПИСЬМА

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Г. Кондратенко
Le refuge paisible

POSTCARD WRITTEN BY RASPUTIN TO MADAME LOCHTINA

Petrograd: Greek Prospect, 113, Apartment 7, Lochtina: "Stay more at home and speak less. Do not seek God on earth in the twentieth century"

[From "The Mad Monk of Russia—Iliodor"]

versed for a long time about the war. My friends, who had been living for several years in Germany, maintained that she was responsible for the war and that she must be brought to her senses; for she had tried to imbue humanity with physical strength only. For my part, knowing little about Germany and the character of the Germans, and having been brought up in the realm of academic and scholastic deduction, I set to work very hotly to prove that all men are brothers, that we should love each other, and that there was no necessity for war at all. After a long and heated discussion, I returned to my home, read through the editorial reports of several Russian newspapers as to the march of events, and fell into deep meditation as to the destiny of the warring nations. In this peaceful state of mind I dropped asleep.

The Dream

I dreamed that I was standing on the map of Europe, near Denmark, and before my eyes stretched the land of Russia and Western Europe. On the borders between Poland and Germany I saw the dried, dead trunk of a tree; it had no branches, no leaves—only long naked limbs. In one of these limbs, turned towards Russia, was a little cage of woven steel bars. The cage was about a yard and a half wide, and inside was a little nest composed of feathers and straw. In this nest I could see the egg of a dove. On the ground under the cage were two snakes, stretched lengthwise over the territory of Germany and Austria. The first snake was most hideous—very fat, strong, and about three yards long. The size of the head was very small in proportion to the body. It was black in color, interwoven with red, and it writhed on the ground like a spring, its flexibility showing a tremendous strength. It was too monstrous—I could not look upon it! I observed the other snake, which was light gray in color. This was about a yard long, and its skin showed a certain degree of emaciation. When it attempted to writhe like the other snake, it showed its lack of real strength. It kept trying to rise towards the cage containing the nest, but through weakness was unable to reach it. There were other snakes much smaller than these two, but they were quiet, although it could be seen that they were endowed with a certain strength, and in their eyes gleamed malignancy and treachery. My attention was strongly drawn to the snake which was endeavoring to reach the cage. Suddenly, like lightning, the black and red snake crept up the trunk of the tree, put its head through the bars of the cage, seized the egg in its mouth and threw it to the ground. The egg cracked and the snake, descending as swiftly as it had crept up, lapped the contents of the egg. I was frantic. I did not know what to do. I thought, "Will not help come from somewhere to crush this terrible monster!" I cast my eyes about me and they were arrested near Belgium. I saw there a little two-story house, half destroyed and with wooden shutters closed. I also saw the Atlantic Ocean and on the horizon I could see some sort of object which reminded me of a light cloud. In this cloud was something that moved. I was much interested in the vision, but at this instant out of the little house emerged several people. First came a man of high stature, thin, with energetic features, very muscular and walking with a military step. I had at that time never seen a portrait of President Wilson, but this man resembled him. Behind him was another man, smaller in size but strong and clean-shaven, as was the first. Then came a third, a man of medium height, rather fat, with a black moustache; then two or three others followed—small as pygmies but with a certain dignity in their faces, and with the same object in view as the large, strong man. I had no time to observe them closely, as they immediately went in the direction where the huge snake had swallowed the egg. The first man threw out his hand to grasp the snake and, with a movement as quick as a flash, it escaped in the direction of Switzerland. I had only time to see that the snake was still powerful, although from the movement of the chest it showed signs of exhaustion. Then the hand of the strong man grasped the smaller snake and shook it so energetically that in the twinkling of an eye it broke into pieces. One flew in the direction of Russia—and I woke up.

The next morning I went to see my friends again and said, "I renounce my assertions of yesterday, not under the influence of your arguments but on the strength of a remarkable dream which I had last night." I begged them to write the dream down and also to make an explanatory note of my interpretation of the dream. They did so. It was then signed by three men and two weeks later the written statement was sent to Petrograd.

My present interpretation of the dream differs a little from the interpretation which I gave originally, because there were a few details which I did not understand myself at the time; but now everything is as clear to my mind as daylight.

The Interpretation

The Allies were, in a sense, brothers to humanity. The Germans, Austrians and their allies were the snakes. The old tree trunk was the structure of Russia. The cage represented the circumstances which made Russia democratic. The fresh dove's egg was the young Russian republic. It was drained by Germany, for as it fell it cracked. This means that Germany is taking advantage of the movement of the Bolsheviki to split the unity of the democratic elements in Russia and seize the contents. I cannot believe that Russia has lost all her military might. I think she will recover, but not for the present. The dream signifies that she is very weak. The Allies, contrary to all German strategy, will break through Belgium and Germany to the Eastern front—Galicia. The German military power will be divided—one part will be on the East surrounded by danger menacing from Russia, but the main forces of the German power will be in that corner through which it is advancing now—Italy. The victory of Germany over Italy is the last victory. The more she draws her soldiers to that corner, the better it will be for the Allies, because there Germany is digging her grave. Austria will be divided into parts—and one part, Galicia, will go to Russia. All the nationalities will receive full political autonomy. The most important part in the final issue will be that played by the United States. I am willing to submit myself to any torture if my dream does not prove true.

THE CHIVALRY OF THE AIR

By Francis A. Collins

Chivalry, historians agree, has played an inconspicuous part in this ferocious war. In one branch of the service it has survived, however—even in Germany. The interesting passage that follows is taken from "The Air Man" ($1.30), published by The Century Co., a delightfully illustrated book on the more popular aspects of aviation, especially in the war.

The chivalry of the air is observed with pride throughout Europe. A friend of the writer chanced to be in a moving-picture theatre in Berlin during the war, when a film was shown of the burial of a British airman. The coffin, as a special mark of honor, was borne on the shoulders of German officers. After the customary salute had been fired, the officers of the aviation corps saluted the grave. The special pathos of the scene lay in the fact that the men, all of whom were young and strong, limped badly, for accidents to the legs and feet in landing are common. Each of the officers in turn paused at the open grave, and dropped a rose upon the coffin of the fallen enemy. The coffin was wrapped in a British flag and at the sight of it, some one in an upper gallery of the theatre hissed. Instantly the audience was on its feet in angry protest. A riot threatened and cries of "Throw him out!" were heard on all sides. When the lights were turned on, the ushers found the disturber was merely a boy of fourteen who had no sympathies. The protest had been perfectly spontaneous. Before the pictures were continued a lady rose in the audience, and, in a touching speech, apologized for the insult. She explained that doubtless there were foreigners present, and hoped that the attitude of the German people would not be misunderstood. She had three sons at the front, she declared, and if they fell, could only hope that they would be treated with equal honors.

The same correspondent, before leaving Berlin a few days later, called upon one of the censors to pay his respects and thank him for many courtesies. The official, an old general, on learning that the correspondent was returning to America, asked him to translate a singularly touching letter he had received from an English clergyman informing him that his only grandson, an airman, had fallen and been buried with all the honors of war by British aviators. The English officers had chosen the clergyman, evidently a man of culture, to write to break the news as gently as possible.

When a Zeppelin Came Down

The spirit of chivalry is common to the airmen of all the embattled armies. During one of the German air-raids upon London, a Zeppelin was brought down, all the crew being killed in the fall. Public feeling against the invaders ran high, and there was a general feeling against burying the dead with military honors. Despite violent opposition, the British aviators insisted that the Germans be buried with all the honors of war. It was due to their efforts that the plans were finally changed, and in the funeral British aviators acted as pallbearers.

THE MAY CENTURY

Most of our readers will remember the delightful comedy of adolescence entitled "The Boomerang," produced by David Belasco a year or two ago. The play ran for the first year and a half consecutively in New York and is, in fact, still running with the original company intact. Mr. David Gray has made a novelization of this charming play for THE CENTURY. It is not merely a novelization of a drama in the hackneyed sense of that term, but an interpretation of the background, life, and activities of all the characters. "The Boomerang" will begin in the May CENTURY.

The American is by this time familiar with the daily political and military activities in France. The news dispatches and correspondents keep us informed of these phases, but few of us realize the situation as it confronts the Parisian in his daily life. Mr. John N. Anderson will give us an interesting and detailed account of the daily life of—what he calls—"The Patient Parisian." This sketch will be charmingly illustrated with seven etchings in tint by Frank M. Armington.

Several years ago there appeared on the horizon a young writer named Joseph Hergesheimer. Several novels of his appeared and created a great deal of attention. His short stories have shown a quality that is superior in theme and execution to the usual. For the May CENTURY he has written a fascinating story of mystery entitled "The Black Key."

When the Washington Square Players made their first production in 1914, at the Bandbox Theatre on East Fifty-seventh Street, New York, predictions were made that it was merely an eccentric movement in the theatre, undertaken by amateurs and, for this very reason, doomed to failure in a short time. But the Washington Square Players still exist—and successfully—with a theatre of their own; and other theatres of a like character have started—and succeeded—in many large cities throughout the country. The Greenwich Village Theatre opened last fall in its own building—a splendid example of architectural design—and has already established itself for the intelligent play-

Illustrating "THE BOOMERANG"
Opening in the May Century

goer of New York. S. A. Eliot, Jr., who has been associated with the new theatre movement since its beginning in New York, has written an interesting paper showing the genesis and present condition of that movement in an article that will appear in the May CENTURY entitled "The New Art of the Theatre."

Frank Ward O'Malley will give us in the May number another delightful chapter on "The War-Whirl in Washington."

Jules Bois, the well-known French journalist and lecturer, has written a very comprehensive account of Venizelos, the prime minister of Greece. This statesman, in the face of obstacles that are almost inconceivable to an American, has kept Greece on the side of the Allies from the beginning. It is, in fact, thanks to Venizelos that Greece is now actively engaged in the War for Democracy.

Almost every phase of the war has been covered in the magazine and newspaper press, but the physician's activities in it have been ignored. This omission is corrected by Dr. Frederick Peterson in the May number of THE CENTURY. He writes of the magnificent sacrifices made by surgeons and physicians in the Great War.

The formulas of peace urged by President Wilson and by the statesmen and workingmen of Great Britain, France and Italy are alike in demanding that the peace which is to come as a result of the present war must be a people's peace, and not a dynastic or secret peace. Suggestions for the accomplishment of these new ideals of peace will be given by Mr. Frederic C. Howe in the May CENTURY. Mr. Howe is the Commissioner of Immigration at New York.

Two delightful—and at the same time unusual—short stories will appear in the May CENTURY. One by Willa Sibert Cather, entitled "Ardessa," is a charming sketch of a situation in an editorial office. The other story, entitled "The Second-Rater," by James Oppenheim, is an interesting interpretation of the psychology of envy as it affects artists, the characters in this case being two youthful pianists who make their debuts at the same period.

David Lawrence, the Washington correspondent of the New York *Evening Post*, will contribute an article to the May CENTURY entitled "Government by Impression." The purpose of this article is to show the necessity of all the people of the United States being informed of every fact of government policy and activity, on the ground that, possessing such knowledge, public opinion would apply an unfailing corrective to things manifestly wrong, thereby increasing confidence in representatives and policies that sustain the national interests.

Professor Edward Alsworth Ross, of the department of political economy of the University of Wisconsin, will continue in the May CENTURY his articles on Russia. The forthcoming article will cover the situation regarding Labor and Capital in Russia at this time.

The May number will contain poems by Sara Teasdale, Channing Pollock, Francis Ledwidge, Ruth Comfort Mitchell and Mary Carolyn Davies, and a delightfully humorous ballad by Wallace Irwin.

The May number of THE CENTURY will maintain the high standard of illustration, as to both color and half-tone, that our readers have learned to look for in this magazine.

ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE NOTES

A remarkable compliment—and one in which the magazine takes great pride—has been offered to St. Nicholas in the form of a special request by the American Red Cross that the January cover design should be reprinted on the May issue in aid of the great Red Cross drive, projected for that month. Everybody will be glad to welcome again the figure of the quaintly-dressed little girl holding out the tin cup with the red cross painted on it, while her pet dog on his haunches beside her, with eye alert and ears cocked quizzically, does his part also to entice a liberal contribution from the passer-by.

Of course, the magazine was more than glad to comply with this official request, and, on its own account, to do its bit by printing in the same number a Red Cross play than can be performed either indoors or in the open, and offers an excellent means for young folk to raise money for the Red Cross work; while, in addition, the story of "The Rocky Mountain Knitter-boys," by "Trixy of the Seventh," and the Red Cross articles in the patriotic department, "For Country and for Liberty," will thrill the pulses of all St. Nicholas readers, young or old, and inspire the enthusiastic desire in all of them to do—not merely their "bit," but their *utmost*—in aid of the greatest of charities and its *second* hundred million.

Illustrating "THREE SIDES OF PARADISE GREEN"
Opening in the May St. Nicholas

The May number will open with a notable contribution, "The Modern Crusader," written by Florence Partello Stuart, daughter of Major Partello and wife of Lieutenant-Colonel Stuart, of the United States Army. Within the brief compass of a few pages, Mrs. Stuart sets forth a noble and stirring explanation of the lasting issues involved in the great war and emphasizes the fact that America's part in it does, indeed, correspond to that of the crusader of old times. The virtues and devotion thus demanded are impressed upon young readers, and incidentally they learn that the modern salute—so essential to military discipline and courtesy—originated in the lifting of the visor when two knights in armor met on the road or before a tilting match or tournament. This will be beautifully illustrated by Mr. W. M. Berger, who provides a fine decorative setting for the whole article.

The thousands of girl readers of ST. NICHOLAS have a great treat awaiting them in the form of a new serial by Augusta Huiell Seaman, author of "The Boarded-up House," "The Sapphire Signet," and "The Girl Next Door." "Three Sides of Paradise Green," like its predecessors, is a "mystery story," and one that will be sure to prove as absorbing in interest as any of the popular serials named above. The first instalment will appear in the May number.

The marvelous work and achievements of the "Four-H Clubs," to which ST. NICHOLAS readers were introduced last month, will again receive attention in a special article in the May issue, devoted to the remarkable Four-H exhibits and demonstrations in the Great Fair at Springfield last October. The facts in regard to these clubs seem so incredible that one is tempted to think this army of nearly a million young and energetic workers—likely, moreover, to be doubled by recruits during the coming summer—could, almost of itself, feed the country, should the necessity arise!

"War-time in Camps" is a very interesting sketch of the special projects—pageants, hikes, celebrations, etc., in aid of various war activities—that were undertaken and successfully carried through last year in many of the leading summer camps; and it conveys hints and suggestions, expressed and implied, that will be found useful by young campers during the coming season.

That ever-popular writer for the very little folk, Thornton Burgess, contributes a timely story of unusual length, "Peter Rabbit's May Party," which—with its amusing illustrations by Harrison Cady—will delight not only the wee tots to whom it is more directly addressed, but many an older boy and girl, or even many a grown-up, who loves these quaint combinations of fancy and humor, these fascinating animal stories, which Mr. Burgess writes so easily and well.

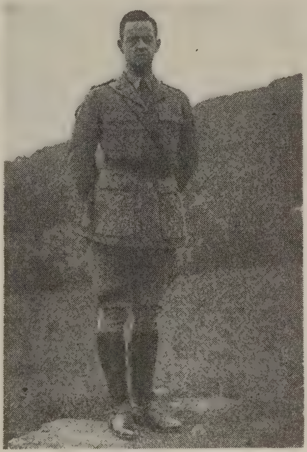
Notice to Centurion Readers

Apparently our readers really value and enjoy **The Centurion.** So at least we gather from the many replies we have received to our request for information on this point. **The Centurion** will, therefore, continue to exist, and its publishers will be glad to send it without charge to anyone who desires to have it. Let us have the names and addresses of any of your friends who would be interested.

BOOKS AND THEIR MAKERS

Professor Edward Alsworth Ross, the famous Wisconsin sociologist, has just landed at San Francisco after nearly a year's stay in Russia, during which he has devoted himself to a study of the Russian revolution. He is now working on a new book, embodying his observations, which will be published this spring by The Century Co.

Iliodor, the "Mad Monk" of Russia, whose life-story has just been published by The Century Co., in order to give an impression of the atmosphere in which he was born, tells the following story of his grandmother, who in her old age reached such a physical and spiritual condition that she became clairvoyant: "Four years before the great catastrophe of my life—that is to say, four years before I was unfrocked —I paid a visit to this dear old grandmother. She was in her bed, and I greeted her. She looked at me and said: 'Who has come?' 'Grandmother,' I said, 'is it possible that you do not recognize me? This is your grandson, the monk Iliodor.' 'No, I do not see a monk. I see a worldly man in civilian dress and with short hair,' she replied. I approached very close to her and said: 'Grandmother, look. I have long hair and I wear the cowl. And see, here is my cross; look at my cassock.' She gazed at me and said: 'No, no, I see only a man of the world.' I left her with a terrible feeling of oppression, for this was four years before I renounced the church, and I had not the slightest thought in my mind that such a thing could happen."



ERIC FISHER WOOD
Author of "The Note-book of an Intelligence Officer"

The recent sale of the Hearn art collection in New York, at which George Inness's picture, "The Wood Gatherers," brought $30,800, "the biggest price and the topnotch of enthusiasm," as one of the papers said, recalls the early struggles of this great American artist as they are reported in "The Life, Art, and Letters of George Inness," recently published from the pen of George Inness, Jr. Mr. Inness tells many anecdotes, throwing light on his father's financial difficulties, though his pride was always greater than his poverty. "One time," writes Mr. Inness, "when a man who is known to be one of the world's richest magnates came to Pop's studio, he admired a certain canvas extravagantly and asked the price, which was given him as two thousand dollars. The gentleman, after admiring it for some time, said: 'Mr. Inness, I will give you fifteen hundred for it.' Father went to the easel, removed the canvas, and turned its face to the wall. 'Oh, hold on, Mr. Inness, I would like to look at that picture again.' 'You will have to excuse me,' replied father, 'I am not selling pictures to-day. I am very busy, and will bid you good-day.'"

In his newly-published book, "Donald Thompson in Russia," the well-known moving picture photographer tells an amusing story of his visit to Kronstadt, the great Russian fortress near Petrograd, when, in the early days of the revolution, it formed an independent anarchist republic. "I met the President of Kronstadt and his committee," he relates, "and was allowed to photograph them. My first request to visit Kronstadt was refused; I was told I would be arrested if I landed there. So I hunted up the ugliest Russian I could find and photographed him, and called him the President of Kronstadt. Then I had two of the theatres on the Nevsky Prospekt run the film. Twenty-four hours later, the real Kronstadt President was down here, very mad. I told him this man had come to me and said he was the President of Kronstadt. I said I was very sorry it had happened and that I would come to Kronstadt and make a scene of him among the people of his Empire, and take it back to America and show the Americans that the President of Kronstadt, which is now a separate republic, is a handsome looking man. That is how I got to Kronstadt today."

"I met a woman who had charge of one of the best hospital units at the front," says Preston Gibson, in his new book, "Battering the Boche." "She told me a rather amusing incident of a very pretty young French girl who came out to see her boy and was met by my friend in the doorway. My friend asked the girl what she wanted. She replied that she had come to see Lieut. So-and-So, who was wounded. My friend replied, 'Well, you know we don't admit people here generally. You must have some reason to see him.' The girl smiled quite cordially and replied: 'I have a very good reason. I am his sister.' Whereupon my friend, also smiling, replied: 'Really! I am so glad to meet you, because I am his mother.' The girl became frightfully embarrassed but my friend simply said, 'Oh, that's all right; you can go in and see him.'"

The April publications of The Century Co. will include the following books: "The Blue Jays in the Sierras," the camping experiences of a wide-awake family of young folks in the California mountains, by Helen Ellsworth; "The A. B. C. of Voting," a handbook on government and politics for the women of New York State, by Marion B. Cothren, of the New York Bar; "Runaway Russia," a woman's report of the Russian Revolution, by Florence Harper; "The War-Whirl in Washington," snapshots of the capital in wartime, by Frank Ward O'Malley; "The Nations at the Peace Table," a summary of the problems most likely to come up for settlement after the war, by Lothrop Stoddard and Glenn Frank; "Right Above Race," war papers by Otto H. Kahn; "Ladies From Hell," experiences in action of a member of the famous London Scottish regiment, R. K. Pinkerton; and Raemaekers' "Cartoon History of the War," Vol. I.

NOTABLE NEW BOOKS

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(See inside of front cover)

DONALD THOMPSON in RUSSIA

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MAY, 1918

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A Bath at the Russian Front	Florence Harper
The Turtle Who Couldn't Stop Talking	From "Jataka Tales"
Pershing: *a Portrait Sketch*	Charles H. Grasty
Right Above Race	Otto H. Kahn
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(Continued on inside of back cover)

THE CENTURION

MAY, 1918

CENTURION AUTOBIOGRAPHIES

VIII. Alice Duer Miller

Alice Duer Miller adds this spring two new books, "The Happiest Time of Their Lives" ($1.40), a novel, and "Wings in the Night," a volume of poems, to the delightful series, all published by The Century Co., which began with "Come Out of the Kitchen!" and "Ladies Must Live." Many are the readers, therefore, who will be interested in the following little sketch which Mrs. Miller has kindly contributed to the Centurion Autobiographies:

I began to make up stories before I had learnt to write, and long before I had learnt to spell; indeed, if I had waited for that happy day, I should be waiting still. I was brought up at my grandfather's place in the country, near enough to New York for my father to go to business every day, and for my uncles and aunts to see as many people as they wanted; but far enough away to necessitate a good deal of isolation for the children of the family. Until I was ten, I was taught by governesses. My most poignant impressions of this time were the changes of the season, and my own interminable creations—half games and half stories.

Afterward we moved to New York. I went to school, made some friends and went to an occasional party, but the most important thing that happened to me was that suddenly,—I can't remember how or why,—I fell in love with the science of astronomy. Someone in the family owned a small telescope—the kind that stand on piazzas overlooking the sea—and was generous enough to lend it to me for many years. From the roof in New York, and from a piazza at Southampton, I used to study

ALICE DUER MILLER
Author of "The Happiest Time of Their Lives," etc.

the skies on every fair night. Romantic as my interest was, I had enough common sense to see that I could not go far without mathematics; and as soon as I began that study, I found I preferred it to all others. I went to college in order to specialize in mathematics. While I was there, verses and stories of mine began to be published in current magazines.

Though the surprise and pleasure of seeing my own words in print stimulated me to go on writing, I still loved my austere science best, and regarded it as my future work. But a few months after I graduated from Barnard, I married and went to live in Central America, where my husband had business. There, the beauty of the tropics, the necessities of a small income, and the influence of a companion more interested in English style than in calculus, turned my attention more and more to writing, and I have worked hard at it ever since. I still, however, enjoy writing verse very much more than prose; and perhaps this is because poetry has something of the same harmony, concentration and perfection that makes the charm of the higher mathematics.

LOVERS' MEETING

By Alice Duer Miller

Here is a bit from Alice Duer Miller's new novel, "The Happiest Time of Their Lives" ($1.40), which The Century Co. will publish on May 15th:

In all her life Mathilde had never felt so conspicuous as she did going up the long flight of stairs at the Fifth Avenue entrance of the museum. It seemed to her that people, those walking past in the sunshine on the sidewalk, and the strangers in town seeing the sights from the top of the green busses, were saying to one another as they looked at her, "There goes a New York girl to meet her lover in one of the more ancient of the Egyptian rooms."

She started as she heard the voice of the guard, though he was saying nothing but "Check your umbrella" to a man behind her. She sped across the marble floor of the great tapestry hall as a little, furry wild animal darts across an open space in the woods. She was thinking that she could not bear it if Pete were not there. How could she wait many minutes under the eyes of the guards, who must know better than any one else that no flesh-and-blood girl took any real interest in Egyptian antiquities? The round, unambitious dial at the entrance, like an enlarged kitchen-clock, had pointed to the exact hour set for the meeting. She ought not to expect that Pete, getting away from the office in business hours, could be as punctual as an eager, idle creature like herself.

In the Night-blue Room

She had made up her mind so clearly that when she entered the night-blue room there would be nothing but tombs and mummies that when she saw Pete standing with his overcoat over his arm, in the blue-serge clothes she particularly liked, she felt as much surprised as if their meeting were accidental.

She tried to draw a long breath.

"I shall never get used to it," she said. "If we had been married a thousand years, I should always feel just like this when I see you."

"Oh, no, you won't," he answered. "I hope the very next time we meet you will say, quite in a wife's orthodox tone: 'My dear, I've been waiting twenty minutes. Not that I mind at all; only I was afraid I must have misunderstood you.'"

"You hope? Oh, I hope we shall never be like that."

"Really? Why, I enjoy the idea. I shall enjoy saying to total strangers, 'Ah, gentlemen, if my wife were ever on time—' It makes me feel so indissolubly united to you."

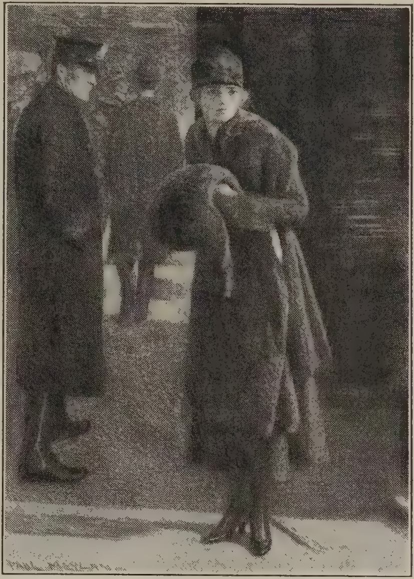
"I like it best as we are now."

"We might try different methods alternate years: one year we could be domestic, and the next, detached, and so on."

By this time they had discovered that they were leaning on a mummy-case, and Mathilde drew back with an exclamation. "Poor thing!" she said. "I suppose she once had a lover, too."

"And very likely met him in the room of Chinese antiquities in the Temple Museum," said Pete, and then, changing his tone, he added: "But come along. I want to show you a few little things which I have selected to furnish our home. I think you 'll like them."

Pete was always inventing games like this, and calling on her to enter in without the slightest warning. One of them was about a fancy ball he was giving in the main hall of the Pennsylvania Station. But this new idea, to treat the whole museum as a sort of super-department store, made her laugh in a faint, dependent way that she knew Pete liked. She believed that such forms of play were peculiar to themselves, so she guarded them as the deepest kind of secret; for she thought, if her mother ever found out about them, she would at once conclude that the whole relation was childish. To all other lovers Mathilde attributed a uniform seriousness.



FROM "THE HAPPIEST TIME OF THEIR LIVES"
One of Paul Meylan's Illustrations

It took them a long time to choose their house-furnishings: there was a piece of black-and-gold lacquer; a set of painted panels; a Persian rug, swept by the tails of two haughty peacocks; some cloud-gray Chinese porcelains; a set of Du Barry vases; a crystal-and-enamel box, designed probably for some sacred purpose, but contributed by Pete as an excellent receptacle for chocolates at her bedside. "The Boy with the Sword" for the dining-room, Ver Meer's "Women at the Window," the small Bonnington. . . .

THE BLACK WATCH GOES OVER

By R. Douglas Pinkerton

"Different" from all other war books, thanks to the engaging personality of its author, is R. Douglas Pinkerton's "Ladies from Hell" (The Century Co., $1.50), war experiences of the famous London Scottish regiment, in which the author was a sergeant. Sergeant Pinkerton shared in some of the hottest fighting of the war, but it is as much the human side of the Scots as their adventures in action that makes his record so fascinating. Here is one of the thrilling passages from the book:

It was now 2:30. The attack, *our* attack, was to begin at three. Ahead of us the Black Watch had gone forward. Excitement rose to fever pitch. Our time had come, but no. At 2:30 the brigadier's runner came through, bearing a countermand. If curses could have killed a man, that man would have gone west on the double-quick. After delivering his order he was off to stop the Black Watch.

SERGEANT R. DOUGLAS PINKERTON
Author of "Ladies from Hell"

But he never reached them. A cry went up from down the trench. The Black Watch were going over alone. Utterly regardless of machine-gun-fire, our heads popped up over the parapet. Not four hundred yards away were those chaps. We 'd been chatting with them two hours before. They were as cool as on home parade. There was no shouting or yelling, just a clean, collected string of men at double-quick, rifles at their sides, bounding across no-man's-land.

There is something awful in such a sight—eight hundred men headed for sure destruction, and with no chance to help them. We were fascinated by the spectacle. Our captain took in the situation at a glance, and rushed to the brigadier's dugout, where he pleaded and begged to be allowed to go over with them; but already the brigadier had used too many men. The charge of the Black Watch was a mistake; they had failed to receive the countermand. At some place between us and them the despatch-bearer had fallen, and eight hundred men went with him.

It was perhaps seven or eight hundred yards from our trenches to the German line, nearly half a mile, and over this space went the "Ladies from Hell," as the

Germans call the Scottishers. Even the Hun, with all his horrors, seemed stunned by their advance. The shell-fire slackened visibly, and only the machine-gun bullets remained to remind us of our personal danger.

That day, it is estimated, the Germans had a machine-gun for every five yards of front. A machine-gun can pour out six hundred to six hundred and fifty bullets per minute. It was into this hail of steel that our friends, the Black Watch, plunged.

A hush fell over our lines. Half-way across, and only a scant six hundred of the original eight hundred remained. Another hundred yards took their toll, another, and then another. Then they came to the dummy trench, some twenty-five or thirty yards in front of the German first line. This dummy trench was filled with barbed wire, and a rivulet had been turned into it for the occasion. Two hundred men reached that trench, two hundred men went into it, but only one hundred crossed it and dashed on over the last few yards.

Then they were gone from sight. Sixty of the eight hundred had reached the German trench. It was all over; but, no! Their signaler is on the German parapet calling for help, and he is calling for the Scottish, for us! And we had orders to stay! Gad, man, it was awful! During those minutes of agony I grew old. The signaler had barely finished his message when he was shot down, and we sank back into our trench, dumb with the horror of it all. That stretch of no-man's-land, dotted with still or writhing figures, swam before my eyes.

A cry went up. They were coming back. Yes, sure enough, twenty-five or thirty of them, divested of all equipment, were running back toward us. Then the heart that actuates the Teuton army showed itself for what it was. Running across no-man's-land came thirty brave lads who had fought a brave fight and lost. They were entitled to the honor of any soldier, be he friend or foe; but do you think they got it from the Hun? They did not.

Here they came running toward us, the last of eight hundred. Behind them you could hear the crack of a German machine-gun going into action. Like pigeons at a pigeon shoot they were trapped, but without half the chance of escape that we give the bird. Away over to the left I saw McDonald stagger and collapse. On across that fleeing line of heroes traversed that German machine-gun. One by one the boys dropped until not one remained.

Professor Edward Alsworth Ross, whose "Russia in Upheaval" will appear in May, says that he is six feet five tall and, by consequence, a believer in tobacco. "If the early use of tobacco stunts growth," he wrote recently, "I deeply regret that I did not begin smoking in time to get the benefit. How I have suffered in European gallery seats, Japanese berths, and Chinese sedan chairs; I keep a sharp eye on my three boys, and if any one of them shows symptoms of inches I shall teach him to smoke." Professor Ross says that he has been teaching sociology now for seventeen years and that in all this time he has never experienced a dull moment save when waiting at railway junctions.

A BATH AT THE RUSSIAN FRONT

By Florence Harper

What gives special interest to Florence Harper's "Runaway Russia" (The Century Co., $2.00) is that it presents the Russian revolution as seen through a woman's eyes, and with special reference to the cataclysm as it affected women. Mrs. Harper, absolutely fear-proof, trailed revolutionary mobs all over Petrograd; she was in close contact with the Women's Death Battalion, and later served as a nurse at the front. It was during this latter time that the following amusing experience took place:

Friday was our bath-day. This does n't mean that we could n't bathe on other days, but Friday was the only day when we could have a Russian bath. Among the pine-trees a little log-house was built and the most primitive kind of bath installed. There was a vestibule, the farther door opening into a little room with a bench around it. The only furniture—if one could call it furniture—was a row of pegs driven into the wall. On these we could hang our clothes. We undressed there and then went into the scrubbing-room. The first Friday I tried it I did not know exactly what to do. I had never taken a Russian bath, and all I knew about them was what I had read in "The House of the Dead." After lunch, all the nurses who were off duty rushed out, calling *"banya!"* They took their white enamel wash-basins from their rooms. Into them they put their clean clothes, wrapped up in a clean towel. Each one carried a coat or a sweater, even in midsummer, and they all trooped off. I waited behind, more from timidity than anything else. The head sister came to my rescue. She said to me: "I have my bath during the tea-hour. If you do not mind having your tea a little later, will you come with me?" I accepted her offer that day, but the next week, after lunch, I went off with the crowd of nurses.

After stripping in the dressing-room, I went into the large room that had a bench running around three sides and a long table in the center. At the other end of the room were huge kettles, one of ice-cold spring-water and the other two full of boiling water. We put our basins on the table and taking dippers that were hanging to the edge of the tanks, filled them. The girls took dippers of the hot water and threw it on the floor, making it nice and warm for our feet. The first thing to do was to take a brush and give yourself a preliminary scrubbing from head to foot. After sluicing myself off with a basin of water, the girls made me go into the steam-room. I suppose all Russian baths are built alike. The bath described in "The House of the Dead" might have been our bath at the front, except that instead of rows of convicts, greasy and ill-smelling, mouthing their vile oaths, the steep benches were filled with girls, laughing and giggling and playing all kinds of childish tricks.

At the foot of the benches, which reached right up to the ceiling, was a furnace. The oven was filled with round stones. Each of the girls in turn would take a basin of water, and while another opened the door, would throw the water on the stones. The steam belched out in clouds so quickly that the basin would be dropped and she would duck to let the steam pass over her head. It would have scalded her flesh. The top bench, right up by the ceiling, was so hot that I could n't even climb up there. The second bench was as far as I ever got.

Armed with little bundles of twigs tied together, we would be beaten from head to foot. Every time the steam gushed out, filling the little room, it was so hot that the twigs felt like bars of red-hot iron. I can stand the comparative coolness of the hot-room of a Turkish bath very well, but I never could stay in the hot-room of our bath at the front.

When I was sufficiently steamed, which meant that my flesh felt as if it had been boiled, I would go into the other room for another scrubbing. Knowing that it was my only chance for a hot bath for a whole week, I scrubbed and scrubbed. Seeing that I was having difficulties with my back, one of the girls offered to scrub it for me. Immediately four or five of them gathered round, fighting for my brush. Peace was restored when one of them suggested that they should take turns. I had neither enough rudeness nor common sense to tell them that one scrubbing was enough. When they finished my back felt as if it had been flayed alive.

FLORENCE HARPER AND MARIA BOTCHKAREVA
Mme. Botchkareva (at right) originated the "Women's Death Battalion"
[From "Runaway Russia"]

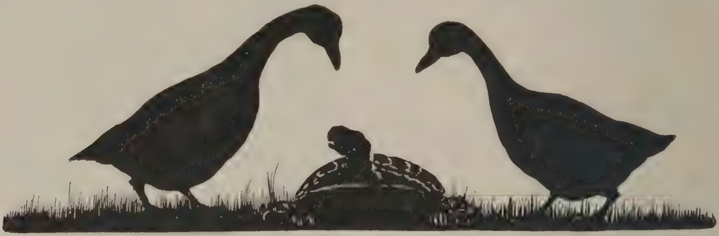
At first the girls were rather diffident. I knew they were accustomed to having a good time on bath-day and was rather sorry that my presence had put a damper on their hilarity. I had a big rubber sponge and, filling it with suds, I threw it square in the face of the oldest and most serious of all. There was silence for a minute, and I thought perhaps I had gone too far. Then they all shrieked with laughter. . . . . They accepted me as one of themselves.

The Century Co. announces for publication on May 29th "Keeping Our Fighters Fit," by Edward Frank Allen, written under the supervision of Raymond B. Fosdick, Chairman of the War Department and Navy Department Commissions on Training Camp Activities. It is a book of information and reassurance about the men in the National Army, outlining what is being done to add to their comfort and efficiency. The following are among the subjects which receive full treatment: Club Life, Athletics and Recreation, Singing, the Library System, Entertainment, Hostess Houses and Education Work.

THE TURTLE WHO COULDN'T STOP TALKING

From "Jataka Tales" (The Century Co., $1.00)

A turtle lived in a pond at the foot of a hill. Two young wild Geese, looking for food, saw the Turtle, and talked with him. The next day the Geese came again to visit the Turtle and they became very well acquainted. Soon they were great friends.



"Friend Turtle," the Geese said one day, "we have a beautiful home far away. We are going to fly back to it to-morrow. It will be a long but pleasant journey. Will you go with us?"

"How could I? I have no wings," said the Turtle.

"Oh, we will take you, if only you can keep your mouth shut, and say not a word to anybody," they said.

"I can do that," said the Turtle. "Do take me with you. I will do exactly as you wish."

So the next day the Geese brought a stick and they held the ends of it. "Now take the middle of this in your mouth, and don't say a word," they said.

The Geese then sprang into the air, with the Turtle between them, holding fast to the stick.

The village children saw the two Geese flying along with the Turtle and cried out: "Oh, see the Turtle up in the air! Look at the Geese carrying a Turtle by a stick! Did you ever see anything more ridiculous in your life!"

The Turtle looked down and began to say, "Well, and if my friends carry me, what business is that of yours?" when he let go, and fell dead at the feet of the children.

As the two Geese flew on, they heard the people say, "That fellow could not keep his mouth shut. He had to talk, and so lost his life."

PERSHING: A Portrait Sketch

By Charles H. Grasty

General Pershing contributes a foreword to Charles H. Grasty's new book "Flashes from the Front" (The Century Co., $2.00). By coincidence, the famous "New York Times" correspondent returns the compliment by including in his book the delightful sketch of our commander which follows. Mr. Grasty is generally regarded as one of the best informed and most brilliant writers the war has brought forth. His book, which will be published on May 15th, deals with many aspects of the war, both at the front and behind.

Pershing is a name to conjure with in Paris just now. To mention the fact of having come over in the same ship with him is enough to attract a crowd. In a fruit-store where I was buying some cherries the proprietress, detecting that I was an American, said triumphantly, "Oh, I have seen your general!" I told her I had sailed across the ocean with him. Her face expanded into a smile, and she emitted a long "A-h-h-h-h!" Then she tried to persuade me to accept the cherries as a token of her regard for General Pershing in particular and America in general.

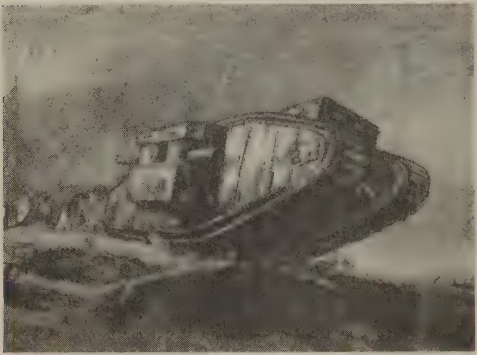
His Knowledge of French

General Pershing has a pretty good knowledge of French, enough to read the French papers without difficulty. He is naturally a bit timid about trying to speak French, but I suspect that he is taking lessons and will soon get back what he has forgotten and add some more. He has enough French to enable him to take advantage of diplomatic opportunities as they present themselves. For example, at the Opéra Comique last night, when in the intermission a toast was offered *"A l' Amerique,"* he promptly came back with *"A notre France."* It was an instantaneous hit to "make a marriage," as the French say, between the two countries.

CHARLES H. GRASTY
Author of "Flashes from the Front"

His diplomacy is remarkable. It rests largely on a sincere heart and a fine presence. He feels just what he acts, and he acts with a natural sense of the fitness of things. Another factor in the wonderful impression made here is a certain gift of soldier-like speech possessed by Pershing. The other night at M. Painlevé's dinner, after the host had spoken, the diners all looked toward the guest of honor. The general turned to Ambassador Sharp and said, "Am I expected to say something?" M. Painlevé heard the question and answered it with "Oui, oui." General Pershing rose and spoke a few sentences. They were entirely extemporaneous; he never prepares anything. His words have been quoted everywhere in private conversation and have had a fine effect on the French public.

As a diplomat, I doubt if he is surpassed in the service of any country. He begins with the advantage of looks, though he has none of the drawbacks of masculine pulchritude. If a sculptor were commissioned to make a heroic statue to represent West Point, he could n't do better than take General Pershing as his model. Nor is he merely a military figure. His personality is equally typical of the best American strength and manhood.



TANKS IN ACTION
A Drawing by Muirhead Bone
From "Flashes from the Front"

These personal attractions and graces are used with a naturalness that won Paris instantly. I doubt if there is another man of any race who at this moment could bring to bear a greater influence on a Paris crowd if occasion should demand it. It may be set down as a certainty that in all dealings with the French public and in his relations with the statesmen and generals the American commander will "do his country proud."

His Business Methods

No less promising are what may be called his business methods. He is devoted to his work. He never tires of the routine and he never worries. He is a perfectly healthy, normal man. There is not an iota of morbidity in his composition.

During the period of misunderstanding and miscarriage in the censorship I had frequent occasion to talk to him and must have expressed my sense of grievance with considerable emphasis. He encouraged me to do so. One day I said to him:

"General, you have enough responsibilities; I am not going to worry you with faultfinding about the censorship."

"Well, if you are letting that idea trouble you, dismiss it," he replied with a smile. "I don't let anything worry me. I try to do a good day's work, and when it is finished, I go to bed. And what is more, I go to sleep."

A wonderful doctrine if a man can only live up to it! And General Pershing does absolutely. Perhaps it is largely a matter of sound health. This is his one sensitive point; he would rather be accused of dereliction than be thought ill.

RIGHT ABOVE RACE

By Otto H. Kahn

Otto H. Kahn, the well-known American banker of German birth, has collected his essays and addresses on the war into a small volume entitled "Right Above Race" (The Century Co., 75 cents), with a foreword by Franklin K. Lane, Secretary of the Interior. The volume constitutes a ringing appeal to German-Americans to declare their patriotic faith in America, abjuring the monstrous doctrines and acts of the Prussianized Germany of today. Here is an eloquent passage from the book:

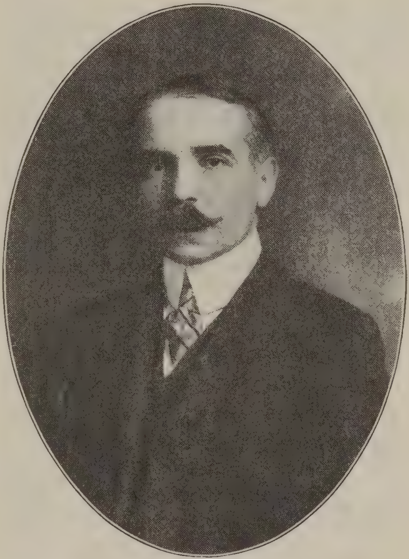
The American of German descent who, in this time of test and trial, does not serve the land of his adoption with the utmost measure of single-minded devotion and with every ounce of his power, perjured himself when he took his oath of allegiance and proves himself guilty of treacherous duplicity.

Thank Heaven, the number of those lukewarm in their patriotism, or failing in loyalty, is very small indeed, far too small to affect the record of Americans of German birth for good citizenship and service to the country in peace and war.

There is abundant evidence that the overwhelming majority, indeed, all but an insignificant minority, meant what they said when they swore full and sole allegiance to America, that they will prove themselves wholly worthy of the high-privilege of citizenship and of the generous trust of their native fellow citizens, and that they will not fail or falter under any test whatsoever.

We will not permit the blood in our veins to drown the conscience in our breast. We will heed the call of honor beyond the call of race.

We will wear as a badge of honor the abuse and spite of those who place another cause, whatever it be, above the Nation's cause and who see hypocrisy or hidden motives behind the plain profession of unconditional loyalty on the part of the American of foreign birth, because unconditional American loyalty is not in them.



OTTO H. KAHN

Yet, it is not enough for us Americans of German descent to do our duty by our country and fellow citizens, however fully and unreservedly, if we do it in resigned and oppressed silence. I believe we should speak out. We must give voice to our unflinching loyalty and to our deep conviction of the justice of America's cause.

It is hard, indeed, for us to arraign publicly the country from which we sprang and to turn against our own kith and kin, however deep our detestation of their wrongdoing under the spiritual and actual sway of the Prussian caste and however sincere our allegiance to America. It will be easily understood by all fair-minded men that right thinking persons will shrink from so speaking and acting as to lay themselves open to the accusation of being time-servers or popularity seekers, and to expose their motives to misconstruction.

The Iron Tread of the Times

These scruples are honorable, and they are felt by many whose patriotic loyalty and devotion are beyond all question. But, to my thinking, they are stamped out by the iron tread of the times.

I believe that we should speak out, we Americans of German birth, because we have been misrepresented to our fellow citizens and to the world by a small minority of professional spokesmen and pernicious agitators, by no means all of German birth.

We must protect the German name, as far as it is in our keeping, in America, if, alas, we cannot protect it elsewhere.

It has always, and rightly, been an honored name here, and those who bore it have ever done their full share for the common weal, in the works of peace no less than in every crisis of the Nation's history. Let us do what in us lies to preserve the names we bear in honor and good standing amongst our fellow citizens.

I believe that we should speak out, because our voices may reach the ear and the conscience of the German people when no other voices can, and because they *will* reach the ear of its rulers. These, I know, counted upon the moral, if not the actual, support of the German-born in America to the extent, at least, of preventing our joining the war, and now, when we have joined, they count upon that support to agitate for an inconclusive and unrighteous peace.

I believe that we should speak out to convince our native-born fellow citizens that our fundamental conceptions of right and wrong are like theirs, that *the taint of Germany is not in the blood, but in the system of rulership,* that we are with them and of them wholeheartedly, single-mindedly and unreservedly; because if we failed in conveying to them that conviction in the hour of our common country's stress and trial, there would ensue the calamity of a spiritual, if not an actual, breach between them and us which it would take a generation to heal.

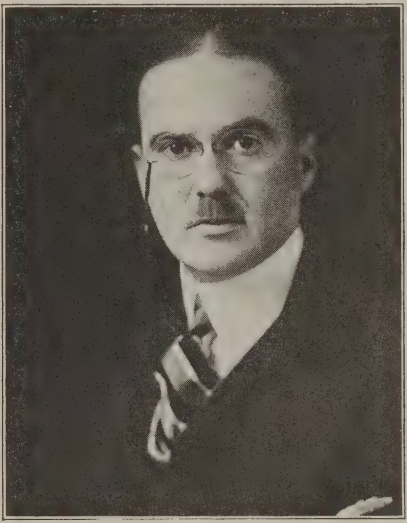
Rob Wagner, author of "Film Folk," recently accompanied the special party of movie notables which has been making a speaking tour on behalf of the Liberty Loan. The party, which included Mary Pickford, Charlie Chaplin and Douglas Fairbanks, was entertained in Washington by the Treasury Department before the tour began. Mr. Wagner then went on with Charlie Chaplin, who chose the South because, as he said, it was warm.

THE GRAND EXALTED CITY OF GOSSIP

By Frank Ward O'Malley

What is that noise along the Potomac? Our capital city, owing to the war, has become in many ways a boom-town with a new set of manners and customs. Naturally, they have their humorous side; naturally, Frank Ward O'Malley, the famous "Sun" correspondent, could not fail to catch them. He gives a fine collection of these humors in his new book, "The War-Whirl in Washington," to be published May 15th, with Tony Sarg's illustrations, by The Century Co. ($1.50). Here is a sample:

A national capital that for generations has been the Grand Exalted City of Gossip has, once the war-whirl began to spin, laboriously set about the work of collecting and tabulating the most extensive and intensive knowledge of things that are not true to be found at any place in the known world. Even in the normal times of a past and peaceful generation one could always pick up mighty secrets of state for the mere trouble of stopping to chat with any callow government clerk within range.



FRANK WARD O'MALLEY
Author of "The War-Whirl in Washington"

Say, listen! Remember young Elmer Hoosis over in the Agricultural Department, Jim? Well, speaking about that same senator you just mentioned, this here Elmer Hoosis has a desk right next to a feller that was walking through Thomas Circle one night late, when what does this feller see but that same Senator Baffingphone hisself and a lot of other swell ladies and gents trying to climb up on the statue to give General Thomas's horse a bottle of champagne to drink. The whole bunch, so this feller who works next to Elmer Hoosis says, was so lit that even the senator's glass eye was bloodshot. And along comes a cop and wades into the bunch and pulls them off the statue and everything, and what does Senator Baffingphone do but up and bite the cop in the leg. He ought to be run out of the Senate, that guy. And he beats his wife something awful, they say. Of course, Jim, none of this stuff gets into the papers, because Elmer and all the rest of us fellers connected with the Gove'-ment just keep it to ourselves.

Thus it was in the old days. But now, with the onslaught of the present war hullabaloo, these are the happy days for the City of Gossip. One does n't have to move beyond earshot of the nearest hotel lounge—the wife and I did n't—to learn on the authority of none other than a stoutish man who was bulging from the line of beauty on a lounge in the lobby that this here now Food Administrator, Henry Hoover, or whatever his name is, has his own home packed with barrels and shelves of food like he was a whole farmer's exhibit at a county fair. Yep. Right at the crack of the first gun, muh friend, what does this Herb Hoover, or whatever his name is, do but pack his own cellar with a cuppla carloads of wheat, another car of puttatahs, a cuppla barrels of kippered herring, and everything! This comes straight, friend, from a niece of mine that 's been a stenographer in the Food Administration ever since it was started. Say, from what I hear that guy Hoover's got his libery shelves stacked with more custard pies than Charley Chaplin could throw at Fatty Arbuckle in a whole seven-reel fillum. Yes, indeedy. And this Fuel Administrator, Doc Garfield! Listen friend. That Garfield guy 's got a private stock of coal that fills his whole darn cellar, spreads over half his kitchen, and spills out of the bath-tub and every stationary wash-tub in his house. Terrible, ain't it, when even the White House did n't have enough coal the other day to keep the place warm. Yep, I get it straight that Doc Garfield's home looks like it was a flash-light of the whole anthracite basement floor of Scranton, Pennsylvania. And lemme tell you, friend, about these gents that hollered and hollered for prohibition till they got every saloon in the town closed. That crowd 's got enough of the hard stuff hoarded away to float a new Liberty Loan. I 'm told by a man who had ought to know that the main squeeze in that bunch ain't drew a sober breath since Grant first began to hang around Richmond.

"THE WAR-WHIRL IN WASHINGTON"
One of Tony Sarg's Illustrations

One would fancy that the City of Gossip, out of its rich store of experience, would know that these and similar tales quite as silly are—well, silly. But not the City of Gossip! It is on record that shortly after this newest explosion of yarns began to rip through the capital one intellectual of saffron hue among Washington's city editors assigned a yellownosed investigator, shortly after the Food Administrator came to town, to hang round the tradesman's entrance leading to the Hoover household and peer into the garbage-cans as they were carried out the back door each day. He peered so long and unsuccessfully to try to find some evidence of wastefulness in Mr. Hoover's glistening garbage-cans that the shiny glare of the cans finally caused an eye strain, which, let us hope, is nothing trivial.

THE ART OF BATTING

By C. H. Claudy

"The Battle of Baseball" ($1.50) is a book for "fans" of every age. Especially is it a book for springtime—and for boys. Christy Mathewson contributes one of its best chapters, and there are many illustrations that will be inspiring to youthful players. Here are some of Mr. Claudy's rules for batting:

Learn to look at the pitcher all the time. This means while you are on the bench as well as when at the plate. A great part of the art of pitching consists in delivering all kinds of balls, fast, slow, curved, and straight, with, as nearly as possible, the same "motion." The better this can be done, the more effective the pitcher. But many pitchers, and particularly boys who have yet to learn all the art, have a different "motion" when pitching a curve from that which they use when pitching straight and fast. If you can learn this difference, you can better judge, when at the plate, what is coming. Hence the advice to focus your eyes upon the opposing pitcher at all times.

Learn by constant practice to let the wide curve go by and to hit at the one that you think is going to be good; learn to judge the low ones and refuse to "bite" on those which are just teasingly near; and don't be afraid of getting two strikes called on you. "It only takes one, you know," as the coachers say; a hit made from the seventh ball pitched is just as good as one made from the first. And don't be afraid of striking out. Players who fear or hate to be struck out are tempting bait for the pitcher's art; they get the reputation of hitting at everything after two strikes are called, and are often made to "pop up" fouls or hit easy grounders by having served to them a ball which the pitcher would never risk on a cool-headed batter who knows how to wait for four balls.

Don't quarrel with the umpire because he calls "strike" when you let it go by because you thought it was going to be a "ball." He will make mistakes, because he is human. But it spoils the game to have any bickering—you know what happens in a big League game when some one disputes too vigorously the correctness of a called ball or strike!

And last, but not least, learn to "pull in" a swing at the ball. This is distinct from "pulling away." It is the art of starting a swing at a ball which "looks good," and curling the bat up in the arms when you see it is going to be bad, without making enough of a swing at it to make the umpire call a strike from your motion. Watch Chance, Crawford, Clarke, or "Red" Dooin, and see the artistic way in which they fail to hit even after they have started to!

WHEN SHERMAN MARCHED THROUGH GEORGIA

By Dolly Sumner Lunt

When Julian Street was traveling through the South, collecting material for his "American Adventures," he came across, in an old Georgia manor-house where he was staying, an extraordinarily interesting manuscript diary of Civil War days. It was written by Dolly Sumner Lunt, Mrs. Thomas Burge, grandmother of the present owners of the manor. Mr. Street having received permission to publish the diary, it is now issued by The Century Co. (price 60 cents), with Mr. Street's introduction and notes. This, we may believe, is the way Sherman's march appeared to Southern eyes:

November 19, 1864.

Slept in my clothes last night, as I heard that the Yankees went to neighbor Montgomery's on Thursday night at one o'clock, searched his house, drank his wine, and took his money and valuables. As we were not disturbed, I walked after breakfast, with Sadai, up to Mr. Joe Perry's, my nearest neighbor, where the Yankees were yesterday. Saw Mrs. Laura (Perry) in the road surrounded by her children, seeming to be looking for some one. She said she was looking for her husband, that old Mrs. Perry had just sent her word that the Yankees went to James Perry's the night before, plundered his house, and drove off all his stock, and that she must drive hers into the old fields. Before we were done talking, up came Joe and Jim Perry from their hiding-place. Jim was very much excited. Happening to turn and look behind, as we stood there, I saw some blue-coats coming down the hill. Jim immediately raised his gun, swearing he would kill them, anyhow.

"No, don't!" said I, and ran home as fast as I could, with Sadai.

I could hear them cry, "Halt! Halt!" and their guns went off in quick succession. Oh, God, the time of trial has come!

A man passed on his way to Covington. I halloed to him, asking him if he did not know the Yankees were coming.

"No—are they?"

"Yes," said I; "they are not three hundred yards from here."

"Sure enough," said he. "Well, I 'll not go. I don't want them to get my horse." And although within hearing of their guns, he would stop and look for them. Blissful ignorance! Not knowing, not hearing, he has not suffered the suspense, the fear, that I have for the past forty-eight hours. I walked to the gate. There they came filing up.

I hastened back to my frightened servants and told them that they had better hide, and then went back to the gate to claim protection and a guard. But like demons they rush in! My yards are full. To my smoke-house, my dairy, pantry, kitchen, and cellar, like famished wolves they come, breaking locks and whatever is in their way. The thousand pounds of meat in my smoke-house is gone in a twinkling, my flour, my meat, my lard, butter, eggs, pickles of various kinds—both in vinegar and brine—wine, jars, and jugs are all gone. My eighteen fat turkeys, my hens, chickens, and fowls, my young pigs, are shot down in my yard and hunted as if they were rebels themselves.

Utterly powerless, I ran out and appealed to the guard.

"I cannot help you, Madam; it is orders."

As I stood there, from my lot I saw driven, first, old Dutch, my dear old buggy horse, who has carried my beloved husband so many miles, and who would so quietly wait at the block for him to mount and dismount, and who at last drew him to his grave; then came old Mary, my brood mare, who for years had been too old and stiff for work, with her three-year-old colt, my two-year-old mule, and her last little baby colt. There they go! There go my mules, my sheep, and, worse than all, my boys (slaves)!

Alas! little did I think while trying to save my house from plunder and fire that they were forcing my boys from home at the point of the bayonet.

THE MOTHERLY TARANTULA

By Jean Henri Fabre

"An incomparable observer" Darwin called the famous old French entomologist J. H. Fabre, who died in 1916 at the age of ninety-two. He was also an incomparably picturesque writer, as thousands of Americans know. So great is the popularity of his work, in fact, that a new translated volume has been called for, "The Wonders of Instinct," chapters in the psychology of insects ($3.00), which The Century Co. publishes on May 15th. The following is a typical passage from the section dealing with spiders:

From time to time I meet a little band of gipsies passing along the high-road on their way to some neighboring fair. The new-born babe mewls on the mother's breast, in a hammock formed out of a kerchief. The last-weaned is carried pick-a-back; a third toddles clinging to its mother's skirts; others follow closely, the biggest in the rear, ferreting in the blackberry-laden hedgerows. It is a magnificent spectacle of happy-go-lucky fruitfulness. They go their way, penniless and rejoicing. The sun is hot and the earth is fertile.

But how this picture pales before that of the Lycosa (black-bellied Tarantula), that incomparable gipsy whose brats are numbered by the hundred! And one and all of them, from September to April, without a moment's respite, find room upon the patient creature's back, where they are content to lead a tranquil life and to be carted about.

JEAN HENRI FABRE
Author of "The Wonders of Instinct"

The little ones are very good; none moves, none seeks a quarrel with his neighbors. Clinging together, they form a continuous drapery, a shaggy ulster under which the mother becomes unrecognizable. Is it an animal, a fluff of wool, a cluster of small seeds fastened to one another? 'T is impossible to tell at the first glance.

The equilibrium of this living blanket is not so firm but that falls often occur, especially when the mother climbs from indoors and comes to the threshold to let the little ones take the sun. The least brush against the gallery unseats a part of the family. The mishap is not serious. The Hen, fidgeting about her chicks, looks for the strays, calls them, gathers them together. The Lycosa knows not these maternal alarms. Impassively, she leaves those who drop off to manage their own difficulty, which they do with wonderful quickness. Commend me to those youngsters for getting up without whining, dusting themselves and resuming their seat in the saddle! The unhorsed ones promptly find a leg of the mother, the usual climbing-pole; they swarm up it as fast as they can and recover their places on the bearer's back.

To speak here of mother-love were, I think, extravagant. The Lycosa's affection for her offspring hardly surpasses that of the plant, which is unacquainted with any tender feeling and nevertheless bestows the nicest and most delicate care upon its seeds. The animal, in many cases, knows no other sense of motherhood. What cares the Lycosa for her brood! She accepts another's as readily as her own; she is satisfied so long as her back is burdened with a swarming crowd, whether it issue from her ovaries or elsewhere. There is no question here of real maternal affection.

An Experiment with a Pencil

I take a hair-pencil and sweep the living burden from one of my Spiders, making it fall close to another covered with her little ones. The evicted youngsters scamper about, find the new mother's legs outspread, nimbly clamber up these and mount on the back of the obliging creature, who quietly lets them have their way. They slip in among the others, or, when the layer is too thick, push to the front and pass from the abdomen to the thorax and even to the head, though leaving the region of the eyes uncovered. It does not do to blind the bearer: the common safety demands that. They know this and respect the lenses of the eyes, however populous the assembly be.

The whole animal is now covered with a swarming carpet of young, all except the legs, which must preserve their freedom of action, and the under part of the body, where contact with the ground is to be feared.

My pencil forces a third family upon the already over-burdened Spider; and this, too, is peacefully accepted. The youngsters huddle up closer, lie one on top of the other in layers and room is found for all. The Lycosa has lost the last semblance of an animal, has become a nameless bristling thing that walks about. Falls are frequent and are followed by continual climbings.

I perceive that I have reached the limits, not of the bearer's good-will, but of equilibrium. The Spider would adopt an indefinite further number of foundlings, if the dimensions of her back afforded them a firm hold.

THE JUNE CENTURY

There is probably no man living who has done more to revive popular American and English interest in ancient Greek literature and drama than Professor Gilbert Murray. His studies of the Greek poets and dramatists, together with his excellent translations from Euripides, are familiar to all of us. The June CENTURY will print Professor Murray's address, entitled "The Religion of a Man of Letters," which was originally delivered before the British Classical Association.

Marionettes

During recent years a new interest has been aroused in the marionette theater. Many crude efforts have been made by young Italians in New York and elsewhere to give these puppets a semblance of reality, but it remained for Tony Sarg, the artist, to coördinate the idea and successfully run a marionette show on a professional basis. To the June CENTURY Anna Glenn Stoddard will contribute an article interpreting the evolution of the puppet play down to its present renaissance.

A Paper by John Burroughs

There is no man who touches the American heart and mind as a philosopher of nature like John Burroughs. Mr. Burroughs has just passed his eighty-first year, but his mind is just as fresh and inspiring and his pen as vigorous as they were forty years ago. In the June CENTURY Mr. Burroughs will have an article entitled "Nature Lore."

JOHN BURROUGHS
Who contributes "Nature Lore" to the June CENTURY

The political situation in Quebec, as it affects the rest of the Dominion, has been a very serious problem in Canada for almost half a century. It manifested itself most emphatically in the recent opposition to the Conscription Act. In the June CENTURY Henry F. Gadsby, the well-known Toronto journalist, will explain to American readers exactly the origin of this situation and its probable results.

For many years there has existed in Cambridge, Massachusetts, one of the most beautiful gardens in America, a garden whose architectural detail and arrangement has attracted the attention of horticulturists the world over. This is the Arnold Arboretum, the gift of Benjamin Arnold of New Bedford. Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer, the well-known critic and author, will contribute a description of this unusual garden to the June CENTURY.

CENTURY readers have shown a decided appreciation of the articles on the Naval Reserve Corps and Merchant Marine which Nelson Collins has been contributing to the magazine. In the June number will appear another of his informative and understandable descriptions of the life of a merchant ship at sea in these perilous times.

No political subject since the present war began has aroused more interest than the Russian Revolution. The surface of things relating to it has been pretty well exploited in the daily press, but the psychology of the leading characters is rarely touched upon. Rose Strunsky—herself a Russian—in an article, entitled "The Russian Revolution," will interpret the psychological causes and effects of this great upheaval.

Short Stories

The June CENTURY will have three unusual short stories. H. G. Dwight, in collaboration with John Taylor, contributes "The Emerald of Tamerlane," the scene of which is laid in the East. Marjory Morten, well known to CENTURY readers, will have an interesting story of a delicate situation, entitled "Nettle and Foxglove." Kate E. Horton, a new writer, offers "The Pink Crane." Humorous stories and verse will be contributed by Oliver Herford, Burges Johnson, and Arthur Guiterman. A poem of unusual merit and timeliness will be contributed by Dr. Perceval M. Barker, the well-known surgeon. There will also be a poem by Edwin Björkman, the translator of Strindberg.

ANTWERP CATHEDRAL
From a sketch by A. P. de Leslie in the June CENTURY

Professor Ross concludes his interesting series on recent Russian problems with his article on "Russian Women and Their Outlook."

"The Boomerang"

There is nothing more difficult than to novelize a popular play, but Mr. David Gray has accomplished this so successfully with "The Boomerang" that the first instalment in the May CENTURY has received wide attention.

Etchings and Drawings

The June CENTURY will be particularly rich in artistic features. The frontispiece, in full color, reproduces a beautiful etching of Antwerp Cathedral by J. Alphege Brewer, one of the most successful of recent English etchers, whose work appears to be but little known in America. Muirhead Bone, the official artist of the British Government in France, contributes four drawings.

ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE NOTES

In the June number of St. Nicholas that fine adventure story for boys, "Lost Island," written in collaboration by Ralph Henry Barbour and H. P. Holt, comes to a very satisfactory conclusion. Dave and Tempest succeed in foiling that very voluble villain, Joe Flagg. They obtain the platinum from the buried wreck on the shore of Lost Island and all ends well. Every reader of the magazine will be sorry to part company with this stirring narrative, but by way of consolation we are permitted by the editorial censor to whisper that its principal author, Ralph Henry Barbour, will contribute to the July issue of St. Nicholas a single article that will make all readers, old or young, "sit up and take notice"—for it is an appeal to patriotism of unique character and quality, even in these glowing days.

ILLUSTRATING "JOYS OF A TRIP IN THE GIRLS' CAMP"
In the June St. Nicholas

Albert Bigelow Paine is best known as a biographer, but he has a rare gift for descriptive writing also, as his ever-growing circle of readers are well aware. In the fourth and final paper of his series, "Motoring Through the Golden Age," Mr. Paine gives a memorable account of a visit to Rheims and its famous cathedral—now laid in almost complete ruin by the Huns—and a motor journey through the valley of the Marne just before the great world war broke out.

"Barbara's Birthday Check" is a timely and moving story telling of the sudden conversion of a thoughtless and pleasure-loving (but motherless) girl, to an appreciation of the need of sacrifice in aid of Red Cross work through a visit to a hospital ship of wounded soldiers from the front. The story is beautifully illustrated, moreover, by A. D. Rahn.

The summer camp receives a double commendation in this number which will contain one article recounting the joys of a hike from a girls' camp and another telling how a few lads in a boys' camp put up a "military observation tower," unaided, in record time. Both contributions are illustrated by photographs of unusual interest.

All states in which Arbor Day comes in June will welcome the beautiful ballad of "The Queen's Tree" with its charming and artistic illustrations by W. M. Berger. The rhyme itself is admirably suited to an Arbor Day recitation.

"Jimmy's Spy" will grip the interest of boy readers from start to finish, being the spirited and mysterious narrative of a boy who aspires to play the part of a detective. And, as with all good detective stories, the finish is n't at all what you would expect it to be!

In the department "For Country and for Liberty" ST. NICHOLAS readers will find this month an appeal which should have a peculiar claim upon them, as it has upon the magazine, in an account of the St. Nicholas Home for Raid-Shocked Children, recently established in Sussex, England, a refuge for the unfortunate children of London, whose nerves have been subjected to severe strain by numerous airship raids. There will also be an interesting account of the work already accomplished last year, and plans under way for the coming season, by the school and college "farmerettes" of the United States. And incidentally the projects uppermost in the minds of the various Government departments will, as usual, receive timely attention. The reference to the work of the U. S. Food Administration will include an ingenious reminder for youngsters.

As June is the graduating month, there will appear also, near the close of the number, a tribute spontaneously offered by an old-time reader, from which these extracts are taken:

To the Saint's Graduating Class:

"If this little lecture ever reaches the boys and girls who read ST. NICHOLAS, it will be because the Editor has granted the request of one who "joined" 'way back in '86 and whose four small boys (ages 6 to 12) are now members of the clan, to be the fortunate writer of a very special message to a very special part of the large and happy family. It is addressed to the older ones among the Saint's boy friends.

"Coming Back in Secret"

"ST. NICHOLAS, once that friendship is established, never says good-bye to a boy until he is coming out of his teens. Then, as the boy begins to be occupied with other things, and, leaving school with its jolly memories, goes off to college or to work—then St. Nick pats him friendliwise on the back and bids him godspeed. And you would be surprised—or perhaps you would n't—to know how often he comes, secretly perhaps, back for a little visit with the Old Saint! And when he gets along to middle age, he fills many an hour with pleasant renewal of old associations, reading the magazine—'Just to keep in touch with the kiddies, you know!' Yes: just as he runs Junior's mechanical toy almost to pieces Christmas day, and refuses to confess that *he* is getting fun out of it!

"The point is, that ST. NICHOLAS never regards its friends as too old, too grown up, for a good time together; a good time, and a wise and friendly word or two. And it feels particularly friendly, just now, toward those young Americans who are graduating from its happy schoolroom just now. Yes, schoolroom! For St. Nick has fooled you, right along, by making you think he was only giving you a good time, when really he 's been teaching you—in the best way—the best of lessons."

BOOKS AND THEIR MAKERS

The first volume has just been published of "Raemaekers' Cartoon History of the War." This is the first collection of the great Hollander's cartoons to be issued at a strictly popular price. The work is to be completed in four volumes, each complete in itself.

The Century Co. announces a twenty-second printing of "Hero Tales from American History," by Colonel Roosevelt and Senator Lodge.

Donald Thompson, the author of "Donald Thompson in Russia," has been on every fighting front in Europe since the war started; he has been in the midst of thirty or forty battles, great or small, has been wounded three times, and has been arrested so often that he has lost count. He has worked his camera with bodies falling around him and upsetting his machine. He has made during the war and sent back to the United States 115,000 feet of moving picture film and has snapped more than 7,000 kodak pictures. Thompson, who is a Kansan by birth, is still under thirty. He is at present in America where, in addition to preparing his book of Russian experiences, he has sold his moving picture films to one of the great companies for an almost fabulous sum. He plans to get back to the Western Front as soon as possible.

Florence Harper, whose "Runaway Russia" is published this month by The Century Co., recently gave the following account of her plunge into newspaper work at the beginning of the war: "In 1914 I was camping out in the British Columbia woods, making the acquaintance of a new rifle preparatory to a trip into the Casiar country after big game, when the news of the declaration of war brought me back to Vancouver. From there, without stopping except to change from train to boat, I went straight through to Paris. I arrived in Paris at half past two one morning after a journey of 30 hours from London, during 24 of which I had neither food nor drink. A Zeppelin raid took place shortly after that. Then the Battle of the Marne brought me the sound of big guns for the first time. It was impossible to stay idle, so I plunged headlong into relief work. From that to newspaper work was only a step. In Russia I came through the revolution without a scratch, after trail-

From Marion Polk Angellotti's new novel, "THE FIREFLY OF FRANCE"

ing the mob for eight days. I have been in Petrograd during the Bolsheviki uprisings, sometimes out all night. I have been in street riots in Moscow. I nursed at the front, got trench fever and trench feet, crossed the North Sea, sailing on a transport that four submarines chased, and am still alive and well. My friends say that they will have to tell off a firing-squad for me on Judgment Day."

Prof. Edward Alsworth Ross, former president of the American Sociological Society, whose new book, "Russia in Upheaval," will be published this month by The Century Co., was sent to Russia at the instance of the American Institute of Social Service to report on what might be done in aid of Russian social progress. He left early in June last year and returned last month, after traveling altogether 37,000 miles, 20,000 miles in Russia. He crossed Siberia in midsummer and again in midwinter. After visiting Petrograd and Moscow, he went down the Volga, Russia's Mississippi, stopping at all the important places and interviewing employers, labor leaders, heads of the councils of workmen's deputies, mayors, land and food committees, editors, priests, and teachers. He visited the oil regions of Baku and went on to Tiflis. After crossing the Caucasus by the famous Georgian military road (134 miles) and back, he passed a fortnight interviewing Georgian and Armenian leaders concerning their aspirations and their hopes in respect to Russia. He then secured permission to visit the Transcaspian provinces. Crossing the Caspian, he followed the Central Asian Railway to its terminus 1,500 miles away at Andijan, stopping en route at Ashkabad, Merv, Bokhara and Samarcand. Unable to visit Tashkent, owing to the interruption of trains by the fighting between the Bolsheviki and the Junkers, he returned across the Caspian, went to Rostov, and revisited Moscow and Petrograd. Professor Ross's new book is the record of these very unusual experiences and observations. Not in the world to-day, or in fact since the French Revolution, he says, is there a tale more engrossing than that of the Russian Revolution during its first nine months.

Sergius M. Trufanoff, better known as Iliodor, confidant and accuser of Rasputin, who recently published his life and confessions under the title "The Mad Monk of Russia—Iliodor," sailed for Russia on March 20. Mr. Trufanoff had been in New York just two years, having come here from Norway early in 1916 to escape the Russian Secret Service which, at the instance of Rasputin and the Czarina, had made his life difficult even in Christiania, whither he had escaped after having been captured and sentenced to the famous Peter and Paul Fortress in Petrograd. Some months ago it was falsely reported that Iliodor was leading a Cossack revolution in Southern Russia. What his immediate plans are he did not divulge before leaving America, though he is outspokenly opposed to the Bolsheviki. In the last chapter of his book he says that on his return he means to pay a visit "for old times' sake" to the Czar in his Siberian exile. It will be interesting to see whether the Czar is willing to receive the man who, perhaps more than any other, brought about the downfall of the Imperial regime.

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(See inside of front cover)

"LADIES FROM HELL"

By R. Douglas Pinkerton

THIS is war—its thrills, its nobilities, its splendors. A poet at heart, face to face with the flaming realities this young Scotchman wrote the first draft of his book, and in it is the very breath of the battlefield.

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OCTOBER 1921

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Francis Ouimet
CAPITALISM NOT THE ROOT OF WAR
Norman Angell
THE FIERY FURNACE ACCORDING TO TAHITI
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(Continued on inside of back cover)

THE CENTURION

OCTOBER, 1921

THE CENTURION is published each month first as a 16-page insert in The Century Magazine, and then is bound separately in a cover of its own and sent without charge to anyone upon request. Address The Century Co., 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

GREAT HEARTS IN LITTLE SHIPS

By Ralph D. Paine

The sailing ship will mean the thrill of romance so long as one tall mast bears straining sails on any ocean. Ralph D. Paine has written some twenty books of the sea, every one touched with that authentic magic that only the pen of a real seaman wields. "Lost Ships and Lonely Seas" (The Century Co., $4.00) contains sea-yarns of famous old voyages and adventures of the sea—of the sailors who mutinied to stay with Tahitian sweethearts, of the Pitcairn Islanders, of wreck on the Barbary Coast, the tragic rafts of the *Medusa,* and a dozen others. The following paragraphs of reminiscence open the thrilling story of the little New England brig, *Polly.*

STEAM has not banished from the deep sea the ships that lift tall spires of canvas to win their way from port to port. The gleam of their topsails recalls the centuries in which men wrought with stubborn courage to fashion fabrics of wood and cordage that would survive the enmity of the implacable ocean and make the winds obedient. Their genius was unsung, their hard toil forgotten, but with each generation the sailing ship became nobler and more enduring, until it was a perfect thing. Its great days live in memory with a peculiar atmosphere of romance. Its humming shrouds were vibrant with the eternal call of the sea, and in a phantom fleet pass the towering East Indiaman, the hard-driven Atlantic packet, and the gracious clipper that fled before the Southern trades.

THE FLOWER OF OUR MERCHANT MARINE

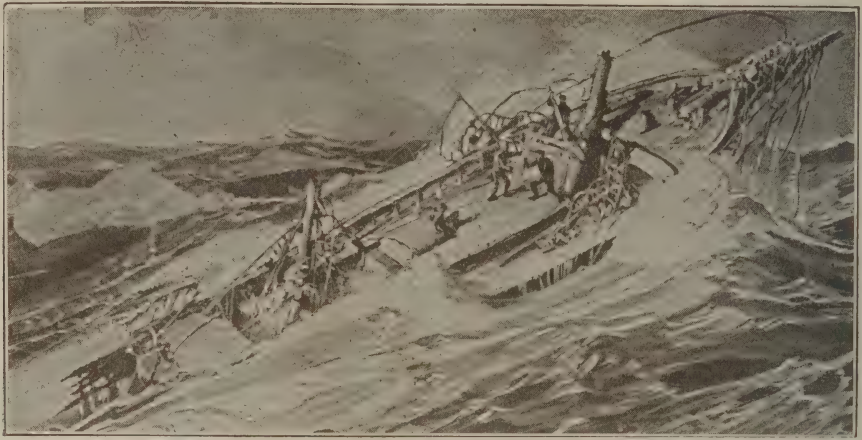
A hundred years ago every bay and inlet of the New England coast was building ships that fared bravely forth to the West Indies, to the roadsteads of Europe, to the mysterious havens of the Far East. They sailed in peril of pirate and privateer, and fought these rascals as sturdily as they battled wicked weather. Coasts were unlighted, the seas uncharted, and navigation was mostly by guesswork, but these seamen were the flower of an American merchant marine whose deeds are heroic in the nation's story. Great hearts in little ships, they dared and suffered with simple, uncomplaining fortitude. Shipwreck was an incident, and to be adrift in lonely seas or cast upon a barbarous shore was sadly commonplace. They lived the stuff that made fiction after they were gone.

COMMUNITY OWNERSHIP

Your fancy may be able to picture the brig *Polly* as she steered down Boston harbor in December, 1811, bound out to Santa Cruz with lumber and salted provisions for the slaves of the sugar plantations. She was only a hundred and thirty tons burden and perhaps eighty feet long. Rather clumsy to look at and roughly built was the *Polly* as compared with the larger ships that brought home the China tea and silks to the warehouses of Salem. Such a vessel was a community venture. The blacksmith, the rigger, and the calker took their pay in shares, or "pieces." They became part owners, as did likewise the merchant who supplied stores and material; and when the brig was afloat, the master, the mate, and even the seamen were allowed cargo space for commodities that they might buy and sell to their own advantage. A voyage directly concerned a whole neighborhood.

Every coastwise village had a row of keel-blocks sloping to the tide. In winter weather too rough for fishing, when the farms lay idle, the Yankee Jack of all trades plied his axe and adz to shape the timbers and peg together such a little vessel as the *Polly*, in which to trade to London or Cadiz or the Windward Islands. Hampered by an unfriendly climate, hard put to it to grow sufficient food, with land immensely difficult to clear, the New-Englander was between the devil and the deep sea, and he sagaciously chose the latter. Elsewhere, in the early days, the forest was an enemy, to be destroyed with great pains. The pioneers of a Massachusetts, New Hampshire, and Maine regarded it with favor as the stuff with which to make stout ships and the straight masts they "stepped" in them.

Nowadays, such a little craft as the *Polly* would be rigged as a schooner. The brig is obsolete, along with the quaint array of snows, ketches, pinks, brigantines, and sloops which once filled the harbors and hove their hempen cables short to the clank of windlass or capstan-pawl, while the brisk seamen sang a shanty to help the work along. The *Polly* had yards on both masts, and it was a bitter task to lay out in a gale of wind and reef the unwieldy single topsails. She would try for no record passages, but jogged sedately, and snugged down when the weather threatened.



TO GET A BOY OUT OF BED O' MORNINGS

By Francis Ouimet

Francis Ouimet thinks that a club or two bestowed, a few lost balls retrieved and almost any kind of open space—plus a soul that was born to golf, will settle forever the problem of "early to bed, early to rise" for young folk. In "Golf Facts for Young People" (The Century Co., $1.75) he tells of his own five-year-old beginnings in golf. The book has many wise, frank, interesting pages which show that he remembers well his boyish golfing days, their ardors and mistakes, and that he is willing to share his own remarkable experience,—as well as his wide acquaintanceship with champions, their wisdom and their games, with the hopeful young players of to-day. The illustrations are in themselves a treasure. The quotation below is from his book, which has just been published.

WHETHER I was destined to become a golfer anyway, I cannot say; but my first desire to hit a golf ball, as I recall, arose from the fact that my older brother, Wilfred, became the proud possessor of a couple of golf-clubs when I was five years old, and at the same time I acquired the idea that the thing I wanted most in the world was to have the privilege of using those clubs.

Thus it was that, at the age of five years, my acquaintanceship with the game of golf began. To say that the game has been a wonderful source of pleasure to me might lead the reader to think that the greatest pleasure of all has been derived from winning tournaments and prizes. I can truthfully say that nothing is further from the fact. Of course, I am pleased to have won my fair share of tournaments; I appreciate the honor of having once won the national open championship; but the winning is absolutely secondary. It is the game itself that I love. Of all the games that I have played and like to see played, including base-ball, foot-ball, hockey, and tennis, no other, to my mind, has quite so many charms as golf—a clean and wholesome pastime, requiring the highest order of skill to be played successfully, and a game suitable alike for the young, the middle-aged, and the old.

The first "golf course" that I played over was laid out by my brother and Richard Kimball in the street in front of our home on Clyde Street, Brookline, Massachusetts, a street which forms the boundary of one side of the Country Club property. This golf course, as I call it, was provided by the town of Brookline, without the knowledge of the town's officials. In other words, my brother and Kimball simply played between two given points in the street. With the heels of their shoes they made holes in the dirt at the base of two lamp-posts about 120 yards apart, and that was their "course."

Nearly every afternoon they played, while I looked on enviously. Once in a while they let me take a club and try my hand, and then was I not delighted! It made no difference that the clubs were nearly as long as I was and too heavy for me to swing, or that the ball would only go a few yards, if it went at all. After all, as I look back, the older boys were only dealing me scanty justice when they occasionally allowed me to take a club, for when they lost a ball, I used to go searching for it, and, if successful, they always demanded its return. In the case of such demand from two older boys, it is not always wise to refuse.

FRANCIS OUIMET
Author of "Golf Facts for Young People."

"Big brother" was responsible for getting me interested in golf; "big brother" likewise was in great measure responsible for keeping me interested. On my seventh birthday, he made me a birthday present of a club—a short brassy. Here was joy indeed! Not only had I now a club all my own with which to practice, but I already had amassed a private stock of seven or eight golf balls. . . . Here Mr. Ouimet tells how he had obtained these by hunting industriously for lost balls on a neighboring golf course, and then proceeds to give us a hint as to how that ancient, much-admired virtue of "early to bed, early to rise" may be revived in this generation:

Some boys, he says, do not like to get up early in the morning. But: Any boy or girl who becomes as interested in golf as I was at the age of seven, will have no difficulty on that score. It was my custom to go to bed at eight o'clock, and then get up by six o'clock the next morning, and go out for some golf play before time to get ready for school.

The first time that I had the pleasure of walking over a golf course without the feeling that, at any moment, I would have to take to my heels to escape an irate greens-keeper was when I was about eleven years old. I was on The Country Club links, looking for lost golf balls, when a member who had no caddy came along and asked me if I would carry his clubs. Nothing could have suited me better. As this member was coming to the first tee, I happened to be swinging a club, and he was kind enough to hand me a ball, at the same time asking me to tee up and hit it. . . .

Evidently the gentleman, who was not an especially good player himself, was satisfied with the shot, for he was kind enough to invite me to play with him, instead of merely carrying his clubs. That was the beginning of my caddying career.

CAPITALISM IS NOT THE ROOT OF WAR

By Norman Angell

"The Fruits of Victory," Norman Angell's new book (The Century Co., $3.00) is a sequel to that remarkable work, "The Great Illusion," which, as the London *Daily News* recalls, provoked "one of the great controversies of this generation." To-day, Norman Angell is, says the same paper, "a prophet whose prophecies have come true." His new book promises, judging from its recent reception in England, to be a cause of fresh—and vital—dispute. "Pretty sure," says the London *Daily Chronicle,* "to provide almost as much food for argument as his former book." "Extraordinary skill, . . . a noble book," comments the London *Daily Herald.* Some passages are quoted below.

IN his new book, Norman Angell parts company with the school which declares that war is an affair of scheming capitalists. He believes that it is the spirit rather than (probably it would be fairer to say, even more than) the ecomonics of the world that is sick.

He is a more than ever convinced internationalist, basing his argument mainly upon the interdependence of modern nations in the matter of food, clothing and coal. He points out that for a healthy civilization the interchange of commodities must flow freely between countries. Europe is not sick unto death only, or mainly, because of physical destruction. It is, he points out, in the areas untouched by battle that famine now stalks and disease is raging. He believes it is hate and the myths of nationalism which are paralyzing civilization.

Not selfishness, he says—the most brutish selfishness would make a saner world than these myths. "It is sometimes," he reminds us, "the ideals for which men die that make impossible their life and work together." On this remarkable phenomenon of self-destruction in time of peace, he remarks:

"It is this element in the situation—its domination, that is, by an uncalculating popular passion poured out lavishly in support of self-destructive policies—which prompts one to doubt whether these disruptive forces find their roots merely in the capitalist organization of society: still less whether they are due to the conscious machinations of a small group of capitalists. No considerable section of capitalism anywhere has any interest in the degree of paralysis that has been produced. Capitalism may have overreached itself by stimulating nationalist hostilities until they have got beyond control. Even so, it is the unseeing popular passion that furnishes the capitalist with his arm, and is the factor of greatest danger. . . .

"Capitalism—the management of modern industry by a small economic autocracy of owners of private capital—has certainly a part in the conflicts that produce war. But that part does not arise from the direct interest that the capitalists of one nation as a whole have in the destruction of the trade or industry of another. Such a conclusion ignores the most elementary facts in the modern organization of industry. And it is certainly not true to say that British capitalists, as a distinct group, were more disposed than the public as a whole to insist upon the Carthaginian features of the Treaty. Everything points rather to the exact contrary. Public opinion as reflected, for instance, by the December, 1918, election, was more ferociously anti-German than capitalists are likely to have been. It is certainly not too much to say that if the Treaty had been made by a group of British—or French—bankers, merchants, ship owners, insurance men, and industrialists, liberated from all fear of popular resentment, the economic life of Central Europe would not have been crushed as it has been. . . .

"As a simple fact we know that not all British capitalists, still less British financiers, are interested in the destruction of German prosperity. Central Europe was one of the very greatest markets available for British industry, and the recovery of that market may constitute for a very large number of manufacturers, merchants, shippers, insurance companies, and bankers, a source of immense potential profit. It is a perfectly arguable proposition, to put it at the very lowest, that British 'capitalism' has, as a whole, more to gain from a productive and stable Europe than from a starving and unstable one. There is no reason whatever to doubt the genuineness of the internationalism that we associate with the Manchester School of Capitalist Economics. . . .

"To assume that millions will, without any real knowledge of why they do it or of the purpose behind the behests they obey, not only take the lives of others and give their own, but turn first in one direction and then in another the flood of their deepest passions of hate and vengeance, just as a little group of mean little men, manipulating mean little interests, may direct, is to argue a moral helplessness and shameful docility on the part of those millions which would deprive the future of all hope of self-government. And to assume that they are not unknowing as to the alleged cause—that would bring us to moral phantasmagoria.

"We shall get nearer to the heart of our problem if, instead of asking perpetually 'Who caused the War?' and indicting 'Capitalists' or 'Junkers,' we ask the question: 'What is the cause of that state of mind and temper in the millions which made them on the one side welcome war (as we allege of the German millions), or on the other side makes them acclaim, or impose, blockades, famines, "punitive" Treaties of Peace?'

There has been during the last five years such an outpouring of devoted unselfishness as history cannot equal. The very hates have been unselfish. Millions have died for contrary ideals. But it is sometimes the ideals for which men die that make impossible their life and work together.

"Obviously 'selfishness' is not operating so far as the mass is concerned, except of course in the sense that a yielding to the passion of hate is self-indulgence. Selfishness, in the sense of care for social security and well-being, might save the structure of European society. It would bring the famine to an end. But we have what a French writer has called a 'holy and unselfish hate.' Balkan peasants prefer to burn their wheat rather than send it to the famished city across the river. Popular English newspapers agitate against a German trade which is the only hope of necessitous Allies obtaining any considerable reparation from Germany. A society in which each member is more desirous of hurting his neighbour than of promoting his own welfare, is one in which the aggregate will to destruction is more powerful than the will to preservation. . . .

"It is not from lack of idealism and unselfishness. There has been during the last five years such an outpouring of devoted unselfishness—the very hates have been unselfish—as history cannot equal. Millions have given their lives for the contrary ideals in which they believed. It is sometimes the ideals for which men die that make impossible their life and work together."

IS IT POSSIBLE TO BE FAIR TO PUBLIC INTEREST AND PRIVATE CAPITAL IN RAILROAD REGULATION?

By I. Leo Sharfman

That, Professor Sharfman makes clear in his book, "The American Railroad Problem" (The Century Co., $3.00), is what it is up to this democracy to find out. The attempt to do this is now undergoing, he says, its crucial, possibly its final, test. He seems to think it should be possible, though it will be extremely difficult, and I. Leo Sharfman, Professor of Economics in the University of Michigan, is known to speak with unusually complete knowledge of the facts. We quote from his book.

THE question of solving the railroad problem satisfactorily is assuming the guise of a challenge to American democracy, and those who persist in retaining their faith in the efficacy of American institutions are loath to admit that our people are incapable of undertaking and administering effectively such a great public enterprise as would be involved in the nationalization of the railroads.

The provision of an adequate transportation machine, under a system of private ownership and operation, involves a very difficult adjustment between private rights and public interests. Railroad plant and equipment and administration must undergo constant development, so that operating technique may be progressively advanced, and ample facilities provided for the growing needs of the country. This involves the provision of such a flow of transportation income as will yield sufficient revenue to support railroad credit, without imposing an undue financial burden upon the public; and such supervision of the operating activities of the carriers as will encourage efficiency, without undue interference with the details of management. These results cannot be accomplished without an extensive system of public regulation. Operating unity must be stimulated, the acquisition of necessary facilities ordered, and service standards enforced; the relativity of rates must be fixed, and joint charges apportioned; accounting systems must be prescribed, security issues controlled, property valuations determined, and financial returns limited; wages must be adjusted, hours of employment prescribed, working conditions formulated, and labor controversies composed. A long experience has demonstrated that unless these regulative functions are effectively exercised, the public interest is seriously jeopardized; this realization accounts for the intensive development of Government regulation. Inadequate regulation would constitute the primary basis of the need of railroad nationalizaiton. But with every approach toward effective public control, there is progressive encroachment upon the independence of the owners and managers of the railroads, and a corresponding destruction of the incentives to private initiative. Financial regulation may become so strict as to remove all attraction for the railroad field from investors; and operating supervision may become so extensive as to render railroad executives powerless to exercise constructive enterprise. Under such circumstances, the demand for nationalization may be pressed as vigorously by the natural supporters of private management as by the foes of our traditional system. Insistence upon the continuance of private ownership and operation, in face of such conditions, would but constitute a stubborn stand for the principle of private enterprise in the abstract, regardless of the realities of the railroad situation. . . .

Finally, due restraint being exercised by the carriers and their employees, there must come a clear recognition by the people and their political representatives that private ownership cannot be maintained unless railroad investment is adequately protected against confiscation, and sufficient transportation revenue is made available to attract new capital for necessary extensions and improvements; and that private operation cannot be made to yield the fruits of constructive initiative and vigorous administration unless public interference with the tasks of management is reduced to a minimum.

The regulative method, as well as corporate ownership and private operation, is now undergoing its crucial test.

THE FIERY FURNACE ACCORDING TO TAHITI

By Frederick O'Brien

"Mystic Isles of the South Seas" (The Century Co., $5.00) is exhibiting the same phenomenal popularity as Frederick O'Brien's earlier book, "White Shadows in the South Seas." It is perhaps even a richer book in the humors, witcheries and wonders of these tragically vanishing, happy child-races, and the beauty of the palm-clothed isles. Illustrated with a profusion of photographs, it is a grown-up picture- as well as a story-book. Here is one of the stories as he tells it.

"BUT, my friend," suggested Frederick O'Brien, "firewalking is a heathen rite."

"*Aita!* No, it is in the Bible, and was taught by Te Atua, the great God. The three boys in Babylonia were saved from death by Atua teaching them the way of the Umuti."

The umuti, or firewalking, which Frederick O'Brien saw, he describes as follows in "Mystic Isles of the South Seas":

When we approached the *umu*, I felt the heat fifty feet away. The pit was a mass of glowing stones, and half a dozen men whom I knew were spreading them as evenly as possible, turning them with long poles. Each, as it was moved, disclosed its lower surface crimson red and turning white. The flames leaped up from the wood between the stones.

About the oven, forty feet away, the people of the villages who had gathered, stood or squatted, and solemnly awaited the ritual. The *tahua*, Tufetufetu, was still in a tiny hut that had been erected for him, and at prayer. A deacon of the church went to him, and informed him that the *umu* was ready, and he came slowly toward us. He wore a white *pareu* of the ancient *tapa* and a white *tiputa*, a poncho of the same beaten-bark fabrics. His head was crowned with *ti*-leaves and in his hand he had a wand of the same. He was in the dim light a vision of the necromancer of medieval books.

He halted three steps from the fiery furnace, and began a chant in Tahitian.

Then, his body erect, his eyes toward the stars, augustly, and without hesitation or choice of footprints, the *tabu* walked upon the *umu*. His body was naked except for the *tapa*, which extended from his shoulders to his knees. The heat radiated from the stones, and sitting on the ground I saw the quivering of the beams just above the oven.

Tufetufetu traversed the entire length of the *umu* with no single flinching of his muscles or flutter of his eyelids to betray pain or fear. He raised his wand when he reached the end, and, turning slowly, retraced his steps.

The spectators, who had held their breaths, heaved deep sighs, but no word was spoken as the *tabua* signed all to follow him in another journey over the white-hot rocks. All but a few, their number obscured in the darkness, ranged themselves in a line behind him, and with masses of *ti*-leaves in their hands, and some with girdles hastily made, barefooted they marched over the path he took again. When the cortege had passed once, the priest said, "*Fariu!* Return!" and, their eyes fixed on vacancy, six times the throng were led by him forward and back over the *umu*. A woman who looked down and stumbled, left the ranks, and cried out that her leg was burned. She had an injury that was weeks in curing.

At a sign from Tufetufetu, the people left the proximity of the pit, and while he retired to his hut, several men threw split trunks of banana-trees on the stones. A dense column of white smoke arose, and its acrid odor closed my eyes for a moment. When I opened them, my friends of our village were placing the prepared carcasses of pigs on the banana-trunks, with yams, *ti*-roots and *taro*. All these were covered with hibiscus and breadfruit leaves and the earth of the rampart, which was heaped on to retain the heat, and steam the meat and vegetables.

I examined the feet and legs of Raiere and the two girls I had come with, and even the delicate hairs of their calves had not been singed by their fiery promenade.

HER BEST SINCE "MRS. WIGGS"

There is a new novel—a full-length, serious novel—by Alice Hegan Rice, unlike any of her previous work except for the humanness of its characters, the irresistible, winning quality of her hero, the humor that no book of hers could lack and the sure skill with which it is written. A little more about the new book, "Quin" (The Century Co., $2.00), and about its author may be of interest to our readers.

ALICE HEGAN RICE has made a number of the "children of her brain" known and beloved all over the world and far beyond the bounds of the English language. To these endearing characters she has added *Quin* who gives to her latest book—a full-length novel—both its hero and its name.

"I got a conscience that was trained to stand on its hind legs and bark at a lie," said *Quin*, and he turned down the "big job," even though it might mean he would not be ready for the girl when (and if!) she was ready. And *Quin*, doughboy-to-top-sergeant; gassed, wounded, returned with a distinguished-conduct medal, a scar and an uncertain heart, has fallen in love with precisely the last girl in the world his antecedents, his superficial character and his circumstances would make likely.

The way that fact reacts on him, his astonishing development under the stimulus of an ambition to be worthy of his very life-like, flesh-and-blood young *Eleanor*, is a most interesting and suggestive story. It is one that is close to America's heart—this rise of a raw boy by individual effort and intelligence, stimulated by love, to more than riches or power: to self-command and self-understanding, culture and enjoyment of the best things, to richness of life and a socially acceptable demeanor that makes him free of the society that is really his own. It is America's one, best-beloved true story of the land where "any boy may be President."

ALICE HEGAN RICE
Author of "Quin," etc.

And the group of people which includes the friends, relatives and business and professional associates of *Quin* and *Eleanor* is a richly varied one, with many happy creations: the really terrifying old *Grandmother* (who did not frighten *Quin*), the loving-hearted *Rose*, the altogether delightful, exquisite and irresponsible *Papa Claude*, splendid actor of the old school, and many others.

But best of all (far and away best) is that which Mrs. Rice puts of herself into the book, her unique gift of tender humor and humorous charm. As the Boston *Transcript* has said of her:

"No matter how entertaining Mrs. Rice's characters may be, or how absorbing a story she may tell, her readers know well that half the charm in her books lies in her manner of telling her story, that combination of sympathy and humor, of pathos and whimsicality which definitely stamps her work."

And, by the way, do our readers — did *you* — know that so little a thing as the fact that it was not of average novel-length led to the "turning down" of the manuscript of Mrs. Rice's first book by the publishers to whom she first submitted it? The Century Co. risked the experiment of launching it as the pioneer "dollar fiction." That book was the forever-beloved "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," of which nearly a half million copies have been sold in America alone, and which has been translated into French, German, Dutch, Swedish, Danish, Japanese, and put into type for the blind. It has been made into a play and, in short become an international affair.

Mrs. Rice (who was Alice Hegan when she brought this historic "best seller" to The Century Co.) was in India with her husband, Cale Young Rice, when, after a Christmas morning on the Ganges, they beheld blazoned on a bill-board notice that "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" would be the feature of the Benares Theater that evening. The play had already had a long run in London, and it was subsequently produced in Australia and Tasmania.

As she told some of her Louisville friends, there were "lots of stories in the cabbage patch" and a number of her books were of this general character: "Lovey Mary," "Calvary Alley," "A Romance of Billygoat Hill," etc.; but Mrs. Rice has never been limited to the genre of her first book, and the new one is quite different.

Different, yet like. It was as a result of direct contact with the poor of Louisville that her sympathetic understanding of brave, harassed lives, their humor and splendor, was gained; and the sheer sweetness of heart in her stories is, in the last analysis, after all her skill has had its due, what makes the great human-hearted public genuinely love the people of this author's creation.

One feels with *Eleanor* her real need to express the talent she has in her, while one trembles with *Quin* as she seems to be carried further and further from him by the stage career; one hates the tyranny of the outrageous old *Grandmother*, while one suspects the need of love that has been twisted into the craving for power. Mrs. Rice leaves us sympathy with every character.

This is Mrs. Rice's twelfth book, if one includes that of which she is co-author with her husband: "Turn About Tales," a book of short stories in which she and the well-known poet have alternated in strongly-contrasted narratives.

Not one of Mrs. Rice's creations has deserved more affection than delightful *Quin*, and it is certain that her readers will find in this book a deepening of motive and an increase of resource and power, with not the slightest abatement of whimsical humor and lovable charm.

AN APOSTLE OF THE FULL-POWER LIFE

By Josephine A. Jackson and Helen M. Salisbury

"Outwitting Our Nerves" (The Century Co., $2.50) has probably done more to give the benefits of psychotherapy and a really scientific mental hygiene to the general public than any other work since Freud laid the foundation for mental health by his astonishing discoveries. Dr. Jackson's book is actually a "best seller." She claims that most of us are living but crippled, half-power lives, and that we might easily double our usefulness, happiness and power. The following are paragraphs from this remarkable book.

SO far as the modern laboratory can discover, the nerves of the most confirmed neurotic are perfectly healthy. They are not starved, nor depleted, nor exhausted; the fat-sheaf is not wanting, there is nothing wanting in the cell itself, and there is no accumulation of fatigue products. Paradoxical as it may seem, there is nothing the matter with a nervous person's nerves. . . .

The troubles are not with the bodily machine but with the master. The man behind the body is in trouble. . . . The trouble in nervous disorders is in the personality, the soul, the realm of ideas, and that is not your body but *you.* Loss of appetite may mean . . . that the ego is "up against" conditions for which it has "no stomach." Paralysis . . . may symbolize a sense of inadequacy and defeat. Exaggerated exhaustion, halting feet, stammering tongue, may give evidence of a disturbed ego rather than a diseased brain. . . .

JOSEPHINE A. JACKSON, M. D.

At last we have begun to realize what we ought to have known all along—that the body is not the whole man. For the last quarter-century there have been scattered groups of physicians — brilliant and patient pioneers— who, recognizing man as the spirit inhabiting the body, have explored the realm of man's mind and charted its paths. . . . Every year science is learning that ideas count and that they count physically as well as spiritually.

Ideas are not the lifeless things they may appear. They are not merely intellectual property that can be locked up and ignored at will, nor are they playthings that can be taken up or discarded according to the caprice of the moment. Ideas work themselves into the very fiber of our being. They are part of us and they *do* things. If they are true and in line with things as they are, they do things that are for our good, but if they are false, we often discover that they have an unsuspected power for harm and are capable of astonishing results, results which have no apparent relation to the ideas responsible for them and which are, therefore, laid to physical causes. Thinking straight, then, becomes a hygienic as well as a moral duty. . . .

To be educated is to have the right idea and the right emotion in the right place. . . . There is no more reason why the average man should be unaware of the instincts or the subconscious mind, than that he should be ignorant of germs or of the need of fresh air. . . .

Psychic laws are as susceptible to investigation, verification and use as are any laws in the physical world. Each person is so much the center of his own life that it is very easy for him to fall into the way of thinking that he is different from all the rest of the world. It is a healthful experience for him to realize that every person he meets is made on the same principles, impelled by the same forces, and fighting much the same fight. Since the laws of the mental world are uniform, we can count on them as aids toward understanding other people and understanding ourselves.

Ideas do not depend upon themselves for their driving power. Life is not a cold intellectual process; it is a vivid experience, vibrant with feeling and emotion. . . . Evidently, it is highly important to have a working knowledge of these emotions and instincts; important to know enough about them and their purposes to handle them rightly if they do not spontaneously work together for our best character and health. . . .

Each individual is being continually moved by the mighty impulse of the race-life, an impulse which often outrivals the desire for his own personal existence. The craving to reproduce ourselves and the craving to cherish and protect our young are among the most dynamic forces in life. They are often spoken of as one under the name of the sex-instincts. . . .

Freud and his followers have always said they saw no theoretical reason why any other repressed instinct should not form the basis of a neurosis, but that, as a matter of fact, they had never found this to be the case, probably because no other instinct comes into such bitter and persistent conflict with the dictates of society. Now, however, the Great War seems to have changed conditions. Under the strain and danger of life at the front there developed a kind of nervous breakdown called shellshock or war-neurosis, which seems in some cases to be based not on the repression of the instinct of race-preservation but on the unusual necessity for the repression of the instinct of self-preservation. Army surgeons report that wounded men almost never suffer from shellshock. The wound is enough to secure the unconsciously desired removal to the rear. But in the absence of wounds, a desire for safety may be at the same time so intense and so severely repressed that it seizes upon the neurosis as the only possible means of escape from the unbearable situation. In time of peace, however, the instinct of reproduction seems to be the only impulse which is severely enough repressed to be responsible for nervous breakdown. . . .

. . . the only possible cure must be some sort of readjustment between the person's inner forces and the demands of the social world. As this lack of adjustment is concerned chiefly with the repressed instinct of reproduction, it is only natural that there should be some people who believe that the "way out" lies in some form of physical satisfaction of the sex-impulse. . . . But we have only to look about us to see that this prescription does not cure. . . . Freud insists that the sex-instinct has a psychic component as well as a physical one, and that it is this psychic one which is most often repressed. . . .

. . . as the lack of adjustment grew largely out of some kind of faulty education or from faulty reaction to early experiences, the only effective way to secure a better adaptation must be through a re-education which reaches down to that part of the personality that bears the stamp of the unfortunate early factors.

As a matter of fact, the science of psychotherapy or mental treatment is simply the science of re-education,—a process designed to break up the old unhealthy complexes which disrupt the forces of the individual, and to build up healthy complexes which adjust him to the social world and enable him to use his energy in useful ways.

A POET AFOOT AND IN PROSE

By Charles Hanson Towne

Charles Hanson Towne's latest book is in prose—mostly. In it he takes such a delightful series of walking trips down Long Island as make him enviable of all mankind for the delight, the humor and the charm which the experience had for him—and has for his readers. Moreover, "Loafing Down Long Island" (The Century Co., $2.50) is extremely attractive to the eye. Thomas Fogarty has supplied quantities of delicate line drawings in which he has caught the veritable "feel" of Long Island. The following Encounter of the Pretty Librarians is one of the thousand small adventures of the road of which he tells.

TWO young ladies had a table near us, and I gathered from such scraps of their conversation as came to us that they were librarians, out on a jaunt also, but in a car. They left the room first, and Ernest and I, sitting by the window, could see them as they stepped into the smallest insect of the road I have ever beheld—nothing, literally, but a child's express-wagon, with a home-made attachment in the nature of a steering-wheel, and a mysterious little engine concealed somewhere which caused the wagon to vibrate down the road. They rattled off, their tiny suit-case on the back, as happy, apparently, as we. They saw our patronizing smiles as they went down the path, and smiled back good-naturedly, not at all flirtatiously. I suppose they guessed we were laughing at their makeshift conveyance, but they had the air of being used to that sort of thing and seemed not a whit embarrassed at what we thought.

An hour or so later, riding in a fine motor because we had dared to ask a lift, we encountered these girls on the road. They had had engine trouble, and, recognizing us, blushed with mortification. I suppose they imagined we were in our own car, and we were just snobbish enough to like them to think so.

Our triumph was short-lived however. Two miles or so farther on, our host dropped us, as he turned to the right and our path lay straight ahead. And it was not long before we heard a strange rattle behind us, and those gay librarians sailed by us, waving their handkerchiefs and calling out, "Say, who's lucky now?" It was we who were humiliated as they faded into the landscape, going, I should say, not fewer than twenty-five miles an hour in their homely little box-car, like so much pretty freight. But just before they disappeared, and knowing, perhaps, that they would never see us again, one of them blew us a kiss—yes, fearlessly she did it, this prim librarian off on a summer holiday!

WHERE IS MESCALIA?

It is a land which has a familiar "feel" as one reads of it in the pages of "A Man's Game" by John Brent (The Century Co., $2.00); one seems to have had hints of this sort of thing in the cold, cut-and-dried condensations of news despatches. The novel is like an authentic meal of which the news items are shreds and crumbs.

IS it real? one keeps asking oneself. Is this the thinly-veiled and purposely confused account of certain genuine events in a country to the south of us? Or is it perhaps a forecast of what may be, of plans made by sinister interests?

Only the author, "John Brent," could say; but it is as provocative of thought as it is fascinating to read of the three American business men hustling the proud Spaniard or sluggish Indian into progress by means of a bloody revolution and the invasion of gringo cowboys, horse-thieves and "bad" men.

That certain stocks of little or no value became frantically desired on the New York market as soon as the revolution was complete, was not more noticeable that the fact that, when New York had time to look around, all of that stock was in one safe-deposit vault.

Characteristic, too, that the greatest of the plotters wanted only power. Sitting lonely and aloof, half blind but asking no pity from any man, busied with enormous schemes which cover the globe, he profits enormously by the revolution he has financed—and turns his profits over to Mescalia to be used for schools.

But it is out in the field of action, battle, intrigue, plot and counterplot, that the story moves for most of its pages. The "poker games" in the bank behind drawn blinds and locked doors were for larger stakes than the chips ever represented; the love of Don Eusebio for the foolish little American wife meant more than a silly woman's repentance; the Krupps that never reached the German agent, Schwartz, did a gun's work in the world for the opposite side. It is a story to keep a reader awake all night.

INFORMAL TALKS ABOUT THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

VACHEL LINDSAY, whose "Johnny Appleseed" was published in our August issue, is tramping in the Rockies with Stephen Graham, the English novelist, whom he met during his stay in London last winter. Mr. Graham is publishing an account of the trip under the title "Tramping with a Poet" in the "New York Evening Post." In the first of these articles, which appeared on August 6, he writes: "I have had a real call from Hesperus and the wilds, and am off with a knapsack and a pot and a blanket and a free mind—yes, and, I confess, a few yards of mosquito netting. . . . I am called by one of the most wonderful men who ever broke silence with a song. He belongs to the same sub-species. Yes, a tramping species. His hat has got a hole in it, and so have his breeches. But he is a poet, and he sings of what the world will be when the years have passed away. He can charm a supper out of a farmer with a song. And I who have tramped without music know what a miracle that is." In a later article Graham gives a delightful picture of morning in camp, when "Lindsay rose like a young lion roaring, rrrah! . . . and making the mountains echo with his roar. He was in great spirits. 'I have never been so free. I start afresh. All is behind me. We 'll tramp to the Coast. We 'll tramp to Alaska. We 'll do all the national parks,' were his impulsive words. As we climbed aloft, following the Northwest by our wrist-watches and careless of time and space he sang a disreputable song belonging, no doubt, to that disreputable past of his when he hiked and begged and recited his poems to farmers.

VACHEL LINDSAY AND HIS NEPHEW
(*Courtesy of the MacMillan Co.*)

"'Why don't you go to work
Like other men do?
How can we work when there's no work to do?
Hallelujah, on the bum, bum!
Hallelujah, bum again!
Hallelujah! Give us a hand-out
To revive us again!'"

All of which goes to indicate that Mr. Lindsay and Mr. Graham are having a glorious time. As for those of us who must spend the dog-days in stuffy cities and stuffier offices, the picture of the two of them by a camp-fire in the Rockies waking to the freshness and glory of a mountain dawn is—well, if there are no future issues of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE, you may be sure that the entire staff, inspired by this example, has started vagabonding.

If we may judge by the talk among the cognoscent who occasionally condescend to give us their opinions, and by the letters that several enthusiastic readers have been impelled to write, Pierre Mille's little tale, "Francis Bacon," which appeared in the August number, has been by way of making quite a sensation. "Pierre Mille's story is delicious," writes one enthusiastic Century contributor. "A perfect little thing like that is the despair of those of us who try to write." It will be good news to the many readers who agree with this opinion that the Century recently cabled its Paris representative to get more of Pierre Mille's stories, and that we have just had word that Charles Louis Seeger, who translated the first one, is already at work rendering them into English.

It is the good fortune of The Century Magazine to announce for November "Paul's Wife" by Robert Frost, who has not for several years appeared in these pages. The poem is to our way of thinking one of the three or four finest of Mr. Frost's longer things; and it has the novelty of presenting him in a new vein. "Paul's Wife" is the story of how Paul, the mythical hero of the northern lumber camps, found his wife and lost her. To tell more would be to rob the reader of the subtly wrought suspense of the narrative. Here is authentic American folk-lore in a poem by the man widely regarded as the foremost figure in American poetry to-day, "The Master of us all," Vachel Lindsay once said.

Donn Byrne
Author of "Messer Marco Polo"

Accompanying "Paul's Wife" will be two drawings by the distinguished young American artist, James Chapin, whose pictures for the limited edition of "North of Boston" attracted wide attention when the book appeared two years ago.

The most interesting of the many letters James Mahoney has received about "The Hairs of the Occasion" (The Century Magazine for May) came from the wife of an American painter in Paris, who had known Mr. Mahoney when he was a student at Julien's, and whose information as to the figures in his tale is exact and makes, in the case of Carmen, a rather tragic sequel. She writes: "Two weeks or more ago, I picked up a magazine in the library, and there was James Mahoney—and Carmen—and Ventrillon—and my 'petite acrobat.' Congratulations. It was delightful. You ought to be here. . . . I used to see Carmen now and then. But she is really so *fanée*, so *abimée* (as the Italians say, so 'scimpata') that I imagine she gets little work. She is a wreck, and looks as if she takes more *vin* than is good for her. And what a grudge against young and good-looking models! The natural end of those women should be a little color-shop, or concierge to a school. Then they could always be in touch with the profession. But poor Carmen has not the stability, I imagine, that would make her succeed in 'sich.'"

In three of the leading American universities Donn Byrne's "Messer Marco Polo" has already been used in short-story classes as an example of something new in technique and construction—especially, so one enthusiastic student writes us, as an example of producing the effect of dialect without the tiresome and antiquated devices of apostrophes and changed spelling. The singing Irish lilt of Mr. Byrne's prose is a natural inheritance; but so subtly has he suggested the speech of old Malachi by sheer artistry of sentence structure that the reader finds himself giving the words an Irish accent! Meanwhile, two of the most distinguished of American play producers have been negotiating for the dramatic rights of the story, and proposals have been made for a film production to be staged after the newer "art" manner developed in "Dr. Calagari" and "The Golem."

The editors have received many replies—letters and articles—to Frank Crane's paper on "Four Immoralities of the Church." It is impossible to print all of these but eventually we will publish the most challenging and constructive answer.

ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE NOTES

IN the October ST. NICHOLAS there appears an unusually interesting and timely article on the annual migration of the feathered folk. Samuel Scoville, Jr., who is said by one well-known magazine editor to be America's best city naturalist, describes in a fascinating style, in "High Sky," this flight of the birds to winter feeding-grounds, and some of the thrilling scenes enacted on the way are pictured by Charles Livingston Bull.

One of his drawings is reproduced on the next page, and the incident which it illustrates is interesting enough to repeat here:

"Driven down from Greenland by cold and famine, a white gerfalcon was haunting these solitudes like some grim ghost of the upper sky. His fierce eyes were of a glittering black, as was the tip of his blue hooked beak. As the golden plover whizzed southward on their way to summer, some shadow of the coming of the falcon must have fallen upon them, for suddenly the whole flock broke and scattered through the sky like a dropped handful of beads, each bird twisting and doubling through the air, yet still shooting ever southward at a speed which few other fliers could have equalled. Unluckily for the plover, the gerfalcon is perhaps the fastest bird that flies, and, moreover, has all of that mysterious gift of the falcon family of following automatically every double and twist and turn of any bird which it elects to pursue.

"This one chose his victim and in a flash was following it through the sky. Here and there, back and fourth, up and down, in dizzy circles and bewildering curves, the great hawk sped after the largest of the plover. As if driven in some invisible tandem, the white form of the falcon kept an exact distance from the plover until at last the latter gave up circling and doubling for a stretch of straight flight. In an instant the flashing white wings of the falcon were above it, there was an arrowy pounce and a moment later the gerfalcon had caught the falling body and was volplaning down to earth with the dead plover in its claws."

Other sketches to be found in the October number are "The Poet of Many Inventions," by Mary R. Parkman,—an intimate glimpse into the life of the inventor of the power loom, Edmund Cartwright,—and "Football Generalship," by Sol Metzger, famous football player and coach, who gives a bit of advice to boys on the gridiron, particularly those playing quarter-back.

There is a paper by Hildegarde Hawthorne on "The Fun—and the Immensity—of Little Things," which will give older readers, as well as our boys and girls occasion for thought and an examination of their own measure of things.

October ushers in the football season and sees the end of the year's run of baseball. In "Win or Lose," both sports are combined. Dan Collins finds his place in the national pastime, after losing on the gridiron, and pitches a game that not only wins for his school, but brings a promise of success for himself.

"Lord James, Half-Back," is a football story mothers and fathers will enjoy reading, for the hero's parents play an important part in it. Finally, however, they find their well-meant "interference" in the game means a loss to the school, and they retire to the side-lines, while their son goes in to do—and does—his best.

Other short stories in this number are: "The Winner of the Blue," wherein a country boy and girl take the honors from their neighbor, a gentleman farmer; "Riding the Guy," one of the *Fred Bowers* stories in which *Fred's* knowledge of how a pair of socks are knit extricates him from a precarious position; "The Enterprising Enterprise," a story of a youthful editor and his expensive "scoop"; and "On the Bamboo Mountain," which has a Chinese setting and describes an up-hill battle against Oriental prejudice.

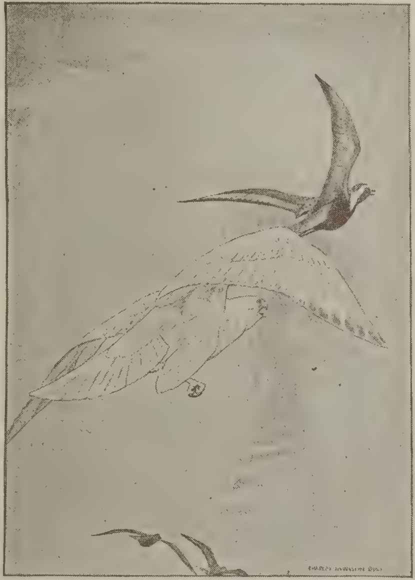
October brings the final instalments of "Kit, Pat, and a Few Boys," and "The Luck of Denewood." Each has had its full quota of interested readers who will be both sad and glad to know the end. But they need not be in the "doldrums" long, for "Phantom Gold" continues into the new magazine-year, and also in November will be begun a jolly long story by Ralph Henry Barbour, "The Turner Twins," and "The Hill of Adventure," by Adair Aldon, a serial which will claim the absorbed interest of all readers, but will appeal especially to our girls. Ralph Henry Barbour needs no introduction to any group of boys and girls, and he is particularly well-known and warmly remembered by ST. NICHOLAS readers. The Turner twins are certainly a lively pair, and their trail across the pages of ST. NICHOLAS this coming year will be one worth following.

Samuel Scoville, Jr., is also going to complete the triology of "The Boys Scouts in the North, or The Blue Pearl," and "Boys Scout in the Wilderness," by giving us "The Inca's Emerald," a thrilling adventure into South America.

In addition to the serials mentioned ST. NICHOLAS will also have one from the pen of Augusta

Hueill Seaman, the author of mystery tales. She is weaving a story now that will take its proper place alongside "The Crimson Patch," "The Slipper Point Mystery," "The Dragon's Secret," and others, each and every one a favorite with boys and girls.

As for the short stories and articles—there will be a full ration of them, and they will cover a wide range of subjects and situations. Some of the titles to look for are: "In the Knob Mountain Tower," "Ramsey From Montana," "Ducking for Pirates," "The King of Mt. Baldy," and "The Little Brown Box."



"THE WHITE FALCON KEPT AN EXACT DISTANCE FROM THE PLOVER"

Illustration for "High Sky" in October St. Nicholas. Drawn by Charles Livingston Bull.

Among the sketches will be found "The Destroyers," "Smoke-Chasers," "Dynamite Joe," "A Venture for Dates," "Some Curious Ants," and "Some of Uncle Sam's Latest Coin Types."

Hildegarde Hawthorne will be a frequent contributor during 1922. Her papers are always thought-provoking and intensely interesting, and her beautiful use of the English language causes many to think the mantle of her illustrious grandfather has descended to her.

The regular departments, "Nature and Science," "The Watch Tower," and "The St. Nicholas League," will flourish as never before.

So you see 1922 looks as though it would be an unusually good year for St. Nicholas boys and girls—and all the other members of the family, too.

At the bottom of this page we reprint a paragraph from the "New York Times" book and magazine section for August 14th. The "Times" voices the feeling shared by hundreds and hundreds of readers, and the scores of letters which come to St. Nicholas attest its great popularity among the boys and girls. In the October St. Nicholas League the subject for the prose compositions is "An Important Discovery." Not a few of our Leaguers took their first introduction to St. Nicholas as the great discovery in their lives. One thirteen-year-old reader says: "My brother and I think you are the best magazine published. We have taken all sorts of girls' and boys' magazines so we *know* that you are best." Another sends her appreciation in rhyme, the last four lines being:

"Here's hoping you have a very prosperous life
Through all your daily struggle and strife,
And let me add before I say good-by
That I intend to take you until I die."

Not all the kindly letters come from the young. A letter from a lady of eighty-one years says she believes she is St. Nicholas' oldest subscriber. "I was a subscriber to the then Scribner's Illustrated Magazine, now The Century, and seeing that a children's magazine was to be published by the same company I decided to get it for my nieces and nephews. But to avoid any discussion as to who should have it first, I had it sent to me. I have never missed a number and have read them *all*, and enjoyed them as much as the children . . . and I hope I may never miss a number!"

And, as we 've said before, St. Nicholas is a favorite, and age is no debarring factor, for it 's read by people from eight to eighty.

"St. Nicholas is the one child's magazine in this country which fulfills to any degree of satisfaction its proper province. The stories are well put together, and an excellent group of writers has been assembled to provide enjoyment for children of all ages. . . . The spectacle of father sneaking a look into St. Nicholas after the youngsters have gone to bed is not so far-fetched as one may think."—The New York *Times*.

NOTES FROM THE AMERICAN GOLFER

By Grantland Rice, *Editor*

JOCK HUTCHISON

LIKE politics and prohibition, golf takes hold of men and women with varying degrees of seriousness. To some hardly less than a sacred mystery, to others a fine sport and a means of good times and good fellowship; to still others a sugar-coated pill of bitter necessity for the warding off of prosperity's broad shadow, fat—it is to each and every golfer a challenge. A challenge to play better, and still better.

The merest uninspired seeker of the pleasantest way to a better waist-line, a less puffy respiration, is caught along with the hardy bronzed enthusiasts of golf by the desire to better—constantly better—his game. Colonel Bogey haunts all games, beckoning his devotees to approach closer and closer.

The editor of THE AMERICAN GOLFER knows that this is one of the primary facts about the game. It is played largely against an invisible, unapproachable, impossible opponent: Perfection. This is not chilling and hopeless but the greatest fascination of the game to many. For this reason, the editor has from the first gone after articles by great players on the technique and minutiæ of the game. He has arranged for a series, already started and to run throughout next year, by the British Open Champion and the American Open Champion—both Americans, by the way; and that involves a unique honor for American golf.

Jim Barnes and Jock Hutchison, who grin cheerily at the top of these columns, are grand golfers, good fellows and exceptionally clear and interesting writers on the fine points of the game. We congratulate ourselves on securing this important series, and enjoy thinking how keenly it is going to interest our readers.

There will be many such articles, and they will be by those in whose play the public is most interested. It is the special advantage of a bi-monthly that it can be contemporaneous.

THE NOVICE

"It isn't," she said,
"that I couldn't
have *hit* it;
But really, I'm *sure*
that my clubs do
not *fit* it!"

JIM BARNES

THE Amateur Championship tournament, which great annual event will be played out September 17 to 24 on the St. Louis Country Club course, one of the finest golf courses in the country, will be attended, on behalf of our readers, by the editor. With him will go Don M. Parker, business manager of our magazine, as well as devoted and not infrequently victorious golfer, and our contributor, John G. Anderson. Mr. Parker and Mr. Anderson will be players, and by the time this is read, news despatches will have reported their luck, or lack of it. Grantland Rice will be a spectator, and the next issue after this notice appears should contain his story of the game.

IT has occurred to me to wonder if all our readers realize just what a "glorious company" of good fellows they joined when they sent in their first subscriptions. Running over some of the letters received in answer to the invitations sent out for the AMERICAN GOLFER'S Contributors' Tournament which was held August 24 at Pelham Country Club, at which a notably "good time was had by all," we find these names: Irvin Cobb (who received 1½ votes as a nominee for President —you remember him, don't you?), Ring Lardner, Rex Beach, Fontaine Fox, Robert H. Davis, Donn Byrne, Heywood Broun, Clarence B. Kelland, Hugh S. Fullerton, Frederick Dorr Steele, Walter Prichard Eaton, Tom Masson, George Ade, George Barr McCutcheon, and—well, it's a mean way to fill up all the space with names; but the reflection comes: Does n't *golf* explain why this generation does not think of a pale, sickly, cellary-looking sprout when the word "writer" is mentioned, but more likely of a tanned husky, clear-eyed and well set up? Anyway, there are facts which would seem to point that way!

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(Continued from inside front cover)

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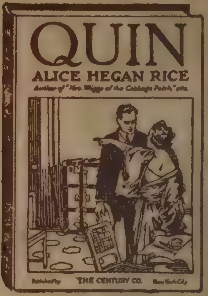
QUIN

By ALICE HEGAN RICE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Author of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," etc.
Published by THE CENTURY CO. New York City

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(Continued on inside of back cover)

The CENTURION

A Review of Century Publications

NOVEMBER, 1921

THE CENTURION is published each month first as a 16-page insert in The Century Magazine, and then is bound separately in a cover of its own and sent without charge to anyone upon request. Address The Century Co., 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

CHARMIAN LONDON'S BOOK ABOUT "JACK"

Now and again there lives a writer whose life is so preposterous a contrast to all we know in our daily lives that every detail about him is as much the property of his readers as his published work. Jack London was notably one of these. Charmian London, his wife, has written a biography, "The Book of Jack London" (The Century Co., 2 vols., $10.00), extraordinarily intimate and frank, which gives the man to his readers as perhaps has never been done in the case of any other writer. It is the definitive biography, the final word, on the life of that remarkable literary phenomenon—Jack London. We give below a few extracts from this vivid document.

WHEN "Jack" was war-correspondent for the Hearst publications during the Russo-Japanese war his seamanship proved useful. All sea transportation was disorganized, and he had need to make another port. He writes, in a letter:

"On board *Junk*, off Korean Coast,
"Tuesday, Feb. 9, 1904.

"The wildest and most gorgeous thing ever! If you could see me just now, captain of a junk with a crew of three Koreans who speak neither English nor Japanese and with five Japanese guests (strayed travelers) who speak neither English nor Korean—that is, all but one, which last knows a couple of dozen English words. And with this polyglot following I am bound on a voyage of several hundred miles along the Korean coast to Chemulpo.

"And how did it happen? I was to sail Monday, Feb. 8th, on the *Kiego Maru* for Chemulpo. Saturday, Feb. 6th, returning in the afternoon from Kokura (where my camera had been returned to me)—returning to Shimonoseki, I learned the *Keigo Maru* had been taken off its run by the Jap. Government. Learned also that many Jap. warships had passed the straits bound out, and that soldiers had been called from their homes to join their regiments in the middle of the night.

"And I made a dash right away. Caught, just as it was getting under way, a small steamer for Fusan. Had to take a third class passage—and it was a *native* steamer—no white man's chow (food) even first class, and I had to sleep on deck. Dashing aboard in steam launch, got one trunk overboard but saved it. Got wet myself, and my rugs and baggage, crossing the Japan Sea. At Fusan, caught a little 120-ton steamer loaded with Koreans and Japs, and deck load piled to the sky, for Chemulpo. Made Mokpo with a list to starboard of fully thirty degrees. It would take a couple of hundred of such steamers to make a *Siberia*. But this morning all passengers and freight were fired ashore, willy nilly, for Jap. Government had taken the steamer to use. We had traveled the preceding night convoyed by two torpedo boats.

"Well, fired ashore this morning, I chartered this junk, took five of the Japanese passengers along, and here I am, still bound for Chemulpo. Hardest job I ever undertook. Have had no news for several days, do not know if war has been declared and shall not know until I make Chemulpo—or maybe Kun San, at which place I drop my passengers. God, but I'd like to have a mouthful of white man's speech. It's not quite satisfying to do business with a 24-word vocabulary and gesticulations."

And again:

"Saturday, Feb. 11, 1904.

"Still wilder, but can hardly say so 'gorgeous,' unless landscapes and seascapes seen between driving snow squalls, be gorgeous. You know the tides on this Coast range from 40 to 60 feet (we 're at anchor now, in the midst of ten thousand islands, reefs, and shoals, waiting four hours until the tide shall turn toward Chemulpo—30 *li*—which means 75 miles away).

"Well, concerning tides. Yesterday morning found us on a lee shore, all rocks, with a gale pounding the whole Yellow Sea down upon us. Our only chance for refuge, dead to leeward, a small bay, and high and dry. Had to wait on the 40-ft. tide. And we waited, anchored under a small reef across which the breakers broke, until, tide rising, they submerged it. Never thought a sampan (an open crazy boat) could live through what ours did. A gale of wind, with driving snow—you can imagine how cold it was. But I'm glad I have Japanese sailors. They 're braver and cooler and more daring than the Koreans. Well, we waited till eleven A.M. It was 'twixt the devil and the deep sea—stay and be swamped, run for the little bay and run the chance of striking in the surf. We could n't possibly stay longer, so we showed a piece of sail and ran for it. Well, I was nearly blind with a headache which I had brought away with me from Kun San, and which had been increasing ever since; and I did not much care what happened; yet I remember, when we drove in across, that I took off my overcoat, and loosened my shoes—and I did n't bother a bit about trying to save the camera.

"But we made it—half full of water—but we made it. And maybe it did n't howl all night, so cold that it froze the salt water. . . .

"Junks, crazy—I should say so. Rags, tatters, rotten—something always carrying away—how they navigate is a miracle. I wonder if Hearst thinks I 'm lost."

His voyages are famous, and have been made familiar to the world in a group perhaps the most popular of all his books. Mrs. London tells how the idea of the voyage of the *Snark* began. He told or read aloud many stories to fellow campers, old and young, during a California playtime not long before his marriage to Charmian.

"Joshua Slocum's 'Voyage of the *Spray*' came in for its turn, and suddenly, one day, Jack laid down the book, and said to Uncle Roscoe Eames: 'If Slocum could do it alone in a thirty-five-foot sloop, with an old tin clock for chronometer, why could n't we do it in a ten-foot-longer boat with better equipment and more company?'

"Uncle Roscoe, devoted yachtsman all his life, and to all appearance as devoted as ever at nearly sixty, beamed with interest. The two fell with vim to comparing models of craft, their audience open-mouthed at the proposition. All at once Jack turned to me, and I am sure there was no misgiving in his heart:

JACK LONDON IN THE FAR NORTH

"'What do *you* say, Charmian?—suppose five years from now, after we 're married and have built our house somewhere, we start on a voyage around the world in a forty-five-foot yacht. It 'll take a good while to build her, and we 've got a lot of other things to do besides.'

"'I 'm with you, every foot of the way,' I coincided, 'but why wait five years? Why not begin construction in the spring and let the house wait? No use putting up a home and running right away and leaving it! I love a boat, you love a boat; let's call the boat our house until we get ready to stay a little while in one place. We 'll never be any younger, nor want to go any more keenly than right now. . . .'

"And this was the inception of the *Snark* voyage idea, most wonderful of all our glittering rosary of adventurings."

Mrs. London has not, however, confined her story to the adventures that were decorously encountered with his wife by the married Jack. The roaring days of his youth when he was gangster, pirate, hobo, and Able Seaman are richly and colorfully painted, as often as not in his words, as no other biographer could have done it. Here is a part of one mad night of "Jack ashore":

" . . . just as they were luxuriously settling on their native wooden headrests to enjoy the novelty of music made on samisens and taikos they had engaged, 'came a wild howl from the street . . . howling, disdaining doorways, with bloodshot eyes and wildly waving muscular arms, Victor burst upon us through the fragile walls.' It developed later that Victor had dreamed that a pretty Japanese girl whom he had fancied earlier in the afternoon had been appropriated by Jack, and he forthwith ran amuck scandalously. 'The orchestra fled,' Jack recounts; 'so did we. We went through doorways, and we went through paper walls—anything to get away.' But they returned to pay for the demolished house.

"'The main street was a madness. Because the chief of police with his small force was helpless, the Governor of the colony had issued orders to the captains to have all their men on board by sunset.' This was the signal for a 'general debauch for all hands.' The men 'went around inviting the authorities to try to put them aboard.' And Jack, still sober enough to take it all in, 'thought it was great. It was like the old days of the Spanish Main come back. It was license; it was adventure. And I was part of it, a chesty sea-rover along with all these other chesty sea-rovers among the paper houses of Japan.'

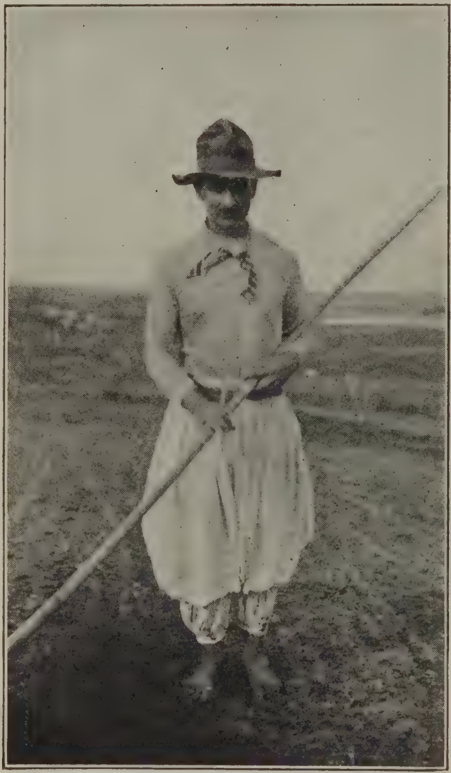
"Many pictures he remembered, in which he figured, the last one 'standing out very clear and bright in the midst of vagueness before the blackness afterward.' He and several angel-faced apprentices of his own age from the Canadian sealers, 'are swaying and clinging to one another under the stars . . . singing a rollicking sea-song, all save one who sits on the ground and weeps; and we are marking the rhythm with waving square-faces. From up and down the street come far choruses of sea-voices similarly singing, and life is great, and beautiful, and romantic, and magnificently mad.'"

CHARMIAN LONDON AND TWO OF HER THOROUGHBREDS

A LOST TRIBE OF JEFF DAVIS

Going on from the desolate high Andes down which he tramped afoot (he has told of it in "Vagabonding Down the Andes"), Harry A. Frank saw Argentina and Chile, then turned north through Uruguay, Paraguay, Brazil, British Columbia and British, Dutch and French Guiana. He has made a rich narrative of his experiences, characterized by that quietly keen, perspicuous veracity which is so valuable in all his work and by his own dry Yankeeish humor. An interesting and surprising bit from this book "Working North from Patagonia" (The Century Co., $5.00), shows that there are some still "unreconstructed" Americans, living at present in Brazil.

THE train sped away through endless rows of coffee, stretching out of sight over rolling horizons. The region seemed more fertile than that about São Paulo city, with a redder soil, though this may only have been because here it had recently rained. Unlike those elsewhere, the Brazilian coffee bushes stood out on the bare hillsides entirely unshaded, the fields often looking as if they had been combed with a gigantic comb. Within an hour I stopped at Villa Americana, a small country town with a plow factory, a cotton-and-ribbon-mill, and a fertile landscape in every direction. It is the railway station for large numbers of Americans, or ex-Americans, chiefly farmers, who are scattered for many miles round about. I found the first of them opposite the station, a doctor who had been practicing here for a quarter of a century, and who stepped to the telephone to call upon one of the colony to act as my cicerone. The youth of twenty who responded was, in dress, looks, manners, and speech, a typical young American of our southern states, but he was a native of Villa Americana, one of many children of a white-haired but still agile man of aristocratic slenderness who lived in the chief mansion of the town, beside a spireless brick Protestant church which he had been mainly instrumental in building. Soon after the Civil War, in 1867, bands of disgruntled Americans from our southern states emigrated to Brazil and settled in the five provinces nearest the federal capital, where they were later joined by others who had first tried their luck in the Amazon regions. The father of my guide and several brothers had come from Georgia with their father, who though he had been a merchant at home and was seventy years old, had started anew as a farmer. The present head of the family had served two years in the Confederate army, and was still bitter over the sufferings of his family during Sherman's march to the sea. Virtually every American of the older generation in this region had fought through the war as "Johnny Rebs," as they still jokingly called themselves, and had fled to Brazil soon after the beginning of reconstruction days "to escape carpet-baggers, free and insolent niggers, and because we fancied the Yanks were going to eat us up; also so we could keep slaves again." They still called Americans of the North, particularly New Englanders, "them Down East Yanks," and seem hardly to recognize that the Civil War is over. Any of them could quickly be wrought up into a heated discussion of slavery, the character of Lincoln, and the other questions that sent the founders of Villa Americana off in a huff to the hills of Brazil. The Americans were the first to bring modern plows into the country, with the resultant advantages in production when high prices prevailed. But the majority spent their fortunes as they earned them, thinking these conditions would last forever, and to-day they are little more prosperous than their Brazilian neighbors. Though many owned slaves up to 1888, there seems to be no bitterness against the men who brought about emancipation in Brazil. They had, however, by no means lost their color-line.



An Ox-driver of Southern Brazil

Most of the transplanted Americans now admit that they could probably have done better, at least economically, to have remained in the United States, but none of them seemed to be thinking of returning. They retain the good-heartedness and the unassuming hospitality of the southern plantation in slave days, and with it all the old class distinctions of the south. Such a family among them they spoke of as "belonging to the overseer class," others as "right low down trash." On the whole, the colony seems to have clung rather tenaciously to the American standards of morality though I heard mention of exceptions to this rule. It was surprising how American the better class families, such as that of my guide, had kept. Thanks to their own private schools, their vocabularies were fully equal to those of the average educated American, though their pronunciation had peculiar little idiosyncracies, such as giving a Portuguese value to the letters of words that have come into our language since the Civil War. Even the men who were born in the United States mixed many Brazilian words, particularly of the farm, with their English. Their farm-hands they called "comrades," though these were in almost every case black and little more than peons, earning an average of 2$500 a day, with a hut to live in and room to plant a garden about it, if they chose, which few of them did. The older men spoke Portuguese with the same ease with which they rolled and smoked cigarettes Brazilian fashion, while the younger generation, of course, preferred that tongue, except in a few houses where the parents had insisted on English. Among the "low down trash," most of the second generation was said to know no English whatever. On the whole the colony was another demonstration of the fact that South America does not assimilate her immigrants to any such extent as does the United States.

When we had eaten a genuine Southern dinner of fried chicken and all that goes with it, the son "hitched up" and drove me out through eucalyptus trees and whole hills of black-green coffee bushes to visit another American family. There was a suggestion of our southern mountaineers about this household, the women diffident, silent, and keeping in the background, though the men had excellent English vocabularies and the mountaineer's self-reliance. Yet they were not always quite sure of themselves and were leisurely, of wit, with a manner which proved that the intangible something known as American humor is the result of environment rather than bred in the bone. The colony introduced watermelons into Brazil, but the fruit is nearly all in Italian hands now, great wagon-loads of them having passed us on their way into town. When the Americans first arrived, they had planted much cotton and sugar, but these crops have been almost wholly abandoned and they rarely raise more than enough coffee for their own use, giving their attention chiefly to corn and beans.

MUCH OF SOUTH AMERICA IS OF THIS COLOR

Rain came on at dusk and with it the blackest of nights, and what was said to be the worst drought in forty years was broken suddenly and in earnest. The trip back to Villa Americana in the impenetrable darkness, over poor, washed-out roads, was out of the question, and we were shown to excellent beds of un-Brazilian softness in the typical guest-room of the American mountaineer farmer. It was broad daylight before five, with twittering birds making a great racket in the surrounding trees, so we repaired to hammocks outside. Here we still lay when a *moleque*, or negro-boy servant, brought us coffee with milk, and an hour later summoned us to a genuine breakfast, one of the American customs which has outlived long exile in the Brazilian hills. . . .

In Spanish-America, nothing but black coffee is to be had until *almoco*, or "breakfast," between ten and eleven, which is followed about sunset by *jantar*.

Indeed, it would be difficult to speak kindly of Brazilian hotels. Both these meals are heavy, lacking in anything but quantity, and made up almost entirely of meat. This *carne verde* ("green" meat), having just been killed and so called to distinguish it from *xarque* or *carne secca*, the salted or sun-dried variety familiar in the rural districts, is cooked in several different ways, all of which leave it hopelessly tough. Whether in hotels or railway-station restaurants, the menu is unvarying, and eight or ten huge plates of meat are slapped down in the middle of a long, noisy, public table, where each guest grasps what he can before his neighbors make way with it. To save time or trouble all dishes are served at once, and are habitually cold before they reach the individual plates. There is a great paucity of vegetables, even potatoes being considered a luxury and rarely reaching the interior of the country. Instead, there stands on every table a glass jar of what looks like course yellow salt, but which proves to be *farinha*, flour made of the manioc or *yuca* that is served boiled in the Andean countries, and which is used throughout Brazil to thicken soups, or eaten dry.

The hotel proprietor usually gives his attention exclusively to the bar, which he claims to be the only paying part of his establishment.

In short, hardly anywhere in South America, off the tourist trails, is hotel comfort to be found.

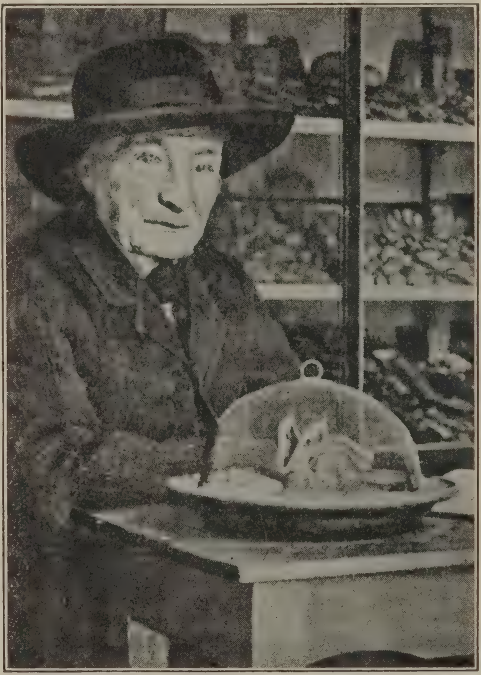
FAIRIES WE SHOULD ALL "BELIEVE IN"

Jean-Henri Fabre has given to children a new fairyland—and one in which they need never disbelieve. A new volume of his nature-wonders "Animal Life in Field and Garden," (The Century Co., $2.50), has been translated from the French for American children. In it he tells his two nephews stories of the insects which help or hinder man in his orchards, fields and gardens. A few paragraphs from his defense of that much misunderstood creature, the bat, are given below.

THE bat lives on insects exclusively. . . .

"Notice what happens on a calm summer evening. Lured abroad by the balmy atmosphere of the twilight hours, a host of insects leave their lurking-places and come forth, guests at life's garden party, to sport together in the air, hunt for food, and mate with one another. It is the hour when the sphinx-moths fly abruptly from flower to flower and thrust their long probosces into the depths of the corollas, where honey is stored; the hour when the mosquito thirsting for human blood, sounds its war-cry in our ears and selects our tenderest spot to stab with its poisoned lancet; the hour when the June-bug leaves the shelter of the leaf, spreads its buzzing wings, and goes humming through the air in quest of its fellows. The gnats dance in joyous swarms which the slightest breath of wind disperses like a column of smoke; butterflies and moths, in wedding-garments, their wings powdered with silvery dust and their antennæ spread out like plumes, join in the frolic or seek places in which to deposit their eggs; the wood-borer comes forth from its hidden retreat under the bark of the elm; the weevil breaks its cell hollowed out in a grain of wheat; the plume-moths rise in clouds from the granaries and fly toward the fields of ripe cereals; other moths explore here the grape-vines, there the pear-trees, apple-trees, cherry-trees, busily seeking food and shelter for their evil progeny.

"But in the midst of these festive assemblies suddenly there comes a killjoy. It is the bat, which flies hither and thither, up and down, appearing and disappearing, darting its head out this side and that, and each time snapping up an insect on the wing, crushing and swallowing it immediately. The hunting is good; gnats, beetles, and moths abound; and every now and then a little cry of joy announces the capture of a plump June-bug. As long as the fading twilight permits, the eager hunter thus pursues its work of extermination. Satisfied at last, the bat flies back to its somber and quiet retreat. The next evening and all through the summer the hunt is resumed, always with the same ardor, always at the expense of insects only.



THE KINDLY SAGE OF PROVENCE

"You say so many wonderful things about it, Uncle," Emile interposed: "there 's another thing, too, I 've just noticed. Why does the creature have such fat cheeks? See what a puffed-up face it has."

"With the bat," Uncle Paul explained, "the chase is a short one, lasting only one or two hours—in fact, the short interval between sunset and dark. The remainder of the twenty-four hours is passed in rest, in the quiet of some cavern or grotto. Does the animal, then, have but one meal in all this time? And what if there are evenings when hunting is out of the question?

Pouches are indispensable, deep pouches in which the hunter can put his game as fast as he catches it. The cheeks exactly fill this office: they can be enlarged at the creature's will—distended so as to form roomy pockets in which the insects killed with a snap of the teeth can be stowed away.

WELL-WOVEN THREADS

A new English author is being introduced to the American public; one with a well-knit, provocatively different story: "Threads," by Frank Stayton (The Century Co., $1.90), whose plot might be that of a "shilling shocker," so pregnant is it with thrills. But it is handled with a smooth, delightful, ultra-modern irony.

LIKE Somerset Maugham, Frank Stayton, the author of "Threads," is an English playwright who has had many plays produced—some eighteen or twenty, we believe—with a high average of success. He chose to put the present plot into the form of a novel, and it is remarkable how very much at ease he moves in the new medium. Here is none of the feeling that every few pages must accomplish a "situation," that the speech of the characters is set to cues—on the contrary, one gets an impression almost of relief, certainly of great surety and pleasure, in his development in a subtle, deep-tickling ironic humor, of the purely psychological possibilities of a striking situation.

A man of education and in good circumstances has been convicted of murder. His sentence is commuted to life imprisonment, and he arranges with his wife that she shall assume another name and take up life ostensibly as a widow, for the sake of the children. The real murderer being discovered, after fifteen years the husband and father returns to his family.

The pitch of the story is ultra-modern, the people emphatically of to-day; there is scarcely a shred of sentimentality in the lot of them, and the author's adjustment of each individual to the strange situation is as intensely absorbing as it is clever. One is piqued at the unexpectedness, the unaverageness, or these folk—but absolutely convinced that so they were and did and thought.

This is Captain Stayton's first novel; we believe it is not likely to be its last. There is too large a reading public in this country for books inspired with the strong individuality which we have here presented to America for the first time.

"GIBBETED GODS": A NOVEL

An American novel "Gibbeted Gods," by Lillian Barrett (The Century Co., $1.90) is here called to the attention of those readers who are glad to welcome American novels which have no need to apologize to British work. It has many of those qualities which we are accustomed to recognize frequently in the better English novelists (richness, assuredness, a three-dimensional effect), but not too often in our own.

LILLIAN Barrett has written a book which is not merely a brilliant *tour de force* but a piece of sincere work decidedly of spiritual as well as intellectual intelligence and achieving solid conviction.

In the society novel—and this is a society novel—the glitter of cleverness, of superficial wit, often leaves one with a suspicion that he has been played to by lay figures which have no more solidity than will sustain their glimmering draperies. But here are human hearts, hot with the common passions and the common blood of humanity or chilled and slowed and shaken with the common portion of dread and sorrow.

The author has a keen sense of the sort of illusion which their life develops in the predatory rich: the clever, hard-shining surface; the stagy pluck; the carefully eclectic and exotic culture; the love of beauty and form which has nothing whatever to say to the sterile spirit. She has made her book sparkling, amusing;—and she has achieved as well a serious criticism of life.

"*Paddy*," the mother of the heroine, is an incorrigible waster, a devastator of lives and hearts, a dancer on graves; one who wreaks a bitter, mordant wit unsparingly on everything, destroying with the light touch of a finger-tip. From the day she laughingly mocks at her small daughter's delusion that "there *is* a God" until she dies, "*Paddy*" is to *Charlotte*, child and woman, her life's great responsibility. "To take care of 'Paddy'" is the unchildish weight on her small shoulders even while her beautiful mother yet shows to the world none of that terrible need of care which later is too plain.

The story moves swiftly from "smart" circles in America to a luxurious, secluded life in Florence; again to America, and back to Florence again—a very different Florence, and not at all luxurious this time. Yet Via Guicciardini, the colorful, noisy street of the fruit vendors, is not as far in any sense from the lovely villa of the old days as is *Charlotte's* heart from the heart of the child who drank in all that was beauty in those golden Italian days.

And even the *Charlotte* of the Via Guicciardini is not so far from that child as "*Paddy*" now is from the creature of bewildering enticements she has been.

The problem of sacrifice is inherent in this story. In working out a stern loyalty to duty, *Charlotte* finds that she has mortally hurt the lives of the two persons for whom she has sacrificed her own whole life. This is neither a blatant challenge to the belief that sacrifice may be fruitful, nor mere luxuriating in morbid conceptions: it is the inevitable, logical outcome of the situation and the characters and the things they have willed. *Charlotte* clear of illusions, strongly entrenched in the eternal verities of love and truth-in-love, would not have been the *Charlotte* whose early years were twisted, strained, tormented, beneath all the soft surface of luxury and beauty, by the life about her. She "overcompensates" their selfishness with her sacrifice.

Her love story, the idyllic hour of it among the purple mountains and strong sweetness of pine and fern; the ruthless hand she laid upon her own heart later, and what came of it, make a strong, sincere, absorbing and extremely well handled love-motif in this novel of American life.

Rich with the qualities which make English books of the better type so acceptable to us, yet racy of our own land—for that reason alone, if for no other, this is an unusually important novel.

The author, Lillian Barrett, was born in Newport, Rhode Island, and was graduated from Smith College. She lives in New York and Newport, but has traveled extensively, spending considerable periods in places all over the world: Port Antonio, Jamaica; in many different parts of Europe; in Cairo; Beirut, and Turkey-in-Europe. She has been writing "seriously" since 1917 and has already done a considerable amount of work in the magazine field besides publishing, two years ago, a first novel.

THE AUTHOR: LILLIAN BARRETT

"TO ORDER" FOR THE T. B M.

There has been published recently a mystery story, "Within Four Walls," by Edith Baulsir (The Century Co., $1.90), which is of a high order in that its actors are not jerky-actioned wooden puppets of the plot but creatures which live and command our sympathy and interest; and also because it cleverly keeps its secret until the very last few pages.

THERE is at least one book, this fall, which was deliberately created for the Tired Business Man. Indeed, it may be said without much exaggeration to have been written "to order" for him.

Of course it is a crisp, swiftly-moving mystery story. That is the sort of book a gathering largely of men friends of the author (who is in private life Mrs. George Avery Reeder) voted for as the kind that "did the most" for people, and more especially for the T. B. M.

"The men in the party," the author writes to her publishers, "emphatically agreed that a mystery story held enough recreation for a tired brain, and was not so deep or so psychological as to urge one to a further mental effort that was exhausting. The glow of finally having the mystery solved, the hero and heroine extricated from the web that enmeshed them, they declared, would send the reader to bed in a satisfied state with a feeling of having witnessed a good fight, fairly won, with none of the responsibility for it resting on their own already weary shoulders.

"The concensus of opinion was that in the stress of the present day that was trying the soul of the business man with its upset conditions, a good mystery story where someone else, other than the reader, was standing the pommelling, was as soothing as a sedative to his jangled nerves."

Miss Baulsir did not forget this discussion. When she sat down to write this book the men's specifications were in mind, and she deliberately attempted to follow them.

She has certainly succeeded in giving anyone a good opportunity to forget his troubles in the tense interest of the plot.

A man who has wandered over the face of the earth for many years, and has been through the world war, decides to return to his own country and settle down on an estate which has been left him by his uncle. He is somewhat weary, not unscathed by war, and looks forward to a long period of quiet, of neighborliness, of simple, restful pleasures.

From the time his own door-bell jangles through an apparently empty house which should have been bright with welcome, and is answered by an old, strange servant quite obviously frightened nearly out of her wits for some reason which he cannot fathom, through bewilderment on bewilderment which follow hard on a terrible cry heard through the night, to the time when he solves the mystery and wins peace at last (and love and happiness into the bargain)—during all this time, he is never for a moment at rest.

But his powers of resistance to shock, his courage, the whole energy of his being, are revivified and reinforced a thousand times—for he has found love, and the delightful, piquant child-woman he loves is in the gravest danger.

To tell how he saves her life and her honor by means which are by turns most desperate and most clever would be to spoil the complete surprise which certainly awaits practically every reader who has honorably refrained from "cheating." It is not probable that more than one in a hundred of the oldest hands at guessing plots would hit upon the right solution of this case.

THE AUTHOR: EDITH BAULSIR

CONCERNING MR. WILLIAM BINKS

A book of lilting, singing light verse, with catchy rhythms and delicious humors and absurdities is "Merry-Go-Roundelays," by Edward Anthony (The Century Co., $1.50). Mr. Anthony is the man who did the book and lyrics of "Good Luck, Sam," the Cohan musical comedy success. The awful situation of Mr. William Binks is one of the conceits from a volume as enjoyable as the "Bab Ballads" of W. S. Gilbert.

WHENEVER Mr. William Binks
Would quarrel with his wife
He' d grab his hat and leave her flat
And run for all his life
Until he came to Mike's cafe
Where he would sit and brood,
And drinking late, he reached the state
That is commonly known as stewed.

Then prohibition came along
And wrinkled the nation's brow,
And soon (it was awful!) all booze was unlawful,
All liquor was seized, so that now

Whenever Mr. William Binks
Quarreleth with his wife
He grabs his hat and leaves her flat
And runs for all his life
Until he comes to Mike's cafe
Where he's wont to sit and brood,
And drink till late till he reaches the state
That is commonly known as stewed.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS IN INDIA

M. Robert Chauvelot, a traveler whose light and charming style, whose Gallic genius of appreciation for the picturesque, the telling, the dramatic, make his writings extraordinarily readable, had, moreover, an entrée into the society of high-caste native India which gave him experiences impossible for the usual tourist to achieve. It has been thought worth while to translate from the French his "Mysterious India" (The Century Co., $3.50) for the pleasure of American readers. The following is a part of his description of the wedding of a maharajah which he attended as an invited guest who had come all the way from Paris for the purpose.

A GREAT Hindu marriage is no ordinary event. It is an occasion for dazzling fêtes, unprecedented festivities, wild prodigalities and Rabelaisian feasts. It is the correct thing to ruin, or almost ruin, oneself. The "Paraître" of my intelligent and penetrating cousin, Maurice Donnay, finds here its completest and most exact application. One must spend, one must even squander; to-morrow will do for serious business and domestic economy! This does not extend to the guests themselves who only watch what is going on and merely add their friendly or sumptuous contributions to the mad luxury that obtains among the wedding gifts.

They do not consist, these wedding gifts, as they do with us, of modest cases of jewels, silver, lace, furs, pianos, automobiles, etc. . . . The Hindu wedding boasts of more royal presents. Would you care to know, for example, what was the wedding gift of His Highness the Maharajah of Kashmir to the young couple of Kapurthala? An elephant, six horses, fifteen thousand rupees. The other princes, less rich than he, contented themselves with offering the betrothed: one, three camels, two horses, a dozen falcons; another, some Bokhara rugs, a collar of pearls, draperies embroidered with gold; others made their appearance preceded by a herald bearing sacks of precious stones in their matrix, or rough-hewn nuggets of gold. The exhibition of the gifts takes place, as in France, a few days before the marriage ceremony, but in the morning, from ten o'clock till noon, in a special room, guarded by two armed attendants. The groom, who alone is visible before the day of the marriage—the young girl being strictly secluded in the zenana of the ranees—does the honors generally of the inspection of the gifts, many of which are reserved for him personally: arms, jewels, saddles, tennis rackets, polo sticks, etc.

ELEPHANTS REAL AND ELEPHANTS SCULPTURED

There is something melancholy and saddening in the persistent and mysterious absence of the bride, who ought to be the queen, fêted, petted, complimented, of all these festivities. But the Hindu wedding custom permits no relaxation of this stringent system. Even if, like the Princess Brinda of Jubbal, the bride were strongly imbued with European civilization, this preventive sequestration would none the less take place. It is, in a sense, a preparatory novena which she accomplishes now. Surrounded by the dowager queen, that is to say by the maharanee, the other ranees and their intimates, she trains herself and accustoms herself in advance to the double rôle of sovereign and wife which must soon be hers. The priests visit her and instruct her thoroughly in her duties—there is no question of her rights, which do not exist—and in certain obligations which the Law of Manu imposes on her and which she must fulfill.

This law of Manu, of which I have already spoken but to which I must return, enacts, in regard to marriage, certain engaging, curious and yet poetic rules which, however, when taken together, reveal to us in what a condition of dependence, of absolute servitude, even if mingled with respect, the Hindu wife has to be held. Finally, there are certain deliciously naïve counsels it gives, this Law of Manu, to those who are possessed by the legitimate desire to contract upright marriages. I cannot resist the amusement of quoting a few of them:

"Let him who wishes to marry not espouse a girl having red hair, or one limb too many (?), or who is often ill, or who is insupportable by virtue of her loquacity. But let him take a well-formed woman, who has the graceful gait of a swan or a young elephant (!) and whose hair is fine, her teeth small, her limbs of a pleasurable softness." Advice producing mingled emotions!

The legislator seems to have, perhaps from experience, an opinion of conjugal fidelity that is rather bitter and tarnished with skepticism:

"Even when shut in their apartments, under the guard of faithful and devoted men, women are by no means in surety; those only are so who guard themselves from their own will. Because of their passion for men, the inconstancy of their temper, and the lack of affection which is natural to them, it is in vain, here below, to guard them with vigilance; they will always be exposed to infidelity to their husbands."

"It is true that Manu has apportioned to women the love of pleasure and dress, concupiscence, anger, evil ways, the desire to do ill and perversity." Charming!

In what gallant terms these things are said! In the same way, the "Law for Men," according to Hervieu, is not embarrassed, in India, by all the hypocritical prolegomena of our Occidental divorces and separations. Has a woman ceased to please her husband? The latter does not need to have recourse to an extra-judicial examination or the proceedings of an attorney. A thorough repudiation, made before the Brahman, takes the place of the official proceedings of non-reconciliation, constituting *ipso facto* the divorce. As for the pretext for invoking it, on the part of the husband, the Law of Manu, very eclectic, furnishes him with a veritable assortment: he has only to choose among them according to his good pleasure, merely taking account of the circumstances of time and place.

"A sterile woman," declares the Law of Manu "may be replaced at the end of eight years; one whose children are all dead, in the tenth year; one who has brought into the world only daughters (a stigma of inferiority) in the eleventh year; one who speaks sharply, at once.

"During one whole year, let a husband endure the aversion of his wife. But after one year, if she continues to hate him, let him take what property belongs to her, leaving her sufficient to subsist and clothe herself, and let him cease to live with her."

A SANYASKI FAKIR ON A JOURNEY

All these arrangements, all these paragraphs—of which I quote only the principal, the most salient ones—constitute the written law of marriage, the law applied to the letter, without restriction; no tempering of mildness or gentleness has encroached upon this assemblage of pitiless and meddling rules. The woman, on the day of her marriage, must walk, not beside her husband, but behind him, like a slave. It would be unseemly for her to be larger than her husband or for her head to be taller than his, the symbol of a future emancipator that would not be tolerated. Thus the "fashion" is for small brides, with smoothly combed hair held apart with fillets and naked feet—perish our Louis XIV heels!—such that the smallest husband will not be thrown into the shade. In Southern India—the coasts of Coromandel and Malabar—the wife is obliged, as a sign of submission, to place her foot over the real or imaginary print of each of her husband's footsteps; it would be an excuse for the rupture of the marriage if this rule were not observed.

Let us take as an example . . . the marriage of the Crown Prince of the Sikh State of Kapurthala, in the Punjab. . . . It may be said of him that he is almost a European. . . . Nevertheless, H. H. Paranjit Singh was obliged to marry in the Hindu fashion. The same rites, ceremonials, the same sequestration of the bride during the days preceding her wedding, the same observance of the horoscope, and the same childishly symbolical, coarse and at times repulsive pratices.

INFORMAL TALKS ABOUT THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

OF the many comments on the new art policy of The Century Magazine, one of the most interesting is that of Ralph Holmes in his column "Musings" in the Detroit *Journal*. Mr. Holmes writes:

> With what must have required not a little courage, The Century Magazine has changed its art course and with the August issue is well out on a black and white sea. Not until the experiment has proved a failure will the magazine put back into the harbor of wash drawings and half-tones, a time I imagine to lie in a very distant future.
>
> The experiment is of importance to more than the destiny of The Century, for if it succeeds, it cannot but influence other of the better class publications to follow suit, and a fine, large field will thus be opened to American artists anxious to work with pen and pencil. There are many such and it has only been the absence of a market that has kept them from following their inclinations.
>
> If the change amounted merely to the substitution of one medium for another just as good there would be no public concern in the matter, but exactions of pen work over wash and its greater possibilities for the artist make it reasonable to hope for an elevation in the tone of the entire American illustrating world. Because faking is easier with a brush than a pen, periodical illustration in this country has been sinking instead of rising, though there are some names of notable exception against whom this statement would not apply.
>
> Even thus early in its experiment The Century bears evidence of getting better work from better artists.
>
> How much more effective, for example, are the black and white transcriptions of settings designed by Robert Edmond Jones for the Hopkins production of "Macbeth" and by Norman Bel Geddes for "Erminie" than any photographic reproduction would be? And it has proved practicable even to give scenes from the cubistic movie, "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" in pen and ink.
>
> The flaky style of Florence Howell Barkley is charming, Arthur G. Dove's little pencil drawings for another article show how suggestive line work can be in small space, while the more finished pictures of Lui Trugo and the fortunately familiar drawings of John Wolcott Adams compel attention for their own inherent excellencies, holding the eye long after we have read the bit of text the artist seeks to illustrate.
>
> The Century deserves no little commendation for this step; the lover of fine drawing will hope that no foolish pride will prevent other magazines following suit. When that happens we shall have publications whose sections of 'pure reading' will be as interesting to the eye as the advertising portions.

Another of the many comments is that of W. A. Dwiggins, writing on "The Decline and Fall of Illustrating" in The New York *Evening Post*. He says:

> And so our art of illustration, fallen out of grace is to be redeemed by 'line.' It is so old-fashioned that it reappears as a glittering innovation. As you will see when you witness Rockwell Kent break through the half-tone fog with drawings in line refreshingly vivid and new . . . or when you see the estimable Century Magazine achieve a fresh and novel thing—by returning to the method that the first masters of printing evolved as the just way to illustrate books.

The Fresno *Standard* says, "Decidedly this ranks as the most definite improvement these ten years in any of the leading monthlies." The San Francisco *Chronicle* sums it up by saying, "One feels there are artists as well as writers on the magazine."

Adriana Spadoni, whose story "Cecco Remains" appeared in the October number, is back in New York after a summer spent in Falls Village, Connecticut. After "Cecco Remains" had found an enthusiastic welcome here at the Century office, we wrote Miss Spadoni reminding her that in a burst of confidence she had once told us of a new kind of Christmas story which she was going to write some day. We reminded her that magazine editors have to begin thinking of Christmas during the dog-days. She replied that she was literally up to her eyes in a play and that Christmas stories were the most remote and impossible considerations at that moment. Editor-wise, we persisted in demanding that particular Christmas story, and finally Miss Spadoni took a vacation from play-writing and produced "A Thing of Beauty." It will appear in the December number.

Joseph Anthony, whose story "A Cask of Ale for Columban" appeared in the March number, and whose novel "The Gang" has just been issued by the Holts, sailed early in September for London to open a European office for The Century Company and The Century Magazine. Mr. Anthony's presence in London is important to Century Magazine readers because it means that the magazine is in direct personal contact with the leading authors of England and the Continent, and that it will be able to secure their representative best in fiction and in articles of general interest.

In recognition of his work as one of the foremost modern American poets, Robert Frost, whose poem "Paul's Wife" appears in this issue, has been given the exceptional honor of a resident fellowship at the University of Michigan. His arrangement with the University imposes no obligation on him other than to establish his residence at Ann Arbor, where the University furnishes him a home and extends a liberal salary. He is free to do any sort of work he chooses and the only return he is asked to make is to keep in touch with the University and contribute to its general atmosphere of scholarship and literary interest. The feeling back of the appointment is that Mr. Frost's unusual qualities, both as a poet and as a man, will bring inspiration to both students and teachers and cannot help but react strongly and favorably upon the general community. Mr. Frost in writing of his appointment, says: "I seem to have been appointed for one year to a sort of resident fellowship, without duties, at the University of Michigan. It must be that I am taken as a representative of something—poetry—one of the arts, if I may say it who should n't. Where I benefit by the appointment is obvious. If there were more time I should try in self-defense to show you where the University comes in or might conceivably come in. It should at least obtain credit for risking its reputation (though only in a small way) by trying its judgment where judgment is hard and uncertain in contemporary art."

ADRIANA SPADONI

If the volume of mail which comes to an editor's desk from his readers is any basis on which to form a judgment, THE CENTURY, since its change of form in May, has aroused the most various set of reactions in those who read it. Comment ranges all the way from pained surprise and occasional vituperation to praise such as this from a well-known author: "I think the August CENTURY is as interesting as any monthly issue of anything I have ever seen. People are going to be proud to get between its covers. . . . Congratulations on Johnny Appleseed; it is one of the great American poems." Just as we were feeling very much "set up" over this in the editorial offices, a post-card was handed us which informed us pointedly that we were "bums," that our authors were "bums," and that the people they wrote about were "bums." This, of course, had a chastening effect. But the next letter was from a professor in an eastern university. "May I take this opportunity to tell you how delighted I am with Donn Byrne and Vachel Lindsay in the August number?" he wrote. "I should like to offer you sincere congratulation on the appearance of their work." Best of all, however, was a long letter from the editor of one of the leading dailies in Canada. "Usually," he wrote, "like most newspapermen, I merely skim through a paper; but the August CENTURY held me actually as a close reader more than any monthly paper I have seen for a long time." And, as a final word of encouragement, we had a letter from one of THE CENTURY'S old friends who had been to see Frances Hodgson Burnett. She wrote: "When I went in to see Mrs. Burnett on yesterday, I found her literally surrounded with and by THE CENTURY MAGAZINE, and this was her greeting to me: 'At last I have found distinction, originality, and contrast under the covers of *one* magazine!' "

Comment regarding Mr. Stribling's novel, "Birthright," is divided between praise and—prejudice. But the negro press seems to agree that here are the first authentic literary portraits of negroes as human beings.

ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE NOTES

WITH the November number, ST. NICHOLAS begins its forty-ninth volume, and to celebrate the event, the publishers are adding sixteen pages to the magazine. This will bring ST. NICHOLAS up to 112 pages, instead of the usual 96. The type, too, will be different. The size remains the same, but the new style has a broader and blacker appearance and, therefore, will be found much easier to read.

The editors and publishers have for a long time hoped to increase the size of ST. NICHOLAS, and now that some of the costs of printing are slowly receding from their high mark, it is possible to do this.

ST. NICHOLAS in any form or fashion would still hold its own in the affections of the boys and girls—and those who were boys and girls a few years ago—who still regard the reading of ST. NICHOLAS as the choice literary adventure of the month. For it is upon the *contents* of the magazine that ST. NICHOLAS has built its reputation, and it is upon this same basis that the numbers for the year, and years, to come will be edited.

Looking into the first issue—November—of the new magazine-year, there is much of interest to be found. Beginning at the front cover, you 'll find a forecast of the great autumn holiday, and also a reminder that Thanksgiving had its first observance in Plymouth Colony three hundred years ago. Mr. Relyea has done an exceptionally fine cover, and the hard work he had in finding the right kind of a turkey (the cover was made in mid-summer) is handsomely repaid in the effect which he has obtained.

Florence Boyce Davis has told the story of the Thanksgiving of 1621 in a ballad, and W. M. Berger has set off her verses to handsome advantage in four pages of beautiful pen-and-ink drawings.

And while we are on the subject of Thanksgiving, we might as well call attention to a page of fun—"A Spoiled Thanksgiving," in which Mr. Arthur Folwell's amusing verses have been given an added twist of humor by Reginald Birch. Mr. Birch has been drawing for ST. NICHOLAS these many years, and his contact with the "fountain of youth" of the magazine world has kept his spirit and pen as mirthful as ever. In our September number he illustrated a poem by Robert Emmet Ward entitled "Captain Kid." The author, in expressing his appreciation, found it necessary to "drop into poetry" again, and we pass his verses along to the readers of the Centurion:

> Here 's ST. NICK, addressed to me—
> Love o' Mike! What 's this I see?
> Verse of mine, and illustrated
> By a pencil celebrated—
> One which I 've not blushed to long
> Might, some day, adorn my song!
> Birch's own, no less! It 's plain
> That I have n't lived in vain.
>
> Birch, whose fairies' winsome grace is
> Charming as his children's faces:
> Birch, who can illume a joke
> With gracious, well-bred gentlefolk:
> Birch, whose work I loved to see
> Many a year ago (ah me!)—
> Birch himself, who had the joy
> Of depicting *Fauntleroy!*
> Could I then have dreamed that he
> Ever thus would honor me?
>
> Weave my wreath of laurel, quick—
> I 've some verses in ST. NICK!
> And I 've climbed Joy's topmost perch,
> For the pictures are by Birch!

To return to prose after Mr. Ward's refreshing bit of "free" verse, let us make note that in the November ST. NICHOLAS two new serial stories will be started on their way.

Ralph Henry Barbour, in the first chapters of "The Turner Twins," introduces us to *Ned* and *Laurie Turner*, and the first meeting with these lively boys convinces one that they will be an interesting pair to follow during the coming year.

"The Hill of Adventure" swings into a swift gallop, and the characters are introduced, the setting described, and the story begun with the briskness and snappiness of the West itself.

ST. NICHOLAS serials have always held a high place in the regard of the readers of the magazine, and many are the letters received by the editors approving their choice of these "to-be-continued" stories. One high mark of approbation came recently when seventy per cent. of the books recommended for boys and girls by the State Library of a Western State had previously been published in ST. NICHOLAS as serial stories.

In addition to the stories which are to continue through various numbers of the magazine this coming year, ST. NICHOLAS will publish a series of true adventure articles by Robert Forrest Wilson. These sketches, under the general title of "Uncle Sam's Adventurers," will relate some of the daring feats of our government scientists, who, in search of information for the various bureaus in Washington, risk life and limb in many far corners of the world. The first article will tell how two young Americans went into Arabia for date-palm shoots so that California could grow this fruit in competition with the Near-East. To go among these suspicious tribesmen and take from them, even at a fair price, what would later compete with their chief source of revenue, was not a pleasure trip by any means. You 'll be interested to see how these Popenoe brothers carried out their mission in face of fever, a tribal war, and, last, an ocean hurricane which for a time threatened to finish their quest and themselves as well.

"WOULD SIX DOLLARS A WEEK MEAN ANYTHING IN YOUR YOUNG LIFE"

An illustration for "Lone-Steer" Foster in November St. Nicholas

November is a football month—the best one of the year, for by this time most teams are working with the precision of machines. The coach of *Lockwood's* team expected to have a smooth-running organization, but he lost one of the necessary "cogs." *"Lone-Steer" Foster* thought his leaving the team for a Saturday job would not matter—he was just one of the ordinary players, far from being a star. His defection, however, shatters that thing, priceless alike to armies and teams—morale. When he does go back, he finds the damage his absence has caused is not easy to repair. So he has to be more than a "Lone-Steer," in fact he must be the leader to make amends. And how he does it is well told by Bayard York and graphically illustrated by Edward C. Caswell.

And speaking of art in the magazine, you will be glad to know that Charles Livingston Bull is going to illustrate "The Inca's Emerald," the serial by Samuel Scoville, Jr., which will begin in our January number. This story, one of adventure in the jungles of the Amazon region will afford Mr. Bull a splendid opportunity to employ his skill in depicting wild life.

Those who read Mr. Scoville's "The Blue Pearl" and "Boy Scouts in the Wilderness" will be keen to follow again the fortunes of *Will Bright*, *Joe Couteau*, and *Fred Perkins*. In company with their old partner *Jed* and *Prof. Ditson*, they set out on both a scientific mission and a treasure-hunt amid the ruins of the Inca's empire in Peru. Mr. Scoville has "done himself proud" in this story.

To return, for a paragraph, to the November number, we would like to call attention to the unusually interesting NATURE and SCIENCE section. There is an article by A. Russel Bond on "The Heat Eye," describing a new war-invention. Appearing as it does in the month of the disarmament conference at Washington, it will point out one more stride science is making in preparing for the "next war"; and if inventors and chemists keep on at the present rate, there 'll be no one left to make peace after the conflict is over. Crittenden Marriott has an article on "Petroleum Deposits," and those who now think they are paying the top price for gasoline will decide, after reading this, that they will be obliged to pay dearly in the future, for we are using up the world's available supply of petroleum at an appalling rate. Isabel F. Lewis, of the U. S. Naval Observatory, continues her articles on the constellations of the month, and if you think we are living on a big planet, her descriptions of "other worlds than ours" which may be seen in the heavens at night, will make you feel that you are on a speck in space. There is also an article on "Unbreakable Glass," and when you read it, you will wish it could be adapted to the pair you are perhaps looking through now.

NOTES FROM THE AMERICAN GOLFER

AN All-American Golf Course?

Surest thing you know! If we have All-America football teams and All-America track teams and baseball teams, why not an All-America golf course? These all-star affairs are nothing more than the opinions of one or more men on the outstanding figures in their respective fields.

This is just what we have in mind in gathering together and offering to the readers of THE AMERICAN GOLFER, THE SPORT PICTORIAL, an ideal All-America golf course. Only in this instance, the completed task will not represent the ideas or opinions of any one man. It will be a composite of several opinions—from golfers of wide experience who have played many courses in many parts of the country, and are qualified to express their ideas on the subject.

There is a rather amazing latitude of opinion as to what constitutes a good golf hole. What may impress one player as a most excellent test of golf, may strike another as unfair or possibly nothing more than ordinary. But in this very divergence comes the fun and interest in gathering together a composite opinion of leading experts on the subject.

The plan is to invite a large number of players, both amateur and professionals of known reputation to submit their ideas on a specified number of holes of different types, for example, two each of the best one-shot, drive-and-pitch, two-full-shot, and three-shot holes. And in order to make sure that the opinions take into consideration courses all over the country, experts in all sections will be consulted.

This All-America golf course will have one distinct advantage over the usual all-star unit. Whereas a football critic may see a team or an individual play once, twice or even three times, he must take his chance on finding the player performing around the standard of his skill. He may even have to take the word of some other critic whose judgment he respects and values. Not so in the case of this All-America golf course. The holes are here, there, and all around, and they are there to stay. But for the time being they are there to be watched by any and all who care to visit them to judge of their merits.

Unless we miss a guess, the announcement of this selection is going to provoke discussions all over the country. Because the average golfer indulges in a bulging pride in his own home course. As a rule the more successfully it defies his efforts at low scores, the stronger is his pride, and few and far between are the golfers who haven't one or more holes on their home courses which they delight to point out as something of a humdinger.

We are saving this feature for the winter month, when the snow and wintry breezes have driven the clan pretty well indoors, when the debate back and forth will draw a full conclave to take a hand. We confidently expect this to prove one of the most interesting features, we have ever offered our readers.

FIRESIDE GOLF

And, by the way, did we speak of driving the clan indoors? It is, of course, only half true, for your true golfer will brave pretty much any weather except the kinds that make the ground a skidway or a sponge—but the fact that golf *is* driven indoors sometimes only brings out one of its strongest points as a game. Is there anything like it for drawing a set of good fellows into indoor comradeship? Is there any game whose fine points can so well be elucidated, with never failing gusto, before a crackling open fire?

THE WHY OF THE "SPORT PICTORIAL"

THE AMERICAN GOLFER has always believed not only in the interest and attractiveness of many action pictures of golf and the other sports which have their rightful place in our pages, but in the definite value of such graphic illustration, showing as it does how worthwhile sportsmen and sportswomen play—their style and action. Accordingly it has been richly illustrated with such photographic reproductions of actual crucial moments in sport. This policy will be continued, not only the best and snappiest but the most informative pictures being secured.

The covers painted by James Montgomery Flagg which have appeared are proving extremely popular with our readers, and we are glad to announce that they will continue, Mr. Flagg having agreed to furnish them for many future issues.

NOTABLE NEW BOOKS

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(Continued from inside front cover)

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THE CENTURION

DECEMBER 1921

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THE INDUNA OF AN IMPI	Owen Rowe O'Neil
YOUNG MESSER MARCO POLO	
A VOODOO SUPPER	Harry A. Franck
A NEW PHYLLIS BOTTOME NOVEL	
THE ENDLESS ENCHANTMENT	Cale Young Rice
WHY IS A SPINNING JENNY?	Mary R. Parkman
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ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE NOTES	
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(Continued on inside of back cover)

The CENTURION

A Review of Century Publications

DECEMBER, 1921

THE CENTURION is published each month first as a 16-page insert in The Century Magazine, and then is bound separately in a cover of its own and sent without charge to anyone upon request. Address The Century Co., 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

"CLOSE-UPS" OF THE EAST

By Sydney Greenbie

A book with 900,000,000 'characters' and a 'stage' of 70,000,000 square miles of land washed by the Pacific Ocean is "The Pacific Triangle," by Sydney Greenbie (The Century Co., $4.00). Drawn by the mystery of its alien races, profoundly impressed with the significance of this vast world-area to the near future, Mr. Greenbie spent six years in intimate, leisurely contact with the peoples whose aspirations or whose lack of them, whose lives, whose hates and whose loves, make up the Far Eastern Problem. The light he sheds on the problem is that of interpretation. Maori, Fijian, white Australian, Japanese, Chinese or Hawaiian—Mr. Greenbie sees them sympathetically and, having appreciated the point of view of each, he does much toward enabling the reader to see the problem of the East as a whole. A bit of his revealing etching follows.

THE Rewa River [Island of Viti Levu, Fiji Islands] runs between two antagonistic institutions. At Davuilevu (the Great Conch-Shell) there is a mission station on one side and a sugar-mill on the other. Both are deeply affecting the character and environment of the Fijians, yet the contrast in the results is too obvious to be overlooked by even the most casual observer. . . .

At the sugar mill . . . the Hindus and the Fijians roamed about like sullen, hungry curs, always expecting a kick. Those who were not sullen were obviously tired, spiritless, and repressed. Their huts were set close to one another in rows, whereas the mission buildings range over the hills. The crowding at the mill, upon such vast open spaces, gave the little village all the faults of a tenement district. . . .

The mill is worked day and night, in season, but it is at night that one's reactions to it are most impressive. The street lamps, assisted by a dim glow from within the shacks, the monotonous invocation of prayer by Indians squatting before the wide-open doors, the tiny kava "saloons," and the great, giant, grinding, grating sugar mills crushing the juice out of the cane and precipitating it (after a chain of processes) in white dust for sweetening the world, are something never to be forgotten. The deep, pulsating breath of the mill sounded like the snore of a sleeping monster. Yet that monstrous mill never sleeps. . . . My reflection was . . . that into the sweets of the world we were constantly mixing the souls of men.

ACROSS THE RIVER

. . . There is something wonderful indeed in the sight of men known to have been of the most ferocious of human creatures going about their daily affairs in an attitude of great reverence to the things of life. And reverence added to the extreme shyness of the Fijian is writ large in the manner of every native across the way from the mill. Sometimes I felt that there was altogether too much restraint, too much checking of wholesome and healthy impulses among them for it to be true reverence. That was especially marked on Sunday morning, when from all the corners of the mission fields gathered the sturdy black men in the center of the grounds where stood the little church.

They were a sight to behold, altogether too seriously concerned to be amusing, and to the unbiased the acme of gentleness. There they were—muscular, huge, erect, and black, their bushy crops of coarse hair adding six inches to their heads; dressed in sulus neatly tucked away, and stiff-bosomed white shirts over their bodies. Starched white shirts in the tropics! And the Bible in Fijian in their hands. In absolute silence they made their way into the church, the shuffle of their unshod feet adding intensity to that silence. . . .

LITTLE MONTESSORI FIJIANS

The outlook is all the more reassuring when you sit of an evening as I did in the large, carefully woven native house, elliptical in shape, with thatched roof and soft-matted floor, which serves as a sort of night school for little tots. The children, who were then rehearsing dances for the coming festival, sat on tiers of benches so built that one child's feet were on a level with the shoulders of the one in front. Like a palisade of stars their bright eyes glistened with the reflections of the light from the kerosene lamps hanging on wires from the rafters. Lolohea Ratu, a girl of twenty, educated in Sydney, Australia, spoke to them in a plaintively modulated voice, soft and low. All Fijian voices are sad, but hers was slightly sadder than most of them, tinged, it would seem, with a knowledge of the world. She had studied the Montessori method and was trying to train her little brothers and sisters thereby. But she was not forgetful of what is lovely in her own race, primitive as it is, and was preparing these children in something of a compromise between native and foreign dances. Round and round the room they marched, the overhanging lamps playing pranks with their shadows. Others sat upon the mats, legs crossed, beating time and clapping hands in the native fashion. Their glistening bodies and sparkling, mischievous eyes, their response to the enchanting rhythm and melody borrowed from a world as strange to them as theirs is to us, showed their delight. On the following day they were to sing and dance to their elders.

A HINDU PATRIARCH SURROUNDED BY FIJIANS ON A LAUNCH STEAMING UP THE REWA RIVER

Thus does Fijian "civilization" steer its uncertain course between the two contending influences from the West—the planters and the missionaries—just as the river Rewa runs between them over the jungle plains, struggling to supplant wild entangling growths with earth culture.

THE INDUNA OF AN IMPI

By Owen Rowe O'Neil

Dr. Owen Rowe O'Neil, son of a prominent Boer, M.D., graduate of Harvard and ex-student of Edinburgh and Rhodes University, has had an extraordinary life. His nurse was a black savage in a loin-cloth; he listened as a boy to tales his own relatives told of pioneering (and massacres) in South Africa; his own youth saw the Boer War; —but his adventures with the Swazis, which he tells in "Adventures in Swaziland" (The Century Co., $4.00) are almost incredibly strange and wild. The following tells how he was made a sub-chief of that tribe.

"THERE is one way that I can be certain of your loyalty, Mzaan Bakoor," said the Swazi Queen Mother, without mincing words, "and that is by making you an induna of the Swazis. You and your two men shall become indunas of the royal impi [regiment]. Never before has a white man been worthy to be taken into a Swazi impi, and you shall be the first!"

This was decided shock. I had never thought I should like to be a Swazi, even if I were an induna. In fact, I would not have enjoyed being King of Swaziland, with all the power that Buno [the deceased king of Swaziland, known as Buno the Terrible] had. But here we were face to face with the proposition of being forced to become indunas in the crack impi of the new King of Swaziland.

Even the distinction of being the first white men to be admitted did not lessen the blow.

I was at a loss what to say to Tzaneen [the queen mother]. She had the air of having conferred the highest possible honor on us, but I sat there speechless, wondering how to avoid becoming a Boer-Swazi. It was good old reliable Tuys [Oom Tuys, Dr. O'Neil's uncle, who had great influence with the natives] who saved the situation but ruined us.

"Nkosikaas, you have done Mzaan Bakoor and his men the greatest honor," he said, "and they will gladly become indunas of your impi! They will go to their homes proud to say that they are your indunas."

Then the wily old Boer poured out a lot more flattery which Tzaneen swallowed without blinking an eye. While he talked I thought the matter over. It looked like a hopeless case; I could see no way out of it. . . .

"Oom Tuys has spoken for us," I told Tzaneen, after Tuys had finished complimenting her. "For the rest of our lives we shall be proud to say that we are indunas of your impi. Our children will also be proud of it and will tell their children!" . . .

Then it came over me with a jolt that we must go into exile in the mountains for a "*puclandi*," or space of ten days, before we would be sufficiently sanctified to become indunas.

"L'tunga [the chief witch-doctor] will take charge of you until you return from the mountains," the queen added. . . .

This ended our chat, and we went back to camp most unhappy in mind. . . .

There was even less humor about the induna business next morning. Bright and early L'Tunga arrived at our camp with a solemn expression on his face and a corps of assistant witch-doctors. We had eaten the largest breakfast possible, because Tuys had advised us to eat one more white man's meal "before you go into the mountains and fight the goats for their food." . . .

L'Tunga had little to say. He told us to follow him, and we three white men meekly did so. On either side of us was our escort of witch-doctors, and I had all the sensations of being marched to my execution. We were taken to L'Tunga's kraal and into a large hut, where we were ordered to take off all our clothes. . . .

When we had stripped, L'Tunga presented each of us with a full Swazi warrior's costume, telling us to put this on. Thankful for anything to cover our nakedness, we did so as quickly as we could. Then our witch-doctor friend ordered us to come out of the hut, and we did. We certainly were the handsomest white Swazis that ever carried a shield! . . . It would be impossible to detail our experiences during this exile. I am sure no white men ever suffered more than we did. We were bitten by insects, scratched by a million thorns, scorched by the sun during the day and nearly frozen at night, and our feet were in constant agony. In spite of L'Tunga's tutoring, we could not find enough food, so that we nearly starved. . . .

DR. O'NEIL AND HIS PARTY WITH QUEEN TZANEEN OF THE SWAZIS

But such sufferings must have an end. On the appointed morning L'Tunga and his assistants arrived and escorted us back to Lebombo. How we ever got there I cannot understand. Our feet were practically useless, and we must have walked on sheer nerve. No sooner did we arrive at Lebombo than we were ushered into the presence of the queen.

We were a sorry looking group. Each had a ten days' growth of beard and a famished look in his eyes. Tzaneen was very cordial and assured us that we had come through our sanctification with flying colors. She congratulated us on our hardihood and said we should make brave indunas. When we interpreted to Sugden later the "brave indunas" part of this speech I thought he would have a fit.

"If I get through this alive," he exclaimed, "I'll never see a Pullman porter without wanting to kill him! I don't care how soon the British send a flying column and wipe out all the Swazis!

I hope they start with L'Tunga and makeTzaneen and Sebuza [the young king] close seconds!"

Dr. O'Neil had known these Swazis since early youth. He continues:

I was born only a few days trek, or march, from the Swazi border and even as a youth made numerous trips into Swaziland. Through my uncle, Oom Tuys Grobler, known as "The White King of Swaziland," I was practically adopted by the savage rulers of that country and have always been received with the greatest honor and consideration. . . . My family have always been interested in Swaziland and there was seldom a time when one of my ten brothers was not hunting or visiting there. As one of the O'Neils of Rietvlei, which means "The Valley of Reeds," any of us were welcome. . . .

My grandfather was John James O'Neil, a direct descendant of the O'Neil who fled from Ireland in the time of Oliver Cromwell, and it was he who chose Rietvlei as the family farm. When I say "farm," I use the term in the Boer sense, since Rietvlei includes more than 100,000 acres of the most fertile land in the Transvaal and is quite large even for South Africa, the country of vast distances. . . .

My father is Richard Charles O'Neil, a minister in the cabinet of Oom Paul Kruger.

YOUNG MESSER MARCO POLO

There is a little book that is a new thing upon the earth—a different flavor to the palate of the fiction-taster. It is "Messer Marco Polo," by Donn Byrne (The Century Co., $1.25). And below is somewhat about it, and a way of finding out is it the book for you.

UNTIL themselves knew more about the East, westerners regarded the famous Venetian traveler as a boaster and an exaggerator, if not a very elaborate and poetic liar. But the West has found out that he told the sober truth, so far as he could understand it. And it is now in a way to find out that he, accused of telling a lot more than he knew, on the contrary kept his counsel about some vastly interesting matters which glorious old Ulster Scotch-Irish Malachi of the Long Glens now first relates: the love story of Marco Polo and the daughter of Kublai Khan. There is the splendor of Venice in her great days, the faith and the fanaticism of medieval Europe, the mystery and wisdom of the East; there is youth, and love, and magic—and the long and swinging rhythm of life.

And this is how you are to tell whether this is a book for yourself: we are letting you turn to near the last pages, which is the best way to tell, for a man as well as a woman.

"There 's more to tell, Brian Oge. But sometimes I wonder shouldn n't the best part of the story be kept to yourself. The people are n't as wise as they used to be, brown lad. The end of a story is now a bit of kissing and courting and the kettle boiling to make tea.

DARK MAGIC IN THE DESERT OF GOBI

"But the older ones were wiser, Brian Donn. They knew that the rhythm of life is long and swinging, and that time does n't stop short as a clock. . . .

"But often times the stories with the endings that grocers' daughters do not be liking are the stories that are worth while. And the worth while stories do be lasting. Never clip a story half-ways because the Widow Robinson does n't like to have her mind disturbed, and she warming her breadth at the fire. The Widow Robinson may have a white coin to buy a book with, and think you the grand author entirely and you pleasing her. But the Lord God, who gave you the stories, will know you for a louse. . . .

"I will now tell you of Marco Polo, and him leaving China. . . ."

A Voodoo Supper

By Harry A. Franck

The colorful, picturesque quality of Harry A. Franck's "Roaming Through the West Indies" (The Century Co., $5.00) is making it one of the especially popular members of his group of travel narratives. He investigated almost every foot of practically every one of these many islands, and found more contrast, beauty, strangeness, than most Americans suspect of lying so near their very doors. Here is a weird bit.

STORIES of human sacrifices, cannibalism, and occult poisonings are always going the rounds in Haiti, though it is difficult to find anyone of unquestioned integrity who has actually seen such things himself. . . . That there are Haitian Obeah practitioners who have so remarkable a knowledge of vegetable poisons that they can destroy their enemies or those of their clients without being detected seems to be generally admitted. . . .

The less gruesome forms of Obeah and voodooism are known to be practised in Haiti. The former is a species of witchcraft by men and women who are supposed to possess supernatural powers, and who certainly have far greater sway over the masses of the people than priests or presidents. For a small sum they will undertake to help in business matters, to create love in unresponsive breasts, possibly to put an enemy out of the way, and some of the "stunts" they perform are beyond comprehension. Voodooism, unlike the other, is a form of religion, the deity being an imaginary "great green serpent," with a high priest known as "Papa Loi" and a priestess called "Maman Loi." Chicken snakes and a harmless python are kept as sacred beings in Haiti, and fed by the faithful. In theory the serpent deity demands the sacrifice of a "goat without horns"; in other words, a child, preferably white. But there is no positive evidence to prove that anything more than goats, sheep or roosters are actually sacrificed. These simpler rites are carried on almost openly and are accompanied by all sorts of childish incantations, with such nonsensical fetishes as red rags, dried snakes and lizards, human bones or portions of human organs, stolen perhaps from graveyards. The most frequent form of revenge among the Haitian masses is the burying of a bottle filled with "charms" of this nature, over which are recited various incantations at certain phases of the moon, in the hope of bringing destruction or lesser punishment on the object of the enmity. So firm is the belief of the negroes in the power of Obeah that they sometimes succumb to fear and die merely because someone has cast such a spell upon them.

A group of Americans once offered to pay for a voodoo supper if they were allowed to attend it. White men are seldom admitted to the native ceremonies; some have suffered for their intrusion. In this case there was the added fear that the officials who saw the rites would forbid them thereafter; but a Frenchman finally persuaded the natives that it would be to their advantage to let the Americans see one of their festivities in order to prove that they were harmless. How much was left out because of the guests there is of course no means of knowing.

About seventy dollars was spent for corn-meal, *tafia* (crude native rum), sacrifices, and other things required, and to pay the chief performers their fees. The temple was decorated with flags and various fetishes. The ceremony began with a tom-tom dance by the priests, who were soon joined by the high priestess, wearing a white skirt, a red waist, and a brilliant bandana, and waving spangled flags. Then a goat, scrubbed to spotless white, its horns gilded, and a red bow on its head, was brought in. The priestess danced about it with a snaky motion, holding her shoulders stiffly and giving her waist the maximum of movement. Then she got astride the goat and rode round and round, clinging to its horns. Every few minutes the priests gave her *tafia* until she had worked herself into a real or feigned paroxysm of excitement. To say that she was intoxicated would perhaps be putting it too strongly, for the average Haitian is so soaked in rum from birth that it has little visible effect upon him.

At length a priest caught up a handful of corn-meal and, with what appeared to be two careless gestures, formed a perfect cross with it on the ground. Candles were placed at the ends of the cross, then *tafia* and other liquors were poured along the lines of corn-meal, the priestess meanwhile continuing to ride the goat with hideous contortions. Finally she dismounted, slipped off the white skirt, leaving her entirely clothed in red, and while a priest held the goat by the front feet she pierced a vein in its neck and drank all the blood she could contain. For a time she seemed to be in a stupor; then she began to "prophesy," in loathsome, incomprehensible noises, which a priest "translated," probably in terms of his own choosing. While this pair howled, the goat was prepared and put in caldrons to cook, with rice, beans, *tafia*, salt, pepper, and lard. Old women stirred the contents of these with their bare hands, which had been bleached almost white by frequent immersions in similar boiling messes. When the food was cooked, the priestess came suddenly out of her trance and fell to with all the negroes present, who were still sitting about in a circle eating sacred goat meat and drinking *tafia* when the white spectators finally left.

Strange sights there are, from Cuba to Trinidad.

A NEW PHYLLIS BOTTOME NOVEL

Have you ever noticed that the few books with perfect pictures of childhood live? Joy Featherstone, whose youth makes radiant the opening of Phyllis Bottome's latest novel, "The Crystal Heart" (The Century Co., $1.90), is perhaps the most lovable and unforgetable of the heroines of recent fiction. Phyllis Bottome, always the fine craftsman, grows steadily surer in her effects—yet the pulsing heart of her story is never smothered by technique. Her readers may like to be reminded of a few facts about this distinguished English-American novelist.

PHYLLIS BOTTOME, born in England of an English mother and an American father, is a granddaughter of Margaret Bottome, first president and founder of the King's Daughters Society, whose gentle wisdom in writing, teaching and preaching may be remembered by many Americans.

Until the little girl Phyllis was nine, she had the life of an English child, and when, at that age, she was brought to America, her astonishment and delight were great at the freedom permitted children here. "I tasted with delight," she recalls, "the paradise of American childhood; it was an unsnubbed, undisciplined, perfectly happy time, the education a dream of adventure compared to the flat and very poor teaching then common over here for women."

"Over here" because at fourteen she returned to England with her family. Even before this she had begun to study for the stage. She was a very dramatic child, and quite expected, at this time, that she would be an actress. But at seventeen she had to undergo an operation which made it very doubtful whether she could stand the strain of the life.

There was no despair, however, no stagnation: instead, her creative ability found another manifestation. At seventeen she wrote her first novel. It was read and accepted by Andrew Lang, then literary adviser to Longmans.

About this time, her father took a difficult slum parish on the outskirts of London and for five years she worked for him—principally in connection with a big boys' club.

During these years John Murray published three books by this very young author, one of which was a marked success.

But the frail body broke down, requiring years of treatment, with wintering at Davos and St. Moritz. There followed a quiet life in many European cities, her writing showing steady progress and her health slowly improving. She has never been back to America, but has many "very happy and constant intimacies" with Americans.

Last year she was married to Mr. Forbes Dennis, of the British diplomatic service.

THE ENDLESS ENCHANTMENT

By Cale Young Rice

There have been gathered together under the title "Sea Poems" (The Century Co., $1.50), in a small volume most kindly fitting the hand and pocket, a considerable number of poems of the sea by one of the sea's chief poet-lovers—Cale Young Rice. The following stanzas are from the poem "I Know Your Heart, O Sea."

I KNOW your heart, O Sea!
You are tossed with cold desire to flood the earth utterly;
You run at the cliffs, you fling wild billows at the beaches,
You reach at islands with fingers of foam to crumble them;
Yes, even at mountain tops you shout your purpose
Of making the earth a shoreless circle of waters!

I know your surging heart!
Tides mighty and all-contemptuous rise within it,
Tides spurred by the wind to champ and charge and thunder—
Tho the sun and moon rein them—
At the troubling land, the breeding-place of mortals,
Of men who are ever transmuting life to spirit,
And ever taking your salt to savor their tears.

WHY IS A SPINNING-JENNY?

By Mary R. Parkman

How many children—or grown-ups—know why "jenny" is the name of the invention of James Hargreaves which enabled several spindles for the making of yarn to be turned by one wheel? This, with the stories of twenty other inventions which have made modern life what it is, is told in "Conquests of Invention," by Mary R. Parkman (The Century Co., $2.00), and she knows how to make such facts of enthralling interest. The extract below tells how the spinning-jenny was named.

THE weaver Hargreaves' family was at work preparing yarn for Father to weave. Even small Jenny, the youngest, who could not yet spin, was "carding."

But all their efforts did not suffice to keep James Hargreaves' loom supplied with yarn, and he was out buying a supply. . . .

The mother looked up from her turning wheel and smiled at her smallest helper. "Well done, precious poppet!" she said. "There is a beautiful rove ready for mother to spin. If only there were more of us to turn wheels, now, so that your poor father would not have to go about buying yarn for his weaving!"

She sighed and set her wheel turning even faster as she thought of the busy loom that was always hungry.

"Never mind, Mother dear," and small Jenny drew close to look up in the kind, troubled face. "Soon I shall be a big spinster, too."

"My Jenny is a good child," said Mistress Hargreaves. "Who is there?" she called, hearing a hand on the latch.

The door of the cottage opened slowly and in staggered a figure bent from toil over the loom.

"I did not look for you back so soon, James. Better luck this time?" called his wife cheerily. In her haste to help him put down his load of yarn the spinning-wheel was thrown over and Jenny laughed to see that the spindle which was standing straight up had not ceased to turn and whirr.

"Look, look!" she cried, clapping her hands.

"Why, yes! Look Mother!" said James Hargreaves, wonderingly. He knelt on the floor beside the child. "It may be," he added to himself, "it may that we can make a new spinner that shall do the trick of turning a number of spindles at once. Do you see what your topsy-turvy wheel may teach us, Janie?" he said, looking up at his wife. "I think I see a way to make a machine to spin for me faster than ten spinsters. Then you and the children will not have to work all the time to keep my loom in yarn. Little Jennie can play a bit, as is her right."

"I want to help you, Father," said the child. . .

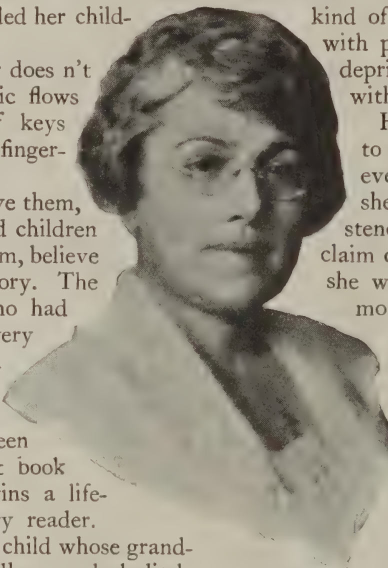
"Father will make him a Jenny that shall spin faster than even Mother can,—than she could if she turned six wheels!" exulted the weaver. In a flash he had pictured a single wheel turning a row of whirling spindles. . . .

It was indeed a proud day when his dream became a working reality, and his new machine was spinning yarn to the tune of eight whirling spindles. First playfully, and then quite in the way of matter-of-fact habit, they called this latest helper "Jenny."

A REAL CHRISTMAS BOOK

Those who know Marie Conway Oemler's books, "Slippy McGee," "A Woman Named Smith," etc., will understand exactly what we mean when we say that her latest, "Where the Young Child Was" (The Century Co., $1.90), a cycle of short stories for the Christmas season, has the warmth, the laughter close to tears, the beautiful humanness, which seem a part of our memory-haunted thoughts of Christmas. Each has a glamor like that which shines around Christmas candles. and from them all there seems to emanate a crisp, sturdy aroma akin to that of dark-shining holly, laurel and fir. Certainly they do make up a real Christmas book, lovable and particularly "readaloudable."

THAT Marie Conway Oemler's writing pen has the inimitable, unpurchaseable gift of charm may be because some of her people were familiar with the Little Folk of Ireland;—"in Tipperary by the River Suir that runs through the pleasant old town of Clonmel" her wonderful grandmother was born, who filled her childhood with folk and fairy lore.



That her pen is a typewriter does n't in the least matter: the magic flows undisturbed by clattering of keys from brain to finger-tip, from finger-tip to paper.

Those who read her books love them, love the men and women and children she creates; they champion them, believe in them, cherish them in memory. The man with failing eyesight who had one of her books set up in very large type for himself at an expense of $900 is but an extreme example of a fact of which her publishers have been receiving proof since her first book was launched: Mrs. Oemler wins a lifetime friend with almost every reader.

And is it any wonder that a child whose grandmother called her Maureen dhu, or dark little Mary; and told her tales of Dierdre, whom she called Dearshul-of-the-Griefs; who taught her concerning the Sidhé,—"beautiful unhuman creatures and they had a way of moving like trees in the wind"; who could fill a room, to all hearing, with the keen skirl of bag-pipes by the mere puckering of her lips—is it any wonder that this child grew up with some of the "gifts"?

In her childhood homes were sacredly kept all old customs of candle and garland and feast.

She has lived mostly in Southern towns of Georgia, Florida and North and South Carolina. There was a farm in Herkimer County, New York State, for long Northern summers, when she was a little girl.

Her father's father was a thorough amateur naturalist, and she says his big, barn-like house was full of "things"—like snakes, moths, bugs. While living in his house in Florida she learned to know all the wildflowers and the butterflies; here she first met the Red Admiral which is such an important character in her novel "The Purple Heights."

Fate did not spare this child. It gave her the kind of riches only the strong can take, with plenty of sorrow and trouble and deprivation. Her youth was rich only with things of the mind and spirit.

Her father died. She had "wanted to go to college worse than any girl ever wanted to go," she says. But she sturdily learned typewriting and stenography and took a place in the claim office of a railroad. At seventeen, she was the head of her family, her mother being "a darling, with no more business sense than a baby."

Later, she married and was the busy, careful mother of two babies and mistress of a house in which innumerable tasks disputed the way with every literary idea. Nevertheless, in this period poems and a few short stories were accomplished from time to time and published in various magazines.

Now, her children have arrived at art school and motor car age. She says in a recent letter to her publishers: "Alan asked me to remember him to you when I wrote and to explain that he has learned to run a car, and has acquired a driver's license; that his aunts accuse him of being a reckless driver, but that this is n't so; and that he can take you out on the river, or make you acquainted with all our roads when you come down again. Elizabeth says that you are n't to forget her, and to tell you that she is enjoying her art work."

With the stress of the nursery-period gone by, Mrs. Oemler is at the height of her powers. She is at the present time engaged on a novel in which an important character is a New York traffic policeman.

A HISTORY, PICTURE AND STORY BOOK FOR GROWN-UPS

By Robert J. Casey

A beautiful picture book and a fascinating story book of history. The year before the war, journalist Robert J. Casey fell in love with the little duchy of Luxemburg. Then, later, Captain Casey, A. E. F., was in that country during the occupation and after the treaty; and the sudden contrasts of beauty, the thrill of unusual circumstance in this renewal of acquaintance with the little land which is the very core of Europe's history, brought again to life his long-formed intention to write of these things. He has done so, and his book, "The Land of Haunted Castles" (The Century Co., quarto, boxed, $6.00), would be notable for its richly beautiful photographic illustrations alone, even were it not for the whimsical charm of intermingled folk lore and history which the paragraphs below may serve to indicate.

"IF one is seeking the plain, unvarnished truth, whether about castles or cabbages, he must go to an unbiased source. He cannot expect facts from a spinner of fairy tales. . . . The ideal informant should be a man with intelligence enough to remember what he has learned, but totally lacking in the invention that would add untruthful embellishments.

"The Teutonic peasant, by nature as patiently dull and unimaginative as the great over-developed Belgian horses that he follows in the fields, is humanity's closest approach to this ideal. He is intensely practical, as any one who has watched his careful outlay of hard-earned marks will testify. He is not overburdened with intelligence, but has been educated in very efficient grade schools, has heard of modern progress, is acquainted distantly with the telephone, more closely with the electric light, has traveled a little, reads the provincial newspapers, and harbors a few dim political opinions. An average twentieth-century sort of person he seems to be, and in him, if anywhere, should be the truth.

ROBERT J. CASEY

Author of "The Land of Haunted Castles"

"Under the crumbling walls of a medieval stronghold he hoes his potatoes, a perfect copy of a Millet painting. . . .

"Can he tell you of the castle? Of course he can. The history of the country-side is at the tip of his tongue:

"'It was an accursed castle, sir. It was built by Hermann the Strong as a fortress against his many enemies. Here came the Princess Gretel and the Prince Siegfroid her husband for shelter. The Prince Siegfroid was a Frank, sir. He looked upon Hermann as a friend. Which was very foolish. The Princess Gretel did not like the place. . . .'"

And so the tale of trust and love and treachery goes on to the harrowing end:

"'There was blood on the ring, sir. It is hard to believe, nowadays, that such things could happen.

"'She opened the iron door. It was very terrible. There before her was a dungeon. In it, chained to a wall and dying from a sword cut over her heart, was a woman. It was the wife of Hermann the Strong, sir. He had been forced to get rid of her before his second wedding-day because even in those times one wife was enough for a man, and a monk had told him that the curse of God would punish bigamy.

"'Gretel fled. But it was winter-time and she died from exposure in the woods yonder. They say that even now the wailing of the wife of Hermann the Strong and the cries of the princess who died trying to escape him can be heard about these ruins. A strange story, it it not, sir?'

"So speaks the simple twentieth-century peasant, pausing in his narrative as an automobile siren interrupts him from the road at his right and a shrill locomotive whistle sounds across the fertile valley. . . .

"The case of the Princess Gretel is typical. So is the whole-souled man with the hoe who tells of her. Hermann the Strong is no more romantic a figure than Henry the Red, who, in the depths of Vianden, has been shaking dice for centuries to save his soul from the devil. Gretel is in no detail more fanciful than the White Lady of Beaufort. The whimsical philosophy that provides the motive for the slaying of Hermann's wife is no more overdrawn than is the explanation of the miraculous escape of the Flying Horseman of Marienthal.

"You may shape, you may fashion a man as you will, but somewhere back in his cranium is a sneaking liking for fairy tales, with its concomitants, a fear of the supernatural and a belief in ghosts.

"There will always be folk-tales. . . . Many a Poilu knows that Napoleon came back to save France at the first Battle of the Marne. An equal number saw the shade of Joan of Arc at Verdun. As the years give imagination time to mellow, the actual spots where they appeared will be charted and tourists will be taken to them, for a price. Maimed veterans will tell how they saw the apparitions and a future generation will learn that troops of lancers in chain mail turned back the German horde before Paris and that it was not the 'seventy-fives,' but the ghosts of the guns that failed at Waterloo that stopped the rush on the Meuse. . . .

"Where there has been history there is certain to be legend. Fairy tale follows fact as an echo trails the blast of a trumpet. The louder the trumpet, the greater the echo. The more picturesque and romantic the historical incident, the more strangely fascinating and more generally accepted the folk-lore.

"It is only natural that there should be haunted castles in the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg. It is the most beautiful country in northern Europe. It has been the home of a dozen races, the battleground of a score of wars. It has been for a thousand years a sort of great Chinese wall between two powerful ententes. And the past intrudes itself upon them subconsciously in the thousand mysterious relics that cling to the crags in successful defiance to time and the elements."

THE GIFT OF SEVENTH MAN WHO WALLOWS

By Frederick O'Brien

A book twenty-seven months old is at a truly dangerous age. In fact, it is commonly moribund. There are few exceptions; a merely successful novel hardly has as long a run as a Broadway theatrical success. A travel book may fare slightly better as to longevity if it has sound qualities. But a travel book which, at the conclusion of twenty-seven months of life, is a best seller and included in all the most-in-demand lists is a long way through the ceremonies and cycles which are necessary preliminaries to the proclamation of saints and classics. "White Shadows in the South Seas" (The Century Co., $5.00), Frederick O'Brien's famous book, may fairly be considered to have fulfilled most of the conditions of proving itself a permanent classic of travel. A famous incident is recapitulated below.

WRAPPED only in a gorgeous red *pareu*, I sat on the *paepae* of the chief's house, now become mine. I was the especial care of Mrs. Seventh Man Who Wallows, who all afternoon long had sat on her haunches over a cocoanut fire stirring savory foods for me. Fish, chickens, pigs, eggs, and native delicacies of all kinds she had cooked. . . .

Now in the quiet of the evening, empty bowls removed, pandanus leaf cigarettes lighted, and pipe passing from hand to hand, we sat rejoicing in the sweet odors of the forest, the murmur of the stream, and the ease of contentment. Many elders of the village had come to meet the stranger, to discuss the world and its wonders, and to marvel at the ways of the whites. The glow of the pipe lighted shriveled yet still handsome countenances scrolled with tatooing, and caught gleams from rolling eyes or sparkles from necklace and earring. Above the mountains a full moon rose, flooding the valley with light and fading the brilliant colors of leaf and flower to pale pastel tints.

Vanquished Often sat beside me, her dark hair falling over my knee, and listened respectfully to the conversation of her elders, who discussed the gods of the stranger.

They wondered what curious motive had impelled the Jews, The *Aati-Ietu*, to kill *Ieto Kirito* the Savior of the world. They discussed the strange madness that had possessed *Iuda Iskalota*, that he had first bought land with his thirty pieces of silver and then hanged himself to a *purau* tree. Was it cocoanut land? they asked. Was it not good land? . . .

When the time came for saying *apae kaoha* my kindly hosts sought to confer upon me the last proof of their friendliness. They proposed that I marry Vanquished Often.

My refusal was incomprehensible to them, and Vanquished Often's happy smile in the moonlight quickly faded to a look of pain and humiliation. They had offered me their highest and most revered expression of hospitality. To refuse it was as uncustomary and as rude as to refuse the Alaskan miner who offers a drink at a public bar.

"*Menike*," pleaded the chief, "that Hinatini more better marry white man, friend of Teddy, from number one island. She some punkins for be good wife. Suppose maybe you like Vait-hua you stay long time; suppose you go soon, make never mind!"

The fair chieftess shook her earrings and smiled archly. "Bonne filly poo voo, *Menike*," she urged in her Marquesan French. "Good wife for you. It is my pleasure that you are happy. She is beautiful and good. You will be the son of our people while you are here."

Vanquished Often, who had a vague notion of the greatness of her uncle's *Menike* friends, Teddy and Gotali, and of the desirability of an alliance with one of their tribe, approached me softly and rubbed my back in a circle the while she crooned a broken song of the whaling days, concerning the "rolling Mississippi" and the "Black Ball Line." Seventh Man Who Wallows in the Mire himself began to make concentric circles on my breast with his heavy hand, so that I was beset fore and aft by the most tender and friendly advances of the Marquesan race. Never was hapless guest in more unfortunate plight.

She was but a child, I said; Americans did not mate with children. They smiled as at a pleasantry and again extolled her charms. Desperately I harked back to the ten commandments in an endeavor to support my refusal by other reasons than distaste or discourtesy, but laughter met my text. "White man does not follow white man's *tapus*," said my hostess, gently placing my hand in that of Vanquished Often. The slender fingers clung timorously to mine. Unhappy Hinatini feared she was about to be disgraced before her people by the white man's scorn of her beauty.

SOME OF THE SOUTH SEAS BEAUTY FREDERICK O'BRIEN FOUND

I was fain to invent a romance on the spot. I was madly enamoured of an Atuona belle, I said. She waited for me upon my own *paepae;* she was a mighty woman and swift to anger. She would wreak vengeance upon me, and upon Vanquished Often. I would adopt Vanquished Often as my sister. In token of this I pressed my lips upon her forehead and kissed her hands. She smiled bewitchingly, pleased by the novel honor.

My hosts and their friends departed with her, half pleased, half puzzled at this latest whimsy of the strange white, and I lay down upon the mats of the chief's house with Exploding Eggs lying across the doorway at my feet.

INFORMAL TALKS ABOUT THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

COMMENT on T. R. Stribling's "Birthright," now running serially in THE CENTURY MAGAZINE, has ranged all the way from bitter and even scurrilous letters, sent anonymously, to praise of the most superlative sort. Since the novel is, we believe, the first serious attempt to picture the life of the negro as it is, and to portray him as a human being, we have naturally been interested in the reaction of the leading negro papers. The story has aroused an unusual interest among them, although their comment is inclined to be cautious. "So far, so good," would sum it up, with a note of skepticism as to how Mr. Stribling may work out his novel in the end. *The Advocate* of Wilmington, Delaware, says editorially:

> For some few years writers in the *Saturday Evening Post* and *Collier's Weekly* have reaped comfortable checks by writing stories in which the colored man is depicted in a more or less amusing form. There is a distinct difference noted in the form of the stories now and those of fifteen, even ten years ago. The writers have taken cognizance of the passing of the Uncle Sambo-Old Mammy type of colored person, and depict the modern young Negro, with all the up-to-date improvements in dress, slang, manner, automobile, even aeroplane attachments. But the caricature remains the same. Doctors, lawyers, professional men and women speak a dialect that is fearfully and wonderfully made. College graduates shoot craps (in that, however, they are merely keeping up with their white brothers) but these colored educated men revert to the lowest as soon as they are released from the restraint of academic halls. Soldiers decorated with the *Croix de Guerre* are ignorant of the reason for the honor. The highest society among these colored folk is employed in domestic capacities in the kitchens and yards of the white people, and not even the best of them can get very far along in business or profession unless sponsored by some white person, suspiciously like the generous master of ante-bellum fiction.
>
> That these stories, while being in some respects true to a kind of life among our people, are a sad travesty on the best efforts of the Negro to lift himself is a painful fact that galls those of us who are trying to work out the salvation of the race along the lines of reward for merit, recognition of educational qualifications, differentiation in class and disapproval of wrong-doing among our own people. The average white person will tell you that these stories are faithful photographs; he knew such and such a man or woman who worked for him, and acted and talked exactly so, or he spent a few weeks in the South and met all the servants of his host; or he was born in the South and played with little colored boys after school, and they talked and acted just that way. That is the distress of it all—that it is easier for the white man to pretend to believe that all Negroes are like the travesties in the weekly papers, than it is to acknowledge the to-him-bitter fact that class distinctions exist among us as among all races, nations and groups of people.
>
> In this connection it will be interesting for the reading public among us to note what a writer in THE CENTURY MAGAZINE will do with the problem he has set himself in the serial now beginning, "Birthright." T. S. Stribling, the author of the first novel on the life of the Negro to run in a high-class magazine, announces himself a southerner by birth, training and education. It is understood that he is of Norwegian descent. In that case he brings to the exposition of his subject a certain clarity of vision and ability to pierce below the surface usually denied to the man of purely southern extraction and forbears. Certainly Mr. Stribling's style has all the pitiless, photographic fidelity of the Norwegian novelists, with their stark realism and bitter pessimism. He has set himself a tremendous problem; he has started well without sickly sentimentalism, cheap, flavorless wit, or outworn traditional point of view. Let us hope that whatever may happen to the hero, Mr. Stribling will maintain the dignity of his beginning, and the grim satire of his side glances at the white life that flows coterminously with the black stream which he is aiming to depict.

A correspondent, writing to the editor of the *New York Tribune* on magazine fiction, says:

> Sir: A great deal has been written lately about the modern editor, and *Life* recently summed him up as listening only to the feminine demand of the great mid-West in morals, taste, lack of intelligence and optimistic endings.
>
> Another writer has deciphered the twelve rules, to wit: (1) Pleasant themes only. (2) The hero must rise to honorable heights. (3) Swiftly moving conflict, not complications. (4) Study the rule book and don't be too original. (5) Don't tell a story within a story. (6) Don't preach unless you have a well-advertised name. (7) Stir universal emotions in plain yarns. (8) Happy Endings. (9) Old plots brightened up are preferred to new stuff. (10) Polish your style. (11) Use modern vernacular, not that of 1860. (12) Read all the dismal editor-proof magazine stories you can and go and write likewise. We might add: Be careful to be serious. Editors abhor playfulness.
>
> It is my experience that editors rarely see many manuscripts sent them. The assistants first read them and measure them by the rules. If they don't fit, no matter how new or original they may be, they are returned with the printed slip: "The inclosed is not precisely what the —— Magazine requires."

> It must be remembered that everyone writes nowadays, rich and poor, learned and ignorant, and manuscripts pour into magazines by the carload. There must be some system established!
>
> My conclusion is that America can't expect to do much in literature until the spirit of American magazines ceases to be dedicated to the proposition "that all men are created equally stupid." The 13th rule is, "Don't write the best stories, but the least offensive."

Another writer addresses the editor of *The New York Herald* in the following pessimistic paragraphs:

> It is out of the question for a new writer to get a start in these days if he be tainted with the slightest touch of originality. That to-day is the unpardonable crime in literature.
>
> If he will sit down and write trite love stories for the shop girl he may get ahead, but at the first suggestion of the exotic, the bizarre, he is taboo. It must be the cut and dried stuff or nothing.
>
> The writer of verse is also sadly limited. The editors tell you that only one or two types can be considered, lullabies or nature verse! Fancy! As nobody in his right senses could possibly become interested in either of these two enchanting themes, it is plain enough that verse in American magazines is simply used to fill in. In other words it is of no importance whatever.
>
> Art is dead in our country, or fast dying; and it is to be hoped that somebody will rise and wake it up. But that one will find egress very difficult unless the hidebound restrictions of editor and public alike are broadened to a considerable degree.
>
> By the way, it would be an excellent thing if manuscripts were occasionally read when submitted to magazines. A poem of mine was recently returned with a pleasant letter saying that "my story has been read with care, but unfortunately was not suited to the needs."

We believe that writers and readers alike may be interested to know just what happens when the day's manuscripts come in to THE CENTURY MAGAZINE. As the first writer states: "It must be remembered that every one writes nowadays, rich and poor, learned and ignorant, and manuscripts pour into magazines by the carload." That is literally true and the mere physical labor of handling manuscripts is considerable. After they have been opened, they are recorded, and the entire lot is gone over carefully to weed out the obviously illiterate and the patently impossible. By "illiterate" we mean the type of thing that is done by some one unfamiliar with the fundamentals of grammar and spelling. Among the "patently impossible" we should include articles on time-worn themes which by their very triteness of subject and treatment eliminate themselves; short stories of the same type; and "poetry" which can lay claim to that name only because it happens to be divided into lines and stanzas. After this weeding out, the possible manuscripts are read carefully by one or more of our small editorial staff with a special eye to new writers who show promise and originality. Editors must struggle to remain hopeful souls, for out of the vast number of manuscripts read, those which show these qualities are pathetically rare. And this should be understood: Editors do not consider the reading of manuscripts a favor. As a matter of business, they are ever on the lookout for excellence.

Three primary faults are to be found with the majority of manuscripts, especially the short stories. Since these faults are a direct reflection of the minds of the writers, they may be labeled as indicating "thin-mindedness," "sloppy-mindedness," and "wobbly-mindedness." By "thin-mindedness" we mean a lack of background in life and education to give perspective to the story; by "sloppy-mindedness" indifference to the actual technic of writing and ignorance of the fundamental requirements of form; and by "wobbly-mindedness," the lack of any richly conceived attitude toward life that gives a sense of selection and valuation of the basic materials from which stories are written.

When a story, an article, or a poem shows originality or contains interesting material, it is read by the entire editorial staff; it is talked over in conference, and if not then acceptable, the author is frequently called into consultation, either in person or by letter, and every effort is made to help him make of his contribution something which THE CENTURY MAGAZINE's readers will find worth their while. It is obvious that a magazine staff cannot engage actually to rewrite material, nor would it be desirable.

Further, it goes without saying that no magazine can act as a school for beginners; the task is too appallingly large. But for the editor's side of it, may we say that the amount of time and effort spent on writers who show promise is out of all proportion to the occasional return. There is always the hope that some day one may discover a genius. It *has* happened.

It will probably be true always that most of the fiction, the articles, and the poetry published in THE CENTURY MAGAZINE will come from writers who have passed through their years of apprenticeship, who have something to say and who can say it with distinction; but editors are not only waiting, but searching for a generation of young writers who will give themselves to their craft and art heart and soul and produce not merely because they *can* write, but because they *must*.

ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE NOTES

THE December number of St. Nicholas brings the good Saint into the month that is strictly his own. From the glowing and appealing cover to the very last page, the magazine breathes real Christmas cheer, entertainment, and fun.

George T. Tobin has provided the cover and when you see it—brilliant in tone and showing "St. Nick" running down the list of youngsters to see which one is to be the happy possessor of a lively puppy which he holds beneath his arm—you 'll agree that the artist has caught the spirit of the season and has translated it into terms of color and line that all children can appreciate and enjoy.

The stories, too, have the Yule-tide flavor. "The Stocking That Grew," is a story embodying a novel and admirable Christmas idea, one that will appeal especially to girls and their mothers.

"The Christmas Runaway" is a story which will particularly delight our younger folk—those brothers and sisters of the magazine who await only a few years before they will enjoy it from cover to cover. Jane E. Lyman has described the search of *Colonel* and *Mark* for a new home: not finding one, they discover their old one is the best after all. The humor in the story is accentuated by four Birch drawings.

Christmas mornings usually bring surprises, but seldom are they more delightful than those which, by a fortunate mistake, come to "The Fir-Tree Cousins." This is a somewhat familiar theme put in a new, and delightful, way by Lucretia D. Clapp, and illustrated by Ralph P. Coleman.

In the December number are two fine ballads. "The Bird and the Seaplane," by Florence Boyce Davis, illustrated by Arthur T. Merrick, describes in beautiful and spirited lines the rescue, by a diminutive flier, of some aviators in the North Sea. "The Christmas Hike" is a rollicking and rhythmic verse by Ellen Manly, with excellent illustrations by Reginald Birch.

One of the best short stories published in recent months is "A Fall for the King," by Eric P. Kelly. It is a story of Poland in its early days of power and splendor, and the climax is an old-fashioned wrestling-bout which changes history for two centuries. Mr. Kelly, who has spent much time at Warsaw, Cracow, and other university cities, in the study of Poland and her rich history, shows the skill of Sienkiewicz in the telling of this thrilling story. For this excellent tale Henry C. Pitz of Philadelphia has made three spirited drawings. Mr. Pitz has splendid decorative ability and every story he illustrates is much enhanced by the quality of his work.

There is also a Longfellow story in the December number—one which shows the poet in an unusually friendly and human pose and Bernard J. Rosenmeyer has made a fine illustration for it.

The illustration which accompanies this instalment of Centurion notes is from the serial story, "The Hill of Adventure," by Adair Aldon, which began in the November St. Nicholas. The story gets well under way in this second part, and J. Clinton Shepherd has here depicted the warning that is brought to the heroine of the troubles which are brewing among the laborers employed on the irrigation work in the valley. A hasty departure is made for the cabin on the mountain-side, where the family of three resides throughout the remainder of the story. Mr. Shepherd's drawings add to the keen interest and pleasure to be found in each instalment, and we are glad to announce that he is at present illustrating a short story by T. Morris Longstreth entitled "Prunier Tells Another," which we hope to publish in an early number.

Readers of St. Nicholas who recall "The Machinery of the Sea" and "The Busy Fingers of the Roots," both by Hallam Hawksworth, will be delighted to hear that we are to have a series of articles by him this coming year on "The Workshop of the Mind." This might be called a psychological serial, and some of the angles to be treated are "The Headquarters of the Mind"; "Story of the Magic Penny" (or the mind of the business man), "Story of the Magic Pen" (the mind and method of the writer), "What Ails You" (the mind and method of the doctor), etc. Mr. Hawksworth is one of the most entertaining writers of fact we know—he makes it as readable as fancy and twice as strange. The first of these articles will appear in an early number. Each will be complete in itself, but we 'll guarantee you won't miss one after you 've read the first.

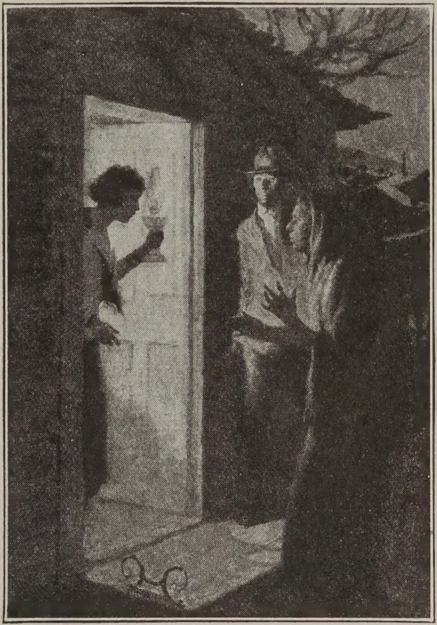
St. Nicholas's mail-bag is always well filled with letters from boys and girls which are a source of great interest and satisfaction. Readers of our magazine do travel about, and we are favored with reports of their visits to far corners of the earth. One girl writing from Cape Town says, "Soon after we arrived ST. NICHOLAS came, and my brother and I were so glad. It was like a visit from an old friend at home. We find THE WATCH TOWER keeps us very well posted on events in America." Another reader at home says: "I have been in hospital seventeen weeks, and, dear ST. NICHOLAS, you have helped to pass many otherwise tedious hours. Your stories are so interesting and so clean and fresh that I dislike stories in other magazines after I have read you." And this is a timely thought, surely: "You were a Christmas present, and I hope you will be again this year." This from a prominent librarian: "One or more sets of ST. NICHOLAS have come to be considered a necessity in every children's room in the libraries of the United States."

In books, too, we are often mentioned. Floyd Dell, in "Moon Calf," says: "He [*Felix*] experienced more than once the imaginary joys of the treasure-trove he had pictured in the top of the band-stand, as he sprawled there at the table [in the city library] during the long afternoon, reading bound volumes of ST. NICHOLAS." Lord Shaw of Dunfermline in his "Letters to Isabel," just published on this side of the Atlantic says:

> "For twenty years THE CENTURY MAGAZINE was the only magazine that entered my library, just as for your home the only one was the ST. NICHOLAS. There could hardly be a higher testimonial to the United States of America than that. For a short story, select in matter, and in treatment vivid, dramatic, and done with, America whips the world."

And James E. Boyle, Ph.D., Professor of Rural Economy on the faculty of the College of Agriculture, Cornell University, in his book, "Rural Problems in the United States," says:

> "A child who has once been 'exposed' to ST. NICHOLAS has his taste for wholesome literature cultivated to that degree where his mind will not be contaminated or polluted by the foul and muddy stream now issuing from too great a number of our printing presses."



" 'THINGS HAVE BROKEN LOOSE QUICKER THAN WE THOUGHT' "

An illustration for "The Hill of Adventure" in the December St. Nicholas. Drawn by J. Clinton Shepherd

We are very pleased, indeed, to read all these kindly comments, and we pass them on to the friends of ST. NICHOLAS, not in the spirit of boasting, but because we feel our readers are vitally interested in the magazine, and hold it in ever increasing esteem and affection.

Those who have grown up with ST. NICHOLAS invariably wish to have their children enjoy the same literary pleasures they had. In many families ST. NICHOLAS has been a much-beloved member through many years. Not long ago we were told of a case where three brothers fell heir to their father's library. The division of the books went along very easily until they came to the bound volumes of ST. NICHOLAS. Not a brother was brotherly enough to say to the other, "You take the entire set." No. They divided it into three equal parts, and each had his share of his boyhood joy.

It is difficult to advertise, in advance, the exact contents of the magazine. The most carefully laid plans are frequently changed, and some story or sketch announced is, by force of circumstances, held over. In making up the Christmas number we found we could not accommodate all the features promised, so in January we shall give you "The Christmas Candle," a delightfully told story of the early days in the Moravian settlement in Pennsylvania. George Varian has illustrated the story, and after much research found the right costumes (of the year 1740) for the characters.

We also had hopes of publishing Louise Saunders' "The Briskin Bree" in December, but we could not bring ourselves to the point of condensing this delightful story, so we intend to use it, in complete form, with many excellent illustrations by W. M. Berger, in the January ST. NICHOLAS.

In that same number we shall begin "The Inca's Emerald," by Samuel Scoville, Jr., with illustrations by Charles Livingston Bull. This will be welcome news to all readers.

NOTES FROM THE AMERICAN GOLFER

A FEW years ago a more or less famous punster created no little merriment with the assertion that "golf is the original hoof and mouth disease: hoof it over the links all day and then talk about it all night."

Possibly one needs must know something of the lore of the veterinary surgeon to appreciate this quip, and possibly some of the devotees of the ancient Scottish pastime may sense a certain element of indignity in the pun. But the truth remains that there is a kind of analogy. There are, of course, differences of symptom and variety of effect, but there can be no denying the "hoofing" of the golfer, nor will any who play the game or even know others who do, take exception to the statement that the average wielder of the niblick or brassie dearly loves to deliver a dissertation on the hows and whys of his successes or of his lack of them.

The so-called golfing season is over, though the editor of THE AMERICAN GOLFER asserts that "so long as you can find an ear, the golfing season 's always here." Those of the clan who can so indulge their pleasure will shortly begin a trek to warmer climates, either to California or Florida or the Carolinas. But the vast majority will have to make the best of hovering about a radiator, or maybe an open fire, while the snow is flying and old Boreas is whipping their favorite greens, and talking of the matches that are passed and dreaming of others that are to be, come fairer weather.

But as the editor maintains, even for this big majority, the season is closed only on the actual playing of the game. Wintry winds and ice-laden fairways wield no deterring influence over the conversational aspect of the game. Rather they set the stage and convene the cast for the winter program indoors by driving the extensive following from the links.

By a similar token, we of your magazine are preparing to tee up for the indoor campaign. No more details of how this or that champion was dethroned. And by the way, had you stopped to think just how extensive this list is?—Evans and Ray, last year's holders of the United States amateur and open titles; Cyril Tolley and George Duncan, British amateur and open champions; Miss Alexa Stirling, United States and Canadian title holder, and many others. But as we were saying, for the time being at least, we are no longer immediately concerned with how this or that title was lost.

We are now already primed and loaded for that other phase of the game, the talking phase if you choose, wherein we propose to deal with many of the innumerable little incidents that bob up from time to time on courses all over the land. You know there is no other institution that so strips from human nature certain outward shams and artifices that it is at considerable pains to maintain about itself, as does the game of golf, and the good stories that circulate in the golf world *are* good, especially in the sense of being revealing.

We have heard very keen students of human nature proclaim that nowhere else can you study the character of a man better than in a poker game. We want to take exception to that statement. If a man can run the emotional gauntlet of a round of golf, wherein is mixed the joy of slashing a long whistling drive two hundred and fifty yards down the fairway, and the chagrin of flubbing a short mashie shot or maybe a missed putt of a foot or so at a critical point, with all of the intermediary ingredients of the average round sandwiched in between, and still maintain an effective camouflage about his real feelings, then he 's an indeterminate puzzle, immune to the art of the psychiatrists, criminologists and the ouija board.

To the ordinary mortal, golf is the resolvent that just naturally melts away all his shams and pretences, worthy or unworthy, about his real, genuine nature, and shows him up just as he is; for better, for worse. When you have been through a single season of golf in intimate contact with a group of men, you know more about them than if you were told all that the professional etiquette of their wives, their lawyers and their physicians won't allow them to tell.

And indoor golf, if anything, is even more revealing than the run of the season's luck: truly, by a man's boasting and apology shall ye know him.

This for the average golfer: for the adept, the veteran, nowhere does his acquired golf wisdom take riper counsel of itself than in these fireside confabs. We anticipate an exceedingly interesting winter season in playing out the indoor program with our readers during the next few months through the medium of these conversational games as developed from time to time over the land.

NOTABLE NEW BOOKS

At All Booksellers

(Continued from inside front cover)

Fiction—Continued

ISLAND, THE. By Bertha Runkle. A modern novel of Manhattan by the author of "The Helmet of Navarre." Frontispiece. $1.75.

MESSER MARCO POLO. By Donn Byrne. Romance, magic; Venice the Great; China the mysterious; young Messer Marco and the daughter of Kublai Khan. And told by glorious old Ulster-Irish Malachi of the Long Glens. Illustrated. $1.25.

QUIN. By Alice Hegan Rice. A full-length novel: her best since "Mrs. Wiggs." Frontispiece. $2.00.

THREADS. By Frank Stayton. A story of real subtlety ably built around a strikingly unusual situation. Frontispiece. $1.90.

WHERE THE YOUNG CHILD WAS. By Marie Conway Oemler. A group of Christmas stories of much beauty and appeal, by the author of "Slippy McGee," etc. Frontispiece. $1.90.

WITHIN FOUR WALLS. By Edith Baulsir. An entirely fresh and really mysterious love-and-mystery story. Frontispiece. $1.90.

For Young People

ANIMAL LIFE IN FIELD AND GARDEN. By Jean-Henri Fabre. Stories charmingly told to two little boys, of the insects, animals, and birds whose life-habits affect our crops. Illustrated. $2.50.

BOY HUNTERS OF DEMERARA. By George Inness Hartley. A country fresh to juvenile fiction is described, with its wild life, and with exciting adventure. Illustrated. $1.75.

BROTHER ESKIMO. By Alan Sullivan. Two Eskimo boys are floated on an ice-floe away from their tribe, and have many exciting experiences. Illustrated. $1.75.

CONQUESTS OF INVENTION. By Mary R. Parkman. A book of the power of man over nature. Extremely well thought and well written. Illustrated. $2.00.

DRAGON'S SECRET, THE. By Augusta Huiell Seaman. Another thrilling story from this popular juvenile mystery story writer. Illustrated. $1.75.

DRIFTWOOD. By Raymond S. Spears. The Mississippi in flood and the exploits of two river lads. Illustrated. $2.00.

GOLF FACTS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE. By Francis Ouimet. The veteran golfer tells valuable secrets of golf. Illustrated. $1.75.

HAPPY VENTURE, THE. By Edith Ballinger Price. Delightful story, told with charm, of a lad and his sister and their little blind brother on a farm. Illustrated. $1.75.

KIT, PAT, AND A FEW BOYS. By Beth B. Gilchrist. A sophisticated modern girl discovers what a real family can be like. Illustrated. $1.75.

LUCK OF DENEWOOD, THE. By Emilie Benson Knipe and Alden Arthur Knipe. Another story of Denewood and its girls, and another good one. Illustrated. $1.90.

OUR DOG FRIENDS. From St. Nicholas Magazine. The best dog stories from ST. NICHOLAS' pages. Illustrated. $1.25.

SWORD OF LIBERTY. By Frank W. and Cortelle J. Hutchins. The story of two revolutions—the American and the French. Illustrated. $1.75.

TINY TOILERS AND THEIR WORKS. By Graves Glenwood Clark. Very brightly told stories of some remarkable habits of insects. Illustrated. $1.75.

TORRANCE FROM TEXAS. By Joseph B. Ames. A young boy from the cattle country in a New England school. Illustrated. $1.75.

Jack London's Amazing Life-Story

THE BOOK OF JACK LONDON

By CHARMIAN LONDON

JACK LONDON was one of the most varied and vivid personalities that ever became known through a pen. It is impossible to think of Jack London as dead. Of course, no man who has written vital books is dead. But Jack London has now the good fortune to live also in an altogether unique biography. It gives the man himself to the world.

IT is almost autobiography. Largely it is in the words of the man himself, reported by the one person who ever heard them — the one person to whom he ever gave up his last reserves of personality. His marriage to the woman he called "mate woman" was to him a continuous adventure of self-revelation. This woman grew to know her man from his babyhood (the poor baby who got drunk) through his wild and perilous youth, his hobo days — his very adventures in love, and what they meant to him, she heard from his lips. She heard of his cruise with the "Queen of the Oyster Pirates," and his strange return to youthful wonder and worship when later he chose to idealize a crude but innocent girl. She knew his man-friendships, his wild sailor days; there are lurid exploits in far South Seas or Japanese ports. In short: he once challenged her to tell THE WHOLE TRUTH ABOUT HIM, and she has done it. There are quantities of "Jack's" letters; there are many intimate and unconventional illustrations from photographs. It is the definitive, the one, biography of Jack London.

The New York Herald says: "Not only have you a story of the man's life, his travels, his thoughts on different subjects, his ideals; but there is a kind of compulsion in the narrative which brings the reader into the company of the living Jack London in his varied activities."

The Newark Evening News says: "An imposing monument to an important writer."

The Chicago Evening Post says: "The life of Jack London was more than a career — it was a romance; and in the two volumes of this impressive biography, written by his widow, its story is vividly and thoroly told. . . . She has written as if the pen that fell too soon from the hands of the romancer had become vitalized with his spirit. She has his frankness, his direct, vigorous style, and since she and her husband saw things eye to eye, united in a great intellectual and spiritual companionship, she comes close to speaking with his voice. The publishers have hit upon a happy and a true phrase when they call this work 'almost an autobiography'."

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